



DUKE
UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY

Treasure Room





CLASSIC TALES.

SERIOUS AND LIVELY :

WITH CRITICAL ESSAYS
ON THE MERITS
AND REPUTATION
OF THE AUTHORS.

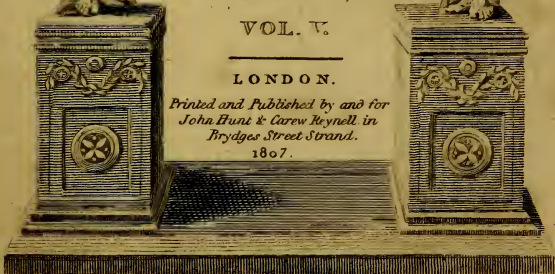
*du grave au doux du plaisant au sévère . Boileau
From grave to gay, from lively to severe . Pope.*

VOL. V.

LONDON.

Printed and Published by and for
John Hunt & Carew Keynell in
Brydges Street Strand.

1807.



1811

1812

1813

1814

1

The following is a list of the names of the persons who have been admitted to the office of the Secretary of the Board of Education, since the first of January, 1811, to the first of January, 1814. The names are arranged in alphabetical order, and are given in full, with the date of admission, and the name of the person to whom they have been assigned. The names are given in full, with the date of admission, and the name of the person to whom they have been assigned. The names are given in full, with the date of admission, and the name of the person to whom they have been assigned.

Tr. R.
H941C

Y. S.

A28

CLASSIC TALES.

HAWKESWORTH.

FLAVILLA.

(FROM THE ADVENTURER.)

I HAVE before remarked, that “to abstain from the appearance of evil,” is a precept in that law which has every characteristic of Divinity; and I have, in more than one of these papers, endeavoured to enforce the practice of it, by an illustration of its excellence and importance.

Circumstances have been admitted as evidences of guilt, even when death has been the consequence of conviction; and a conduct by which evil is strongly implied, is little less pernicious than that by which it is expressed. With respect to society, as far as it can be influenced by example, the effect of both is the same; for every man encourages the practice of that vice which he commits in appearance, though he avoids it in fact: and with respect to the individual, as the esteem of the world is a motive to virtue only less powerful than the approbation of conscience, he who knows that he is already degraded by the im-

A

586305

putation of guilt, will find himself half disarmed when he is assailed by temptation: and as he will have less to lose, he will, indeed, be less disposed to resist. Of the sex, whose levity is most likely to provoke censure, it is eminently true, that the loss of character by imprudence frequently induces the loss of virtue: the ladies, therefore, should be proportionably circumspect; as to those, in whom folly is most likely to terminate in guilt, it is certainly of most importance to be wise.

This subject has irresistibly obtruded itself upon my mind in the silent hour of meditation, because, as often as I have reviewed the scenes in which I have mixed among the busy and the gay, I have observed that a depravity of manners, a licentious extravagance of dress and behaviour, are become almost universal; virtue seems ambitious of a resemblance to vice, as vice glories in the deformities which she has been used to hide.

A decent timidity and modest reserve have been always considered as auxiliaries to beauty; but an air of dissolute boldness is now affected by all who would be thought graceful or polite: chastity, which used to be discovered in every gesture and every look, is now retired to the breast, and is found only by those who intend its destruction; as a general when the town is surrendered retreats to the citadel, which is always less capable of defence, when the outworks are possessed by the enemy.

There is now little apparent difference between the virgin and the prostitute: if they are not otherwise known, they may share the box and the drawing-room without distinction. The same fa-

shion which takes away the veil of modesty, will necessarily conceal lewdness; and honour and shame will lose their influence, because they will no longer distinguish virtue from vice. General custom, perhaps, may be thought an effectual security against general censure; but it will not always lull the suspicions of jealousy; nor can it familiarize any beauty without destroying its influence, or diminish the prerogatives of a husband without weakening his attachment to his wife.

The excess of every mode may be declined without remarkable singularity; and the ladies, who should even dare to be singular in the present defection of taste, would proportionably increase their power and secure their happiness.

I know that in the vanity and the presumption of youth, it is common to alledge the consciousness of innocence, as a reason for the contempt of censure; and a licence, not only for every freedom, but for every favour, except the last. This confidence can, perhaps, only be repressed by a sense of danger: and as the persons whom I wish to warn, are most impatient of declamation, and most susceptible of pity, I will address them in a story; and I hope the events will not only illustrate but impress the precept which they contain.

Flavilla, just as she had entered her fourteenth year, was left an orphan to the care of her mother, in such circumstances as disappointed all the hopes which her education had encouraged. Her father, who lived in great elegance upon the salary of a place at court, died suddenly, without having made any provision for his family, except an an-

nuity of one hundred pounds, which he had purchased for his wife with part of her marriage portion ; nor was he possessed of any property, except the furniture of a large house in one of the new squares, an equipage, a few jewels, and some plate.

The greater part of the furniture and the equipage were sold to pay his debts ; the jewels, which were not of great value, and some useful pieces of the plate, were reserved, and Flavilla removed with her mother into lodgings.

But notwithstanding this change in their circumstances, they did not immediately lose their rank. They were still visited by a numerous and polite acquaintance ; and though some gratified their pride by assuming the appearance of pity, and rather insulted than alleviated their distress by the whine of condolence, and minute comparison of what they had lost with what they possessed ; yet from others they were continually receiving presents, which still enabled them to live with a genteel frugality : they were still considered as people of fashion, and treated by those of a lower class with distant respect.

Flavilla thus continued to move in a sphere to which she had no claim ; she was perpetually surrounded with elegance and splendor, which the caprice of others, like the rod of an enchanter, could dissipate in a moment, and leave her to regret the loss of enjoyments, which she could neither hope to obtain nor cease to desire. Of this, however, Flavilla had no dread. She was remarkably tall for her age, and was celebrated not only for her beauty but her wit : these qualifica-

tions she considered, not only as securing whatever she enjoyed by the favour of others, but as a pledge of possessing them in her own right by an advantageous marriage. Thus the vision that danced before her, derived stability from the very vanity which it flattered: and she had as little apprehension of distress, as diffidence of her own power to please.

There was a fashionable levity in her carriage and discourse, which her mother, who knew the danger of her situation, laboured to restrain, sometimes with anger, sometimes with tears, but always without success. Flavilla was ever ready to answer, that she neither did or said any thing of which she had reason to be ashamed; and therefore did not know why she should be restrained, except in mere courtesy to envy, whom it was an honour to provoke, or to slander, whom it was a disgrace to fear. In proportion as Flavilla was more flattered and caressed, the influence of her mother became less: and though she always treated her with respect, from a point of good breeding, yet she secretly despised her maxims and applauded her own conduct.

Flavilla at eighteen was a celebrated toast; and among other gay visitants who frequented her tea-table, was Clodio, a young baronet, who had just taken possession of his title and estate. There were many particulars in Clodio's behaviour, which encouraged Flavilla to hope that she should obtain him for a husband: but she suffered his assiduities with such apparent pleasure, and his familiarities with so little reserve, that he soon ventured to disclose his intention, and make her

what he thought a very genteel proposal of another kind: but whatever were the artifices with which it was introduced, or the terms in which it was made, Flavilla rejected it with the utmost indignation and disdain. Clodio, who, notwithstanding his youth, had long known and often practised the arts of seduction, gave way to the storm, threw himself at her feet, imputed his offence to the phrenzy of his passion, flattered her pride by the most abject submission and extravagant praise, entreated her pardon, aggravated his crime, but made no mention of atonement by marriage. This particular, which Flavilla did not fail to remark, ought to have determined her to admit him no more: but her vanity and her ambition were still predominant; she still hoped to succeed in her project. Clodio's offence was tacitly forgiven, his visits were permitted, his familiarities were again suffered, and his hopes revived. He had long entertained an opinion that she loved him, in which, however, it is probable, that his own vanity and her indiscretion concurred to deceive him; but this opinion, though it implied the strongest obligation to treat her with generosity and tenderness, only determined him again to attempt her ruin, as it encouraged him with a probability of success. Having, therefore, resolved to obtain her as a mistress, or at once to give her up, he thought he had little more to do, than to convince her that he had taken such a resolution, justify it by some plausible sophistry, and give her some time to deliberate upon a final determination. With this view, he went a short journey into the country; having put a letter into

her hand at parting, in which he acquainted her, "That he had often reflected, with inexpressible regret, upon her resentment of his conduct in a late instance; but that the delicacy and the ardour of his affection were insuperable obstacles to his marriage; that where there was no liberty, there could be no happiness: that he should become indifferent to the endearments of love, when they could no longer be distinguished from the officiousness of duty: that while they were happy in the possession of each other, it would be absurd to suppose they would part; and that if this happiness should cease, it would not only ensure but aggravate their misery to be inseparably united: that this event was less probable, in proportion as their cohabitation was voluntary; but that he would make such provision for her upon the contingency, as a wife would expect upon his death. He conjured her not to determine under the influence of prejudice and custom, but according to the laws of reason and nature. After mature deliberation," said he, "remember that the whole value of my life depends upon your will. I do not request an explicit consent, with whatever transport I might behold the lovely confusion which it might produce. I shall attend you in a few days, with the anxiety, though not with the guilt, of a criminal who waits for the decision of his judge. If my visit is admitted, we will never part; if it is rejected, I can never see you more."

Flavilla had too much understanding, as well as virtue, to deliberate a moment upon this proposal. She gave immediate orders that Clodio should be admitted no more. But his letter was a

temptation to gratify her vanity, which she could not resist ; she shewed it first to her mother and then to the whole circle of her female acquaintance, with all the exultation of a hero who exposes a vanquished enemy at the wheels of his chariot in a triumph ; she considered it as an indisputable evidence of her virtue, as a reproof of all who had dared to censure the levity of her conduct, and a licence to continue it without apology or restraint.

It happened that Flavilla, soon after this accident, was seen in one of the boxes at the play-house by Mercator, a young gentleman who had just returned from his first voyage as captain of a large ship in the Levant trade, which had been purchased for him by his father, whose fortune enabled him to make a genteel provision for five sons, of whom Mercator was the youngest, and who expected to share his estate, which was personal, in equal proportions at his death.

Mercator was captivated with her beauty, but discouraged by the splendour of her appearance, and the rank of her company. He was urged rather by curiosity than hope, to enquire who she was ; and he soon gained such a knowledge of her circumstances as relieved him from despair.

As he knew not how to get admission to her company, and had no design upon her virtue, he wrote in the first ardour of his passion to her mother ; giving a faithful account of his fortune and dependence, and intreating that he might be permitted to visit Flavilla as a candidate for her affection. The old lady, after having made some enquiries, by which the account that Mercator had given her was confirmed, sent him an invitation,

and received his first visit alone. She told him, that as Flavilla had no fortune, and as a considerable part of his own was dependent upon his father's will, it would be extremely imprudent to endanger the disappointment of his expectations, by a marriage which would make it more necessary that they should be fulfilled ; that he ought therefore to obtain his father's consent, before any other step was taken, lest he should be embarrassed by engagements which young persons almost insensibly contract, whose complacency in each other is continually gaining strength by frequent visits and conversation. To this counsel, so salutary and perplexing, Mercator was hesitating what to reply, when Flavilla came in, an accident which he was now only solicitous to improve. Flavilla was not displeased either with his person or his address ; the frankness and gaiety of her disposition soon made him forget that he was a stranger : a conversation commenced, during which they became yet more pleased with each other ; and having thus surmounted the difficulty of a first visit, he thought no more of the old lady, as he believed her auspices were not necessary to his success.

His visits were often repeated, and he became every hour more impatient of delay : he pressed his suit with that contagious ardour, which is caught at every glance, and produces the consent which it solicits. At the same time, indeed, a thought of his father would intervene ; but being determined to gratify his wishes at all events, he concluded with a sagacity almost universal on these occasions, that of two evils, to marry without his consent was less than to marry against it ; and

one evening, after the lovers had spent the afternoon by themselves, they went out in a kind of frolic, which Mercator had proposed in the vehemence of his passion, and to which Flavilla had consented in the giddiness of her indiscretion, and were married at May Fair.

In the first interval of recollection after this precipitate step, Mercator considered, that he ought to be the first who acquainted his father of the new alliance which had been made in his family : but as he had not fortitude enough to do it in person, he expressed it in the best terms he could conceive by a letter ; and after such an apology for his conduct as he had been used to make to himself, he requested that he might be permitted to present his wife for the parental benediction, which alone was wanting to complete his felicity.

The old gentleman, whose character I cannot better express than in the fashionable phrase which has been contrived to palliate false principles and dissolute manners, had been a gay man, and was well acquainted with the town. He had often heard Flavilla toasted by rakes of quality, and had often seen her at public places. Her beauty and her dependence, the gaiety of her dress, the multitude of her admirers, the levity of her conduct, and all the circumstances of her situation, had concurred to render her character suspected ; and he was disposed to judge of it with yet less charity, when she had offended him by marrying his son, whom he considered as disgraced and impoverished, and whose misfortune, as it was irretrievable, he resolved not to alleviate, but increase ; a resolution by which fathers, who have foolish and disobedient sons, usually display their own kindness and

wisdom. As soon as he had read Mercator's letter, he cursed him for a fool, who had been gulled by the artifices of a strumpet to screen her from public infamy by fathering her children, and secure her from a prison by appropriating her debts. In an answer to his letter, which he wrote only to gratify his own resentment, he told him, that "if he had taken Flavilla into keeping, he would have overlooked it; and if her extravagance had distressed him, he would have satisfied his creditors; but that his marriage was not to be forgiven; that he should never have another shilling of his money; and that he was determined to see him no more." Mercator, who was more provoked by this outrage than grieved at his loss, disdained to reply; and believing that he had now most reason to be offended, could not be persuaded to solicit a reconciliation.

He hired a genteel apartment for his wife of an upholsterer, who, with a view to let lodgings, had taken and furnished a large house near Leicester-fields, and in about two months left her to make another voyage.

He had received visits of congratulation from her numerous acquaintance, and had returned them as a pledge of his desire that they should be repeated. But a remembrance of the gay multitude, which while he was at home had flattered his vanity, as soon as he was absent alarmed his suspicion: he had, indeed, no particular cause of jealousy; but his anxiety arose merely from a sense of the temptation to which she was exposed, and the impossibility of his superintending her conduct.

In the mean time, Flavilla continued to flutter

round the same giddy circle, in which she had shone so long; the number of her visitants was rather increased than diminished, the gentlemen attended with yet greater assiduity, and she continued to encourage their civilities by the same indiscreet familiarity: she was one night at the masquerade, and another at an opera: sometimes at a rout, and sometimes rambling with a party of pleasure in short excursions from town; she came home sometimes at midnight, sometimes in the morning, and sometimes she was absent several nights together.

This conduct was the cause of much speculation and uneasiness to the good man and woman of the house. At first they suspected that Flavilla was no better than a woman of pleasure; and that the person who had hired the lodging for her as his wife, and had disappeared upon pretence of a voyage to sea, had been employed to impose upon them, by concealing her character, in order to obtain such accommodation for her as she could not so easily have procured if it had been known: but as these suspicions made them watchful and inquisitive, they soon discovered, that many ladies by whom she was visited were of good character and fashion. Her conduct, however, supposing her to be a wife, was still inexcusable, and still endangered their credit and subsistence; hints were often dropped by the neighbours to the disadvantage of her character; and an elderly maiden lady, who lodged in the second floor, had given warning; the family was disturbed at all hours in the night, and the door was crouded all day with messages and visitants to Flavilla.

One day, therefore, the good woman took an

opportunity to remonstrate, though in the most distant and respectful terms, and with the utmost diffidence and caution. She told Flavilla, "that she was a fine young lady; that her husband was abroad, that she kept a great deal of company, and that the world was censorious; she wished that less occasion for scandal was given: and hoped to be excused the liberty she had taken, as she might be ruined by those slanders which could have no influence upon the great, and which, therefore, they were not solicitous to avoid." This address, however ambiguous, and however gentle, was easily understood and fiercely resented. Flavilla, proud of her virtue, and impatient of controul, would have despised the counsel of a philosopher; if it had implied an impeachment of her conduct; before a person so much her inferior, therefore, she was under no restraint; she answered with a mixture of contempt and indignation, that "those only who did not know her would dare to take any liberty with her character; and warned her to propagate no scandalous report at her peril." Flavilla immediately rose from her seat, and the woman departed without reply, though she was scarce less offended than her lodger, and from that moment she determined when Mercator returned to give him warning.

Mercator's voyage was prosperous; and after an absence of about ten months he came back. The woman, to whom her husband left the whole management of her lodgings, and who persisted in her purpose, soon found an opportunity to put it in execution. Mercator, as his part of the contract had been punctually fulfilled, thought he

had some cause to be offended, and insisted to know her reasons for compelling him to leave her house. These his hostess, who was indeed a friendly woman, was very unwilling to give; and as he perceived that she evaded his question, he became more solicitous to obtain an answer. After much hesitation, which perhaps had a worse effect than any tale which malice could have invented, she told him, that “Madam kept a great deal of company, and often staid out very late; that she had always been used to quiet and regularity; and was determined to let her apartment to some person in a more private station.”

At this account Mercator changed countenance; for he inferred from it just as much more than truth, as he believed it to be less. After some moments of suspence, he conjured her to conceal nothing from him, with an emotion which convinced her that she had already said too much. She then assured him, that “he had no reason to be alarmed; for that she had no exception to his lady, but those gaieties which her station and the fashion sufficiently authorised.” Mercator’s suspicions, however, were not wholly removed; and he began to think he had found a confidant whom it would be his interest to trust: he, therefore, in the folly of his jealousy, confessed, “that he had some doubts concerning his wife, which it was of the utmost importance to his honour and his peace to resolve: he intreated that he might continue in the apartment another year: that, as he should again leave the kingdom in a short time, she would suffer no incident, which might confirm either his hopes or his fears, to escape her notice in his ab-

sence ; and that at his return she would give him such an account as would at least deliver him from the torment of suspense, and determine his future conduct."

There is no sophistry more general, than that by which we justify a busy and scrupulous enquiry after secrets, which to discover is to be wretched without hope of redress ; and no service to which others are so easily engaged as to assist in the search. To communicate suspicions of matrimonial infidelity, especially to a husband, is, by a strange mixture of folly and malignity, deemed not only an act of justice but of friendship ; though it is too late to prevent an evil, which, whatever be its guilt, can diffuse wretchedness only in proportion as it is known. It is no wonder, therefore, that the general kindness of Mercator's confidant was on this occasion overborne ; she was flattered by the trust that had been placed in her, and the power with which she was invested ; she consented to Mercator's proposal, and promised, that she would with the utmost fidelity execute her commission.

Mercator, however, concealed his suspicions from his wife ; and, indeed, in her presence they were forgotten. Her manner of life he began seriously to disapprove ; but being well acquainted with her temper, in which great sweetness was blended with a high spirit, he would not embitter the pleasure of a short stay by altercation, chiding, and tears : but when her mind was melted into tenderness at his departure, he clasped her in an ecstasy of fondness to his bosom, and intreated her to behave with reserve and circumspection ;

“because,” said he, “I know that my father keeps a watchful eye upon your conduct, which may, therefore, confirm or remove his displeasure, and either intercept or bestow such an increase of my fortune as will prevent the pangs of separation which must otherwise so often return, and in a short time unite us to part no more.” To this caution she had then no power to reply; and they parted with mutual protestations of unalterable love.

Flavilla, soon after she was thus left in a kind of widowhood a second time, found herself with child; and within somewhat less than eight months after Mercator’s return from his first voyage, she happened to stumble as she was going up stairs, and being immediately taken ill was brought to bed before the next morning. The child, though its birth had been precipitated more than a month, was not remarkably small, nor had any infirmity which endangered its life.

It was now necessary, that the vigils of whist and the tumults of balls and visits should, for a while, be suspended; and in this interval of languor and retirement Flavilla first became thoughtful. She often reflected upon Mercator’s caution when they last parted, which had made an indelible impression upon her mind, though it had produced no alteration in her conduct: notwithstanding the manner in which it was expressed, and the reason upon which it was founded, she began to fear that it might have been secretly prompted by jealousy. The birth, therefore, of her first child in his absence, at a time when, if it had not been premature, it could not possibly have

been his, was an accident which greatly alarmed her : but there was yet another, for which it was still less in her power to account, and which, therefore, alarmed her still more.

It happened that some civilities which she received from a lady who sat next her at an opera, and whom she had never seen before, introduced a conversation, which so much delighted her, that she gave her a pressing invitation to visit her : this invitation was accepted, and in a few days the visit was paid. Flavilla was not less pleased at the second interview than she had been at the first ; and without making any other enquiry concerning the lady than where she lived, took the first opportunity to wait on her. The apartment in which she was received was the ground floor of an elegant house, at a small distance from St. James's. It happened that Flavilla was placed near the window ; and a party of the horse-guards riding through the street, she expected to see some of the royal family, and hastily threw up the sash. A gentleman who was passing by at the same instant, turned about at the noise of the window, and Flavilla no sooner saw his face than she knew him to be the father of Mercator. After looking first stedfastly at her, and then glancing his eye at the lady whom she was visiting, he affected a contemptuous sneer and went on. Flavilla, who had been thrown into some confusion, by the sudden and unexpected sight of a person whom she knew considered her as the disgrace of his family and the ruin of his child, now changed countenance, and hastily retired to another part of the room : she was touched both with grief and anger at this

silent insult, of which, however, she did not then suspect the cause. It is, indeed, probable, that the father of Mercator would no where have looked upon her with complacency; but as soon as he saw her companion, he recollected that she was the favourite mistress of an old courtier, and that this was the house in which he kept her in great splendour, though she had been by turns a prostitute to many others. It happened that Flavilla, soon after this accident, discovered the character of her new acquaintance; and never remembered by whom she had been seen in her company, without the utmost regret and apprehension.

She now resolved to move in a less circle, and with more circumspection. In the mean time her little boy, whom she suckled, grew very fast; and it could no longer be known by his appearance, that he had been born too soon. His mother frequently gazed at him till her eyes overflowed with tears; and though her pleasures were now become domestic, yet she feared lest that which had produced should destroy them. After much deliberation, she determined that she would conceal the child's age from its father; believing it prudent to prevent a suspicion, which, however ill founded, it might be difficult to remove, as her justification would depend wholly upon the testimony of her dependants: and her mother's and her own would necessarily become doubtful, when every one would have reason to conclude, that it would still have been the same supposing the contrary to have been true.

Such was the state of Flavilla's mind, and her little boy was six months old, when Mercator re-

turned. She received him with joy, indeed, but it was mixed with a visible confusion ; their meeting was more tender, but on her part it was less cheerful ; she smiled with inexpressible complacency, but at the same time the tears gushed from her eyes, and she was seized with an universal tremor. Mercator caught the infection ; and caressed first his Flavilla, and then his boy, with an excess of fondness and delight that before he had never expressed. The sight of the child made him more than ever wish a reconciliation with his father ; and having heard at his first landing, that he was dangerously ill, he determined to go immediately and attempt to see him, promising that he would return to supper. He had, in the midst of his caresses, more than once inquired the age of his son, but the question had been always evaded ; of which, however, he took no notice, nor did it produce any suspicion.

He was now hasting to enquire after his father ; but as he passed through the hall, he was officiously laid hold of by his landlady. He was not much disposed to enquire how she had fulfilled his charge ; but perceiving by her looks that she had something to communicate, which was at least in her own opinion of importance, he suffered her to take him into her parlour. She immediately shut the door, and reminded him, that she had undertaken an office with reluctance which he had pressed upon her ; and that she had done nothing in it to which he had not bound her by a promise ; that she was extremely sorry to communicate her discoveries ; but that he was a worthy gentleman, and, indeed, ought to know them. She then told him, “ that the child was born within less than

eight months after his last return from abroad; that it was said to have come before its time, but that having pressed to see it, she was refused." This, indeed, was true, and confirmed the good woman in her suspicion; for Flavilla, who had still resented the freedom which she had taken in her remonstrance, had kept her at a great distance; and the servants, to gratify the mistress, treated her with the utmost insolence and contempt.

At this relation Mercator turned pale. He now recollected, that his question concerning the child's birth had been evaded; and concluded, that he had been shedding tears of tenderness and joy over a strumpet and a bastard, who had robbed him of his patrimony, his honour, and his peace. He started up with the furious wildness of sudden phrenzy; but she with great difficulty prevailed upon him not to leave the room. He sat down and remained some time motionless, with his eyes fixed on the ground, and his hands locked in each other. In proportion as he believed his wife to be guilty, his tenderness for his father revived; and he resolved, with yet greater zeal, to prosecute his purpose of immediately attempting a reconciliation.

In this state of confusion and distress, he went to the house, where he learned that his father had died early in the morning, and that his relations were then assembled to read his will. Fulvius, a brother of Mercator's mother, with whom he had always been a favourite, happening to pass from one room to another, heard his voice. He accosted him with a great ardour of friendship; and, soothing him with expressions of condolence and affection, insisted to introduce him to the company.

Mercator tacitly consented: he was received at least with civility by his brothers, and sitting down among them the will was read. He seemed to listen like the rest; but was, indeed, musing over the story which he had just heard, and lost in the speculation of his own wretchedness. He waked as from a dream, when the voice of the person who had been reading was suspended; and finding that he could no longer contain himself, he started up and would have left the company.

Of the will which had been read before him, he knew nothing: but his uncle believing that he was moved with grief and resentment at the manner in which he had been mentioned in it, and the bequest only of a shilling, took him into another room; and, to apologize for his father's unkindness, told him, that "the resentment which he expressed at his marriage, was every day increased by the conduct of his wife, whose character was now become notoriously infamous; for that she had been seen at the lodgings of a known prostitute, with whom she appeared to be well acquainted." This account threw Mercator into another agony; from which he was, however, at length recovered by his uncle, who, as the only expedient by which he could retrieve his misfortune and soothe his distress, proposed that he should no more return to his lodgings, but go home with him; and that he would himself take such measures with his wife, as could scarce fail of inducing her to accept a separate maintenance, assume another name, and trouble him no more. Mercator, in the bitterness of his affliction, consented to this proposal, and they went away together.

Mercator, in the mean time, was expected by

Flavilla with the most tender impatience. She had put her little boy to bed, and decorated a small room in which they had been used to sup by themselves, and which she had shut up in his absence; she counted the moments as they passed, and listened to every carriage and every step that she heard. Supper now was ready: her impatience was increased; terror was at length mingled with regret, and her fondness was only busied to afflict her: she wished, she feared, she accused, she apologized, and she wept. In the height of these eager expectations and this tender distress, she received a billet which Mercator had been persuaded by his uncle to write, in which he upbraided her in the strongest terms with abusing his confidence and dishonouring his bed; “of this,” he said, “he had now obtained sufficient proof to do justice to himself, and that he was determined to see her no more.”

To those, whose hearts have not already acquainted them with the agony which seized Flavilla upon the sight of this billet, all attempts to describe it would be not only ineffectual but absurd. Having passed the night without sleep, and the next day without food, disappointed in every attempt to discover what was become of Mercator, and doubting if she should have found him, whether it would be possible to convince him of her innocence; the violent agitation of her mind produced a slow fever, which, before she considered it as a disease, she communicated to the child while she cherished it at her bosom, and wept over it as an orphan, whose life she was sustaining with her own.

After Mercator had been absent about ten

days, his uncle, having persuaded him to accompany some friends to a country seat at the distance of near sixty miles, went to his lodgings in order to discharge the rent, and try what terms he could make with Flavilla, whom he hoped to intimidate with threats of a prosecution and divorce; but when he came, he found that Flavilla was sinking very fast under her disease, and that the child was dead already. The woman of the house, into whose hands she had just put her repeating watch and some other ornaments as a security for her rent, was so touched with her distress, and so firmly persuaded of her innocence by the manner in which she had addressed her, and the calm solemnity with which she absolved those by whom she had been traduced, that as soon as she had discovered Fulvius's business, she threw herself on her knees, and intreated, that if he knew where Mercator was to be found, he would urge him to return, that if possible the life of Flavilla might be preserved, and the happiness of both be restored by her justification. Fulvius, who still suspected appearances, or at least was in doubt of the cause that had produced them, would not discover his nephew; but after much entreaty and expostulation, at last engaged upon his honour for the conveyance of a letter. The woman, as soon as she had obtained this promise, ran up and communicated it to Flavilla; who, when she had recovered from the surprize and tumult which it occasioned, was supported in her bed, and in about half an hour, after many efforts and many intervals, wrote a short billet, which was sealed and put into the hands of Fulvius.

Fulvius immediately inclosed and dispatched it

by the post, resolving that, in a question so doubtful and of such importance, he would no farther interpose. Mercator, who, the moment he cast his eye upon the letter, knew both the hand and seal, after pausing a few moments in suspence, at length tore it open, and read these words:—

“ Such has been my folly, that, perhaps, I should not be acquitted of guilt in any circumstances, but those in which I write. I do not, therefore, but for your sake, wish them other than they are. The dear infant, whose birth has undone me, now lies dead at my side, a victim to my indiscretion and your resentment. I am scarce able to guide my pen. But I most earnestly entreat to see you, that you may at least have the satisfaction to hear me attest my innocence with the last sigh, and seal our reconciliation on my lips while they are yet sensible of the impression.”

Mercator, whom an earthquake would less have affected than this letter, felt all his tenderness revive in a moment, and reflected with unutterable anguish upon the rashness of his resentment. At the thought of his distance from London, he started as if he had felt a dagger in his heart: he lifted up his eyes to Heaven, with a look that expressed at once an accusation of himself, and a petition for her; and then rushing out of the house, without taking leave of any, or ordering a servant to attend him, he took post horses at a neighbouring inn, and in less than six hours was in Leicester-fields. But notwithstanding his speed, he arrived too late; Flavilla had suffered the last agony, and her eyes could behold him no more. Grief and disappointment, remorse and despair, now totally subverted his reason. It became necessary to remove him by force from the body: and after a confinement of two years in a mad-house, he died.

May every lady, on whose memory compassion shall record these events, tremble to assume the levity of Flavilla; for, perhaps, it is in the power of no man in Mercator's circumstances, to be less jealous than Mercator.

ALMERINE AND SHELI MAH.

(FROM THE ADVENTURER.)

IN those remote times when, by the intervention of fairies, men received good and evil, which succeeding generations could expect only from natural causes, Soliman, a mighty prince, reigned over a thousand provinces in the distant regions of the east. It is recorded of Soliman, that he had no favourite; but among the principal nobles of his court was Omaraddin.

Omaraddin had two daughters, Almerine and Shelimah. At the birth of Almerine, the fairy Elfarina had presided; and, in compliance with the importunate and reiterated request of the parents, had endowed her with every natural excellence both of body and mind, and decreed that "she should be sought in marriage by a sovereign prince."

When the wife of Omaraddin was pregnant with Shelimah, the fairy Elfarina was again in-

voked ; at which Farimina, another power of the ærial kingdom, was offended. Farimina was inexorable and cruel ; the number of her votaries, therefore, was few. Elfarina was placable and benevolent ; and fairies of this character were observed to be superior in power, whether because it is the nature of vice to defeat its own purpose, or whether the calm and equal tenor of a virtuous mind prevents those mistakes, which are committed in the tumult and precipitation of outrageous malevolence. But Farimina, from whatever cause, resolved that her influence should not be wanting ; she, therefore, as far as she was able, precluded the influence of Elfarina, by first pronouncing the incantation which determined the fortune of the infant, whom she discovered by divination to be a girl. Farimina, that the innocent object of her malice might be despised by others, and perpetually employed in tormenting herself, decreed, “ that her person should be rendered hideous by every species of deformity, and that all her wishes should spontaneously produce an opposite effect.”

The parents dreaded the birth of the infant under this malediction, with which Elfarina had acquainted them, and which she could not reverse. The moment they beheld it, they were solicitous only to conceal it from the world ; they considered the complicated deformity of the unhappy Shelimah, as some reproach to themselves ; and as they could not hope to change her appearance, they did not find themselves interested in her felicity. They made no request to Elfarina, that she would by any intellectual endowment alleviate miseries which

they should not participate, but seemed content that a being so hideous should suffer perpetual disappointment; and, indeed, they concurred to injure an infant which they could not behold with complacency, by sending her, with only one attendant, to a remote castle which stood on the confines of a wood.

Elfarina, however, did not thus forsake innocence in distress; but to counterbalance the evils of obscurity, neglect, and ugliness, she decreed, that “to the taste of Shelimah the coarsest food should be the most exquisite dainty; that the rags which covered her should in her estimation be equal to cloth of gold; that she should prize a palace less than a cottage; and that in these circumstances love should be a stranger to her breast.” To prevent the vexation which would arise from the continual disappointment of her wishes, appeared at first to be more difficult; but this was at length perfectly effected by endowing her with content.

While Shelimah was immured in a remote castle, neglected and forgotten, every city in the dominions of Soliman contributed to decorate the person, or cultivate the mind of Almerine. The house of her father was the resort of all who excelled in learning of whatever class; and as the wit of Almerine was equal to her beauty, her knowledge was soon equal to her wit.

Thus accomplished, she became the object of universal admiration; every heart throbbed at her approach, every tongue was silent when she spoke; at the glance of her eye every cheek was covered with blushes of diffidence or desire, and

at her command every foot became swift as that of the roe. But Almerine, whom ambition was thus jealous to obey, who was revered by hoary wisdom, and beloved by youthful beauty, was perhaps the most wretched of her sex. Perpetual adulation had made her haughty and fierce; her penetration and delicacy rendered almost every object offensive; she was disgusted with imperfections which others could not discover; her breast was corroded by detestation, when others were softened by pity; she lost the sweetness of sleep by the want of exercise, and the relish of food by continual luxury: but her life became yet more wretched, by her sensibility of that passion on which the happiness of life is believed chiefly to depend.

Nourassin, the physician of Soliman, was of noble birth, and celebrated for his skill through all the east. He had just attained the meridian of life; his person was graceful, and his manner soft and insinuating. Among many others, by whom Almerine had been taught to investigate nature, Nourassin had acquainted her with the qualities of trees and herbs. Of him she learned, how an innumerable progeny are contained in the parent plant; how they expand and quicken by degrees; how from the same soil each imbibes a different juice, which rising from the root hardens into branches above, swells into leaves, and flowers, and fruits, infinitely various in colour, and taste, and smell; of power to repel diseases, or precipitate the stroke of death.

Whether by the caprice which is common to violent passions, or whether by some potion which

Nourassin found means to administer to his scholar, is not known; but of Nourassin she became enamoured to the most romantic excess. The pleasure with which she had before reflected on the decree of the fairy; “that she should be sought in marriage by a sovereign prince,” was now at an end. It was the custom of the nobles to present their daughters to the king, when they entered their eighteenth year; an event which Almerine had often anticipated with impatience and hope, but now wished to prevent with solicitude and terror. The period urged forward, like every thing future, with silent and irresistible rapidity, at length arrived. The curiosity of Soliman had been raised, as well by accidental encomiums, as by the artifices of Omaraddin, who now hastened to gratify it with the utmost anxiety and perturbation: he discovered the confusion of his daughter, and imagined that it was produced like his own, by the uncertainty and importance of an event, which would be determined before the day should be passed. He endeavoured to give her a peaceful confidence in the promise of the fairy, which he wanted himself; and perceived with regret, that her distress rather increased than diminished: this incident, however, as he had no suspicion of the cause, only rendered him more impatient of delay; and Almerine, covered with ornaments by which art and nature were exhausted, was, however reluctant, introduced to the king.

Soliman was now in his thirtieth year. He had sate ten years upon the throne, and for the steadiness of his virtue had been surnamed the Just.

He had hitherto considered the gratification of appetite as a low enjoyment, allotted to weakness and obscurity; and the exercise of heroic virtue, as the superior felicity of eminence and power. He had as yet taken no wife; nor had he immured in his palace a multitude of unhappy beauties, in whom desire had no choice, and affection no object, to be successively forsaken after unresisted violation, and at last sink into the grave without having answered any nobler purpose, than sometimes to have gratified the caprice of a tyrant, whom they saw at no other season, and whose presence could raise no passion more remote from detestation than fear.

Such was Soliman; who, having gazed some moments upon Almerine with silent admiration, rose up, and turning to the princes who stood round him, "To-morrow," said he, "I will grant the request which you have so often repeated, and place a beauty upon my throne, by whom I may transmit my dominion to posterity; to-morrow, the daughter of Omaraddin shall be my wife."

The joy with which Omaraddin heard this declaration, was abated by the effect which it produced upon Almerine: who, after some ineffectual struggles with the passions which agitated her mind, threw herself into the arms of her women, and burst into tears. Soliman immediately dismissed his attendants; and taking her in his arms, enquired the cause of her distress: this, however, was a secret, which neither her pride nor her fear would suffer her to reveal. She continued silent and inconsolable; and Soliman, though he secretly suspected some other attach-

ment, yet appeared to be satisfied with the suggestions of her father, that her emotion was only such as is common to the sex upon any great and unexpected event. He desisted from farther importunity, and commanded that her women should remove her to a private apartment of the palace, and that she should be attended by his physician Nourassin.

Nourassin, who had already learned what had happened, found his despair relieved by this opportunity of another interview. The lovers, however, were restrained from condolence and consultation, by the presence of the women who could not be dismissed: but Nourassin put a small vial into the hand of Almerine as he departed, and told her, that it contained a cordial, which, if administered in time, would infallibly restore the cheerfulness and vigour that she had lost. These words were heard by the attendants, though they were understood only by Almerine; she readily comprehended, that the potion she had received was poison, which would relieve her from languor and melancholy by removing the cause, if it could be given to the king before her marriage was completed. After Nourassin was gone, she sat ruminating on the infelicity of her situation, and the dreadful events of the morrow, till the night was far spent; and then, exhausted with perturbation and watching, she sunk down on the sofa, and fell into a deep sleep.

The king, whose rest had been interrupted by the effects which the beauty of Almerine had produced upon his mind, rose at the dawn of day, and sending for her principal attendant, who had been ordered to watch in her chamber, eagerly enquired

what had been her behaviour, and whether she had recovered from her surprise. He was acquainted, that she had lately fallen asleep, and that a cordial had been left by Nourassin, which he affirmed would, if not too long delayed, suddenly recover her from languor and dejection, and which, notwithstanding, she had neglected to take. Soliman derived new hopes from this intelligence; and that she might meet him at the hour of marriage, with the cheerful vivacity which the cordial of Nourassin would inspire, he ordered that it should, without asking her any question, be mixed with whatever she first drank in the morning.

Almerine, in whose blood the long-continued tumult of her mind had produced a feverish heat, awaked parched with thirst, and called for sherbet: her attendant, having first emptied the vial into the bowl, as she had been commanded by the king, presented it to her, and she drank it off. As soon as she had recollected the horrid business of the day, she missed the vial, and in a few moments she learned how it had been applied. The sudden terror which now seized her, hastened the effect of the poison, and she felt already the fire kindled in her veins, by which in a few hours she would be destroyed. Her disorder was now apparent, though the cause was not suspected: Nourassin was again introduced, and acquainted with the mistake; an antidote was immediately prepared and administered; and Almerine waited the event in agonies of body and mind, which are not to be described. The internal commotion every instant increased; sudden and intolerable heat and cold succeeded each other; and in less

than an hour, she was covered with a leprosy ; her hair fell, her head swelled, and every feature in her countenance was distorted. Nourassin, who was doubtful of the event, had withdrawn to conceal his confusion ; and Almerine, not knowing that these dreadful appearances were the presages of recovery, and shewed that the fatal effects of the poison were expelled from the citadel of life, conceived her dissolution to be near, and in the agony of remorse and terror earnestly requested to see the king. Soliman hastily entered her apartment, and beheld the ruins of her beauty with astonishment, which every moment increased, while she discovered the mischief which had been intended against him and which had now fallen upon her own head.

Soliman, after he had recovered from his astonishment, retired to his own apartment ; and in this interval of recollection he soon discovered that the desire of beauty had seduced him from the path of justice, and that he ought to have dismissed the person whose affections he believed to have another object. He did not therefore take away the life of Nourassin for a crime, to which he himself had furnished the temptation ; but as some punishment was necessary as a sanction to the laws, he condemned him to perpetual banishment. He commanded that Almerine should be sent back to her father, that her life might be a memorial of his folly ; and he determined, if possible, to atone by a second marriage for the errors of the first. He considered how he might enforce and illustrate some general precept, which would contribute more to the felicity of his people, than his leaving them a sovereign of his

own blood ; and at length he determined to publish this proclamation throughout all the provinces of his empire : “ Soliman, whose judgment has been perverted, and whose life endangered by the influence and the treachery of unrivalled beauty, is now resolved to place equal deformity upon his throne ; that, when this event is recorded, the world may know, that by vice beauty became yet more odious than ugliness ; and learn, like Soliman, to despise that excellence, which, without virtue, is only a specious evil, the reproach of the possessor, and the snare of others.”

Shelimah, during these events, experienced a very different fortune. She remained till she was thirteen years of age in the castle ; and it happened, that about this time, the person to whose care she had been committed, after a short sickness died. Shelimah imagined that she slept ; but perceiving that all attempts to waken her were ineffectual, and her stock of provisions being exhausted, she found means to open the wicket, and wander alone into the wood. She satisfied her hunger with such berries and wild fruits as she found, and at night, not being able to find her way back, she lay down under a thicket and slept. Here she was awaked early in the morning by a peasant, whose compassion happened to be proof against deformity. The man asked her many questions ; but her answers rather increasing than gratifying his curiosity, he set her before him on his beast, and carried her to his house in the next village, at the distance of about six leagues. In his family she was the jest of some, and the pity of others ; she was employed in the meanest offices, and her figure procured her the name of

Goblin. But amidst all the disadvantages of her situation, she enjoyed the utmost felicity of food and rest; as she formed no wishes she suffered no disappointment; her body was healthful, and her mind at peace.

In this station she had continued four years, when the heralds appeared in the village with the proclamation of Soliman. Shelimah ran out with others to gaze at the parade; she listened to the proclamation with great attention, and, when it was ended, she perceived that the eyes of the multitude were fixed upon her. One of the horsemen at the same time alighted, and with great ceremony entreated her to enter a chariot which was in the retinue, telling her, that she was without doubt the person whom Nature and Soliman had destined to be their queen. Shelimah replied with a smile, that she had no desire to be great; “but,” said she, “if your proclamation be true, I should rejoice to be the instrument of such admonition to mankind; and, upon this condition, I wish that I were indeed the most deformed of my species.” The moment this wish was uttered, the spell of Farimina produced the contrary effect: her skin, which was scaly and yellow, became smooth and white, her stature was perceived gradually to increase, her neck rose like a pillar of ivory, her bosom expanded, and her waist became less; her hair, which before was thin and of a dirty red, was now black as the feathers of the raven, and flowed in large ringlets on her shoulders; the most exquisite sensibility now sparkled in her eye, her cheeks were tinged with the blushes of the morning, and her lips moistened with the dew; every limb was perfect, and every motion

was graceful. A white robe was thrown over her by an invisible hand; the crowd fell back in astonishment, and gazed with insatiable curiosity upon such beauty as before they had never seen. Shelimah was not less astonished than the crowd: she stood awhile with her eyes fixed upon the ground; and finding her confusion increase, would have retired in silence; but she was prevented by the heralds, who having with much importunity prevailed upon her to enter the chariot, returned with her to the metropolis, presented her to Soliman, and related the prodigy.

Soliman looked round upon the assembly, in doubt whether to prosecute or relinquish his purpose; when Abbaran, a hoary sage, who had presided in the council of his father, came forward, and placing his forehead on the footstool of the throne; "Let the king," said he, "accept the reward of virtue, and take Shelimah to his bed. In what age, and in what nation, shall not the beauty of Shelimah be honoured? to whom will it be transmitted alone? Will not the story of the wife of Soliman descend with her name? will it not be known that thy desire of beauty was not gratified, till it had been subdued? that by an iniquitous purpose beauty became hideous, and by a virtuous wish deformity became fair?"

Soliman, who had fixed his eyes upon Shelimah, discovered a mixture of joy and confusion in her countenance, which determined his choice, and was an earnest of his felicity; for at that moment, Love, who, during her state of deformity, had been excluded by the fairy Elfarina's interdiction, took possession of her breast.

The nuptial ceremony was not long delayed,

and Elfarina honoured it with her presence. When she departed, she bestowed on both her benediction; and put into the hand of Shelimah a scroll of vellum, on which was this inscription in letters of gold:

“Remember, Shelimah, the fate of Almerine, who still lives the reproach of parental folly, of degraded beauty, and perverted sense. Remember, Almerine; and let her example and thy own experience teach thee, that wit and beauty, learning, affluence, and honour, are not essential to human felicity; with these she was wretched, and without them thou wast happy. The advantages which I have hitherto bestowed, must now be obtained by an effort of thy own: that which gives relish to the coarsest food, is temperance: the apparel and the dwelling of a peasant and a prince, are equal in the estimation of humility; and the torment of ineffectual desires is prevented, by the resignation of piety to the will of Heaven; advantages which are in the power of every wretch, who repines at the unequal distribution of good and evil, and imputes to nature the effects of his own folly.”

The king, to whom Shelimah communicated these precepts of the fairy, caused them to be transcribed, and with an account of the events which had produced them distributed over all his dominions. Precepts which were thus enforced, had an immediate and extensive influence; and the happiness of Soliman and of Shelimah was thus communicated to the multitudes whom they governed.

AMURATH.

(FROM THE ADVENTURER.)

By which of the Indian sages of antiquity the following story was written, or whether the people of the East have any remote tradition upon which it is founded, is not known : but it was probably related in the first person to give it an air of greater dignity, and render its influence more powerful : nor would it, perhaps, appear altogether incredible, to people among whom the Metempsychosis is an article of faith, and the visible agency of superior beings admitted without scruple.

Amurath, Sultan of the East, the judge of nations, the disciple of adversity, records the wonders of his life : let those who presumptuously question the ways of Providence, blush in silence and be wise ; let the proud be humble and obtain honour ; and let the sensual reform and be happy.

The angel of Death closed the eyes of the Sultan Abradin my father, and his empire descended to me in the eighteenth year of my age. At first my mind was awed to humility, and softened with grief ; I was insensible to the splendour of dominion, I heard the addresses of flattery with disgust, and received the homage of dependent greatness with indifference. I had always regarded my father not only with love but reverence ; and I was now perpetually recollecting instances of his tenderness, and reviewing the so-

lemn scene, in which he recommended me to heaven in imperfect language, and grasped my hand in the agonies of death.

One evening, after having concealed myself all day in his chamber, I visited his grave : I prostrated myself on his tomb ; sorrow overflowed my eyes, and devotion kindled in my bosom. I felt myself suddenly smitten on the shoulder as with a rod ; and looking up, I perceived a man whose eyes were piercing as light, and his beard whiter than snow. “ I am,” said he, “ the Genius Syndarac, the friend of thy father Abradin, who was the fear of his enemies, and the desire of his people ; whose smile diffused gladness like the lustre of the morning, and whose frown was dreadful as the gathering of a tempest : resign thyself to my influence, and thou shalt be like him.” I bowed myself to the earth in token of gratitude and obedience, and he put a ring on the middle finger of my left hand, in which I perceived a ruby of a deep colour and uncommon brightness. “ This ring,” said he, “ shall mark out to thee the boundaries of good and evil ; that without weighing remote consequences, thou may’st know the nature and tendency of every action. Be attentive, therefore, to the silent admonition ; and when the circle of gold shall by a sudden contraction press thy finger, and the ruby shall grow pale, desist immediately from what thou shalt be doing, and mark down that action in thy memory as a transgression of the rule of right : keep my gift as a pledge of happiness and honour, and take it not off for a moment.” I received the ring with a sense of obligation which I strove to express,

and an astonishment that compelled me to be silent. The Genius perceived my confusion, and turning from me with a smile of complacency, immediately disappeared.

During the first moon I was so cautious and circumspect, that the pleasure of reflecting that my ring had not once indicated a fault, was lessened by a doubt of its virtue. I applied myself to public business; my melancholy decreased as my mind was diverted to other objects; and lest the youth of my court should think that recreation was too long suspended, I appointed to hunt the lion. But though I went out to the sport rather to gratify others than myself, yet my usual ardour returned in the field; I grew warm in the pursuit, I continued the chase, which was unsuccessful, too long, and returned fatigued and disappointed.

As I entered the seraglio, I was met by a little dog that had been my father's, who expressed his joy at my return by jumping round me, and endeavouring to reach my hand: but as I was not disposed to receive his caresses, I struck him in the fretfulness of my displeasure so severe a blow with my foot, that it left him scarce power to crawl away and hide himself under a sofa in a corner of the apartment. At this moment I felt the ring press my finger, and looking upon the ruby, I perceived the glow of its colour abated.

I was at first struck with surprize and regret; but surprize and regret quickly gave way to disdain: "Shall not the Sultan Amurath," said I, "to whom a thousand kings pay tribute, and in whose hand is the life of nations, shall not Amurath strike a dog that offends him, without being

reproached for having transgressed the rule of right?" My ring again pressed my finger, and the ruby became more pale: immediately the palace shook with a burst of thunder, and the Genius Syndarac again stood before me.

"Amurath," said he, "thou hast offended against thy brother of the dust; a being who, like thee, has received from the Almighty a capacity of pleasure and pain; pleasure which caprice is not allowed to suspend, and pain which justice only has a right to inflict. If thou art justified by power in afflicting inferior beings, I should be justified in afflicting thee: but my power yet spares thee, because it is directed by the laws of sovereign goodness, and because thou mayest yet be reclaimed by admonition. But yield not to the impulse of quick resentment, nor indulge in cruelty the forwardness of disgust, lest by the laws of goodness I be compelled to afflict thee; for he that scorns reproof, must be reformed by punishment, or lost for ever."

At the presence of Syndaric I was troubled, and his words covered me with confusion: I fell prostrate at his feet, and heard him pronounce with a milder accent, "Expect not henceforth that I should answer the demands of arrogance, or gratify the security of speculation: confide in my friendship, and trust implicitly to thy ring."

As the chace has produced so much infelicity, I did not repeat it; but invited my nobles to a banquet, and entertained them with dancing and music. I had given leave that all ceremony should be suspended, and that the company should treat me not as a sovereign but an equal, because the

conversation would otherwise be encumbered or restrained; and I encouraged others to pleasantry, by indulging the luxuriancy of my own imagination. But though I affected to throw off the trappings of royalty, I had not sufficient magnanimity to despise them. I enjoyed the voluntary deference which was paid me, and was secretly offended at Alibeg my visier, who endeavoured to prevail upon the assembly to enjoy the liberty that had been given them, and was himself an example of the conduct that he recommended. I singled out as the subject of my raillery the man who alone deserved my approbation; he believed my condescension to be sincere, and imagined that he was securing my favour by that behaviour which had incurred my displeasure; he was, therefore, grieved and confounded to perceive that I laboured to render him ridiculous and contemptible: I enjoyed his pain, and was elated at my success; but my attention was suddenly called to my ring, and I perceived the ruby change colour. I desisted for a moment; but some of my courtiers having discovered and seconded my intention, I felt my vanity and my resentment gratified: I endeavoured to wash away the remembrance of my ring with wine; my satire became more bitter, and Alibeg discovered yet greater distress. My ring again reproached me; but I still persevered: the visier was at length roused to his defence; probably he had discovered and despised my weakness; his replies were so poignant, that I became outrageous, and descended from raillery to invective: at length, disguising the anguish of his mind with a smile, "Amurath" said he, "if

the sultan should know, that after having invited your friends to festivity and merriment, you had assumed his authority, and insulted those who were not aware that you disdained to be treated with the familiarity of friendship, you would certainly fall under his displeasure.” The severity of this sarcasm, which was extorted by long provocation from a man warmed with wine, stung me with intolerable rage: I started up, and spurning him from the table was about to draw my poniard: when my attention was again called to my ring; and I perceived with some degree of regret, that the ruby had faded almost to a perfect white.

But instead of resolving to be more watchful against whatever might bring me under this silent reproof, I comforted myself, that the Genius would no more alarm me with his presence. The irregularities of my conduct increased almost imperceptibly, and the intimations of my ring became proportionably more frequent though less forcible, till at last they were so familiar, that I scarce remarked when they were given and when they were suspended.

It was soon discovered that I was pleased with servility; servility, therefore, was practised, and I rewarded it sometimes with a pension, and sometimes with a place. Thus the government of my kingdoms was left to petty tyrants, who oppressed the people to enrich themselves. In the mean time I filled my seraglio with women, among whom I abandoned myself to sensuality, without enjoying the pure delight of that love which arises from esteem. But I had not yet stained my hands with blood, nor dared to ridicule the laws which I neglected to fulfil.

My resentment against Alibeg, however unjust, was inflexible, and terminated in the most perfect hatred: I degraded him from his office; but I still kept him at court, that I might embitter his life by perpetual indignities, and practise against him new schemes of malevolence.

Selima, the daughter of this prince, had been intended by my father for my wife; and the marriage had been delayed only by his death: but the pleasure and the dignity that Alibeg would derive from this alliance, had now changed my purpose. Yet such was the beauty of Selima, that I gazed with desire; and such was her wit, that I listened with delight. I therefore resolved, that I would if possible seduce her to voluntary prostitution; and that when her beauty should yield to the charm of variety, I would dismiss her with marks of disgrace. But in this attempt I could not succeed; my solicitations were rejected, sometimes with tears and sometimes with reproach. I became every day more wretched, by seeking to bring calamity upon others; I considered my disappointment as the triumph of a slave, whom I wished but did not dare to destroy; and I regarded his daughter as the instrument of my dishonour. Thus the tenderness, which before had often shaken my purpose, was weakened; my desire of beauty became as selfish and as sordid an appetite as my desire of food: and as I had no hope of obtaining the complete gratification of my lust, and my revenge, I determined to enjoy Selima by force, as the only expedient to alleviate my torment.

She resided by my command in an apartment of the seraglio, and I entered her chamber at

midnight by a private door of which I had a key; but with inexpressible vexation I found it empty. To be thus disappointed in my last attempt, at the very moment in which I thought I had insured success, distracted me with rage; and instead of returning to my chamber, and concealing my design, I called for her women. They ran in pale and trembling: I demanded the lady; they gazed at me astonished and terrified, and then looking upon each other stood silent; I repeated my demand with fury and execration, and to enforce it called aloud for the ministers of death: they then fell prostrate at my feet, and declared with one voice that they knew not where she was; that they had left her, when they were dismissed for the night, sitting on a sofa pensive and alone; and that no person had since to their knowledge passed in or out of her apartment.

In this account, however incredible, they persisted without variation; and having filled the palace with alarm and confusion, I was obliged to retire without gaining any intelligence by what means I had been baffled, or on whom to turn my resentment. I reviewed the transactions of the night with anguish and regret, and bewildered myself among the innumerable possibilities that might have produced my disappointment. I remembered that the windows of Selima's apartment were open, and I imagined that she might that way have escaped into the gardens of the seraglio. But why should she escape who had never been confined? If she had designed to depart, she might have departed by day. Had she an assignation? and did she intend to return, without being known to have been absent? This supposition

increased my torment ; because, if it was true, Selima had granted to my slave that which she had refused to me. But as all these conjectures were uncertain, I determined to make her absence a pretence to destroy her father.

In the morning I gave orders that he should be seized, and brought before me ; but while I was yet speaking, he entered, and prostrating himself, thus anticipated my accusation. “ May the Sultan Amurath, in whose wrath the angel of Death goes forth, rejoice for ever in the smile of Heaven ! Let the wretched Alibeg perish ; but let my lord remember Selima with mercy ; let him dismiss the slave in whom he ceases to delight. I heard no more, but cried out, “ Darest thou to mock me with a request, to dismiss the daughter whom thou hast stolen ! thou whose life, that has been so often forfeited, I have yet spared ! Restore her within one hour, or affronted mercy shall give thee up.” “ Oh !” said he, “ let not the mighty sovereign of the East sport with the misery of the weak : if thou hast doomed us to death, let us die together.”

Though I was now convinced that Alibeg believed I had confined Selima, and decreed her death, yet I resolved to persist in requiring her at his hands ; and therefore dismissed him with a repetition of my command, to produce her within an hour upon pain of death.

My ring, which, during this series of events, had given perpetual intimations of guilt, which were always disregarded, now pressed my finger so forcibly, that it gave me great pain, and compelled my notice. I immediately retired, and gave way to the discontent that swelled my bosom.

“How wretched a slave is Amurath to an invisible tyrant! a being, whose malevolence or envy has restrained me in the exercise of my authority as a prince, and whose cunning has contrived perpetually to insult me, by intimating that every action of my life is a crime! How long shall I groan under this intolerable oppression! This accursed ring is the badge and the instrument of my subjection and dishonour: he who gave it, is now perhaps in some remote region of the air; perhaps he rolls some planet in its orbit, agitates the southern ocean with a tempest, or shakes some distant region with an earthquake; but wherever he is, he has surely a more important employ than to watch my conduct. Perhaps he has contrived this talisman, only to restrain me from the enjoyment of some good, which he wishes to withhold. I feel that my desires are controuled; and to gratify these desires is to be happy.” As I pronounced these words I drew off the ring, and threw it to the ground with disdain and indignation: immediately the air grew dark: a cloud burst in thunder over my head, and the eye of Syndarac was upon me. I stood before him motionless and silent: horror thrilled in my veins, and my hair stood upright. I had neither power to deprecate his anger, nor to confess my faults. In his countenance there was a calm severity; and I heard him pronounce these words: “Thou hast now, as far as it is in thy own power, thrown off humanity, and degraded thy being: thy form therefore shall no longer conceal thy nature, nor thy example render thy vices contagious.” He then touched me with his rod; and while the sound of his voice yet vibrated in

my ears, I found myself in the midst of a desert, not in the form of a man but of a monster, with the fore-parts of my body like a wolf, and the hinder parts like a goat. I was still conscious to every event of my life, and my intellectual powers were continued, though my passions were irritated to frenzy. I now rolled in the sand in an agony not to be described; and now hastily traversed the desert, impelled only by the vain desire of flying from myself. I now bellowed with rage, and now howled in despair; this moment I breathed execration against the Genius, and the next reproached myself for having forfeited his friendship.

By this violent agitation of mind and body, the powers of both were soon exhausted: I crawled into a den which I perceived near me, and immediately sunk down in a state of insensibility. I slept, but sleep, instead of prolonging, put an end to this interval of quiet. The Genius still terrified me with his presence; I heard his sentence repeated, and felt again all the horrors of my transformation. When I awaked, I was not refreshed: calamity, though it is compelled to admit slumber, can yet exclude rest. But I was now roused by hunger; for hunger like sleep is irresistible.

I went out in search of prey; and if I felt any alleviation of misery, beside the hope of satisfying my appetite, it was in the thought of tearing to pieces whatever I should meet, and inflicting some part of the evil which I endured; for though I regretted my punishment, I did not repent of my crimes: and as I imagined Syndarac would now neither mitigate nor encrease my sufferings, I was

not restrained, either by hope or fear, from indulging my disposition to cruelty and revenge. But while I was thus meditating the destruction of others, I trembled lest by some stronger savage I should be destroyed myself.

In the midst of this variety of torment, I heard the cry of dogs, the trampling of horses, and the shouts of the hunters; and such is the love of life, however wretched, that my heart sunk within me at the sound. To hide myself was impossible, and I was too much enfeebled either to fly or resist. I stood still till they came up. At first they gazed at me with wonder, and doubted whether they should advance: but at length a slave threw a net over me, and I was dragged to the city.

I now entered the metropolis of my empire, amidst the noise and tumult of a rabble, who the day before would have hid themselves at my presence. I heard the sound of music at a distance: the heralds approached, and Alibeg was proclaimed in my stead. I was now deserted by the multitude, whose curiosity was diverted by the pomp of the procession; and was conducted to the place where other savages are kept, which custom has considered as a part of the regalia.

My keeper was a black slave whom I did not remember ever to have seen, and in whom it would indeed have been a fatal presumption to have stood before me. After he had given me food, and the vigour of nature was restored, he discovered in me such tokens of ferocity, that he suffered me to fast many hours before I was again fed. I was so enraged at this delay, that, for-

getting my dependence, I roared horribly when he again approached me : so that he found it necessary to add blows to hunger, that he might gain such an ascendancy over me, as was suitable to his office. By this slave therefore, I was alternately beaten and famished, till the fierceness of my disposition being suppressed by fear and languor, a milder temper insensibly stole upon me ; and a demeanour that was begun by constraint was continued by habit.

I was now treated with less severity, and strove to express something like gratitude, that might encourage my keeper to yet greater kindness. His vanity was flattered by my submission ; and, to shew as well his courage as the success of his discipline, he ventured sometimes to caress me in the presence of those whose curiosity brought them to see me. A kind of friendship thus imperceptibly grew between us, and I felt some degree of the affection that I had feigned. It happened that a tiger, which had been lately taken, broke one day into my den, while my keeper was giving me my provision, and leaping upon him would instantly have torn him to pieces, if I had not seized the savage by the throat, and dragged him to the ground : the slave presently dispatched him with his dagger, and turned about to caress his deliverer ; but starting suddenly backward, he stood motionless with astonishment, perceiving that I was no longer a monster but a dog.

I was myself conscious of the change which had again passed upon me, and leaping out of my den, escaped from my confinement. This transformation I considered as a reward of my fidelity,

and was perhaps never more happy than in the first moments of my escape; for I reflected, that as a dog my liberty was not only restored but insured; I was no longer suspected of qualities which rendered me unfit for society; I had some faint resemblance of human virtue, which is not found in other animals, and therefore hoped to be more generally caressed. But it was not long before this joy subsided in the remembrance of that dignity from which I had fallen, and from which I was still at an immeasurable distance. Yet I lifted up my heart in gratitude to the Power who had once more brought me within the circle of nature. As a brute I was more thankful for a mitigation of punishment, than as a king I had been for offers of the highest happiness and honour. And who, that is not taught by affliction, can justly estimate the bounties of Heaven?

As soon as the first tumult of my mind was past, I felt an irresistible inclination once more to visit the apartments of my seraglio. I placed myself behind an Emir whom I knew to have been the friend of Alibeg, and was permitted to follow him into the presence. The persons and the place, the retrospection of my life which they produced, and the comparison of what I was with what I had been, almost overwhelmed me. I went unobserved into the garden, and lay down under the shade of an almond-tree, that I might indulge those reflections, which though they oppressed me with melancholy, I did not wish to lose.

I had not been long in this place, before a little dog, which I knew to be the same that I spurned

from me when he caressed me at my return from hunting, came and fawned at my feet. My heart now smote me, and I said to myself, “Dost thou know me under this disguise? Is thy fidelity to thy lord unshaken? Cut off as I am from the converse of mankind, hast thou preserved for me an affection, which I once so lightly esteemed, and requited with evil? This forgetfulness of injury, and this steady friendship, are they less than human, or are they more?” I was not prevented by these reflections from returning the caresses that I received; and Alibeg, who just then entered the garden, took notice of me, and ordered that I should not be turned out.

In the seraglio I soon learned, that a body, which was thought to be mine, was found dead in the chamber; and that Alibeg had been chosen to succeed me, by the unanimous voice of the people: but I gained no intelligence of Selima, whose apartment I found in the possession of another, and for whom I had searched every part of the palace in vain. I became restless; every place was irksome; a desire to wander prevailed; and one evening I went out at the garden gate, and travelling till midnight, I lay down at the foot of a sycamore-tree, and slept.

In the morning I beheld, with surprise, a wall of marble that seemed to reach to heaven, and gates that were sculptured with every emblem of delight. Over the gate was inscribed in letters of gold, “Within this wall liberty is unbounded, and felicity complete: nature is not oppressed by the tyranny of religion, nor is pleasure awed by the frown of virtue. The gate is obedient to thy

wish, whosoever thou art; enter therefore, and be happy.

When I read this inscription, my bosom throbbed with tumultuous expectation: but my desire to enter was repressed by the reflection, that I had lost the form in which alone I could gratify the appetites of a man. Desire and curiosity were notwithstanding predominant: the door immediately opened inward; I entered, and it closed after me.

But my ears were now stunned with the dissonance of riot, and my eye sickened at the contortions of misery: disease was visible in every countenance, however otherwise impressed with the character of rage, of drunkenness, or of lust. Rape and murder, revelling and strife, filled every street and every dwelling.

As my retreat was cut off, I went forward with timidity and circumspection; for I imagined that I could no otherwise escape injury, than by eluding the notice of wretches, whose propensity to ill was restrained by no law, and I perceived too late, that to punish vice is to promote happiness.

It was now evening, and that I might pass the night in greater security, I quitted the public way, and perceiving a house that was encircled by a mote, I swam over to it, and chose an obscure corner of the area for my asylum. I heard from within the sound of dancing and music: but after a short interval, was alarmed with the menaces of rage, the shrieks of terror, and the wailings of distress. The window of the banqueting room flew open, and some venison was thrown out, which fell just at my feet. As I had eaten nothing

since my departure from the seraglio, I regarded this as a fortunate accident; and after the pleasure of an unexpected repast, I again lay down in expectation of the morning, with hope and fear; but in a short time many persons rushed from the house with lights, and seemed solicitous to gather up the venison which had been thrown out; but not being able to find it, and at the same time perceiving me, they judged that I had devoured it. I was immediately seized and led into the house: but as I could not discover that I was the object either of malignity or kindness, I was in doubt what would be the issue of the event. It was not long before this doubt was resolved; for I soon learned from the discourse of those about me, that I was suspected to have eaten poison, which had been intended for another, and was secured, that the effect might either remove or confirm the suspicion. As it was not expected that the poison would immediately operate, I was locked up in a room by myself, where I reflected upon the cause and the event of my confinement, with inexpressible anguish, anxiety, and terror.

In this gloomy interval, a sudden light shone round me, and I found myself once more in the presence of the Genius. I crawled towards him trembling and confounded, but not utterly without hope. "Yet a few moments," said he, "and the angel of Death shall teach thee, that the wants of nature cannot be supplied with safety, where the inordinate appetites of vice are not restrained. Thy hunger required food; but the lust and revenge of others have given thee poison." My blood grew chill as he spake; I discovered

and abhorred my folly : but while I wished to express my contrition, I fell down in an agony ; my eyes failed me, I shivered, was convulsed, and expired.

That spark of immaterial fire which no violence can quench, rose up from the dust which had thus been restored to the earth, and now animated the form of a dove. On this new state of existence I entered with inexpressible delight ; I imagined that my wings were not only a pledge of safety, but of the favour of Syndarac, whom I was now more than ever solicitous to please. I flew immediately from the window, and turning towards the wall through which I had entered, I endeavoured to rise above it, that I might quit for ever a place in which guilt and wretchedness were complicated in every object, and which I now detested as much as before I had desired. But over this region a sulphureous vapour hovered like a thick cloud, which I had no sooner entered than I fell down panting for breath, and had scarce strength to keep my wings sufficiently extended to break my fall. It was now midnight, and I alighted near the mouth of a cave, in which I thought there appeared some faint glimmerings of light. Into this place I entered without much apprehension ; as it seemed rather to be the retreat of penitence than the recess of luxury : but lest the noise of my wings should discover me to any hateful or mischievous inhabitant of this gloomy solitude, I entered in silence and upon my feet. As I went forward the cave grew wider ; and by the light of a lamp which was suspended from the roof, I discovered a hermit listening to a young lady, who seemed to be greatly affected with the

events which she was relating. Of the hermit I had no knowledge; but the lady I discerned to be Selima. I was struck with amazement at this discovery; I remembered with the deepest contrition my attempts upon her virtue, and I now secretly rejoiced that she had rendered them ineffectual. I watched her lips with the utmost impatience of curiosity, and she continued her narrative.

“ I was sitting on a sofa one evening after I had been caressed by Amurath, and my imagination kindled as I mused. Why, said I aloud, should I give up the delights of love with the splendour of royalty? Since the presumption of my father has prevented my marriage, why should I not accept the blessings that are still offered? Why is desire restrained by the dread of shame? and why is the pride of virtue offended by the softness of nature? Immediately a thick cloud surrounded me; I felt myself lifted up and conveyed through the air with incredible rapidity. I descended, the cloud dissipated, and I found myself sitting in an alcove, by the side of a canal that encircled a stately edifice and a spacious garden. I saw many persons pass along; but discovered in all something either dissolute or very wretched, something that alarmed my fears, or excited my pity. I suddenly perceived many men with their swords drawn, contending for a woman, who was forced along irresistibly by the crowd, which moved directly towards the place in which I was sitting. I was terrified, and looked round me with eagerness, to see where I could retreat for safety. A person richly dressed perceived my distress, and invited me into the house

which the canal surrounded. Of this invitation I hastily accepted with gratitude and joy: but I soon remarked several incidents, which filled me with new perplexity and apprehension. I was welcomed to a place, in which infamy and honour were equally unknown; where every wish was indulged without the violation of any law, and where the will was therefore determined only by appetite. I was presently surrounded by women, whose behaviour covered me with blushes; and though I rejected the caresses of the person into whose power I was delivered, yet they became jealous of the distinction with which he treated me: my expostulations were not heard, and my tears were treated with merriment: preparations were made for revelling and jollity; I was invited to join the dance, and upon my refusal was entertained with music. In this dreadful situation, I sighed thus to myself: How severe is that justice, which transports those who form licentious wishes, to a society in which they are indulged without restraint! Who shall deliver me from the effects of my own folly? who shall defend me against the vices of others? At this moment I was thus encouraged by the voice of some invisible being. ‘The friends of virtue are mighty; reject not their protection, and thou art safe.’ As I renounced the presumptuous wish which had once polluted my mind, I exulted in this intimation with an assurance of relief: and when supper was set before me, I suffered the principal lady to serve me with some venison; but the friendly voice having warned me that it was poisoned, I fell back in my seat, and turned pale: the lady enquired earnestly what had disordered

me ; but instead of making a reply, I threw the venison from the window, and declared that she had intended my death. The master of the table, who perceived the lady to whom I spoke change countenance, was at once convinced that she had indeed attempted to poison me, to preserve that interest which as a rival she feared I should subvert. He rose up in a rage, and commanded the venison to be produced ; a dog that was supposed to have eaten it was brought in : but before the event could be known, the tumult was become general, and my rival, after having suddenly stabbed her patron, plunged the same poniard in her own bosom.

In the midst of this confusion I found means to escape, and wandered through the city in search of some obscure recess, where, if I received not the assistance which I hoped, death at least might secure my person from violation, and close my eyes on those scenes, which, wherever I turned, filled me not only with disgust but with horror. By that benevolent Power, who, as a preservative from misery, has placed in us a secret and irresistible disapprobation of vice, my feet have been directed to thee, whose virtue has participated in my distress, and whose wisdom may effect my deliverance.”

I gazed upon Selima, while I thus learned the ardour of that affection which I had abused, with sentiments that can never be conceived but when they are felt. I was touched with the most bitter remorse, for having produced one wish that could stain so amiable a mind ; and abhorred myself for having used the power which I derived from her tenderness to effect her destruction. My fond-

ness was not less ardent, but it was more chaste and tender; desire was not extinguished, but it was almost absorbed in esteem. I felt a passion, to which, till now, I had been a stranger: and the moment love was kindled in my breast, I resumed the form proper to the nature in which alone it can subsist, and Selima beheld Amurath at her feet. At my sudden and unexpected appearance, the colour faded from her cheeks, the powers of life were suspended, and she sunk into my arms. I clasped her to my breast, and looking towards the hermit for his assistance, I beheld in his stead the friendly Genius, who had taught me happiness by affliction. At the same instant Selima recovered. "Arise," said Syndarac, "and look round." We looked round; the darkness was suddenly dissipated, and we perceived ourselves in the road to Golconda, and the spires of the city sparkled before us. "Go," said he, "Amurath, henceforth the husband of Selima, and the father of thy people! I have revealed thy story to Alibeg in a vision; he expects thy return, and the chariots are come out to meet thee. Go, and I will proclaim before thee, Amurath the Sultan of the East, the judge of nations, the taught of Heaven; Amurath, whose ring is equal to the ring of Solomon, returns to reign with wisdom, and diffuse felicity." I now lifted up my eyes, and beheld the chariots coming forward. We were received by Alibeg with sentiments which could not be uttered, and by the people with the loudest acclamations: Syndarac proclaimed our return, in thunder that was heard through all the nations of my empire; and has prolonged my reign in prosperity and peace.

For the world I have written, and by the world let what I write be remembered: for to none who hear of the ring of Amurath, shall its influence be wanting. Of this, is not thy heart a witness, thou whose eye drinks instruction from my pen? Hast thou not a monitor who reproaches thee in secret, when thy foot deviates from the paths of virtue? Neglect not the first whispers of this friend to thy soul; it is the voice of a greater than Syndarac, to resist whose influence is to invite destruction.

ALMORAN AND HAMET.

CHAP. I.

Who is he among the children of the earth, that repines at the power of the wicked? and who is he, that would change the lot of the righteous? He, who has appointed to each his portion, is God; the Omniscient and the Almighty, who fills eternity, and whose existence is from himself? but he who murmurs, is man; who yesterday was not, and who to-morrow shall be forgotten: let him listen in silence to the voice of knowledge, and hide the blushes of confusion in the dust.

Solyman, the mighty and the wise, who, in the one hundred and second year of the Hegira, sat upon the throne of Persia, had two sons, Al-

moran and Hamet, and they were twins. Almorán was the first born, but Solyman divided his affection equally between them: they were both lodged in the same part of the seraglio, both were attended by the same servants, and both received instructions from the same teacher.

One of the first things that Almorán learnt, was the prerogative of his birth; and he was taught very early to set a high value upon it, by the terms in which those about him expressed their sense of the power, the splendour, and the delights of royalty. As his mind gradually opened, he naturally considered these as the objects of universal desire, and the means of supreme felicity: he was often reminded that the time was coming, when the sole possession of sovereign power would enable him to fulfil all his wishes, to determine the fate of dependent nations with a nod, and dispense life and death, and happiness and misery, at his will: he was flattered by those who hoped to draw wealth and dignity from his favour; and interest prompted all who approached him, to administer to his pleasures with a zeal and assiduity, which had the appearance of reverence to his merit, and affection to his person.

Hamet, on the contrary, soon became sensible of a subordinate station: he was not, indeed, neglected; but he was not much caressed. When the gratification of Hamet came in competition with that of Almorán, he was always obliged to give it up, except when Solyman interposed: his mind was therefore naturally led to seek for happiness in objects very different from those which had fixed the attention of Almorán. As he knew not

to how narrow a sphere caprice or jealousy might confine him, he considered what pleasures were least dependent upon external advantages ; and as the first popular commotion which should happen after his brother's accession to the throne might probably cost him his life, he was very inquisitive about the state into which his spirit would be dismissed by the angel of Death, and very diligent to do whatever might secure him a share of the permanent and unchangeable felicity of paradise.

This difference in the situations of Almorán and Hamet produced great dissimilarity in their dispositions, habits, and characters ; to which, perhaps, nature might also in some degree contribute. Almorán was haughty, vain, and voluptuous ; Hamet was gentle, courteous, and temperate : Almorán was volatile, impetuous, and irascible ; Hamet was thoughtful, patient, and forbearing. Upon the heart of Hamet, also, were written the instructions of the prophet ; to his mind futurity was present by habitual anticipation ; his pleasure, his pain, his hopes, and his fears, were perpetually referred to the invisible and Almighty Father of Life, by sentiments of gratitude or resignation ; complacency or confidence ; so that his devotion was not periodical, but constant.

But the views of Almorán were terminated by nearer objects ; his mind was perpetually busied in the anticipation of pleasures and honours, which he supposed to be neither uncertain nor remote ; these excited his hopes, with a power sufficient to fix his attention ; he did not look beyond them for other objects, nor enquire how enjoyments more distant were to be acquired ; and as he sup-

posed these to be already secured to him by his birth, there was nothing he was solicitous to obtain as the reward of merit; nor any thing that he considered himself to possess as the bounty of Heaven. If the sublime and disinterested rectitude that produces and rewards itself, dwells indeed with man, it dwelt not with Almorán; with respect to God therefore he was not impressed with a sense either of duty or dependence; he felt neither reverence nor love, gratitude nor resignation; in abstaining from evil, he was not intentionally good; he practised the externals of morality without virtue, and performed the rituals of devotion without piety.

Such were Almorán and Hamet, when Solyman their father, full of days and full of honour, slept in peace the sleep of death. With this event they were immediately acquainted. The emotions of Almorán were such as it was impossible to conceal; the joy that he felt in secret was so great, that the mere dread of disappointment for a moment suspended his belief of what he heard; when his fears and his doubts gave way, his cheeks were suffused with sudden blushes, and his eyes sparkled with exultation and impatience; he looked eagerly about him, as if in haste to act, yet his looks were embarrassed, and his gestures irresolute, because he knew not what to do: he uttered some incoherent sentences, which discovered at once the joy that he felt, and his sense of its impropriety; and his whole deportment expressed the utmost tumult and perturbation of mind.

Upon Hamet, the death of his father produced a very different effect: as soon as he heard it, his

lips trembled, and his countenance grew pale; he stood motionless a moment, like a pilgrim transfixed by lightning in the desert; he then smote his breast, and looking upward, his eyes by degrees overflowed with tears, and they fell, like dew distilling from the mountain in a calm and silent shower. As his grief was thus mingled with devotion, his mind in a short time recovered its tranquillity, though not its cheerfulness, and he desired to be conducted to his brother.

He found him surrounded by the lords of his court, his eye still restless and ardent, and his deportment elate and assuming. Hamet pressed hastily through the circle, and prostrated himself before him: Almorán received the homage with a tumultuous pleasure; but at length raised him from the ground, and assured him of his protection, though without any expressions either of kindness or of sorrow. "Hamet," says he, "if I have no cause to complain of you as a subject, you shall have no cause to complain of me as a king." Hamet, whose heart was again pierced by the cold and distant behaviour of his brother, suppressed the sigh that struggled in his bosom, and secretly wiped away the tear that started to his eye: he retired, with his looks fixed upon the ground, to a remote corner of the apartment; and though his heart yearned to embrace his brother, his modest diffidence restrained him from intruding upon the king.

In this situation were Almorán and Hamet, when Omar entered the apartment. Omar, upon whose head the hand of time became heavy, had from his youth acquainted himself with wisdom;

to him Nature had revealed herself in the silence of the night, when his lamp was burning alone, and his eyes only were open : to him was known the power of the seal of Solyman ; and to him the knowledge of things invisible had been revealed. Nor was the virtue of Omar inferior to his knowledge ; his heart was a fountain of good ; which, though it flowed through innumerable streams, was never dry ; yet was the virtue of Omar cloathed with humility ; and he was still pressing nearer to perfection, by a devotion which though elevated was rational, and though regular was warm. From the council of Omar, Solyman had derived glory and strength ; and to him he had committed the education of his children.

When he entered the apartment, the crowd, touched at once with reverence and love, drew back ; every eye was cast downward, and every tongue was silent. The full of days approached the king, and kneeling before him, he put into his hand a sealed paper : the king received it with impatience, seeing it superscribed with the hand of his father ; and Omar looking round, and perceiving Hamet, beckoned him to come forward. Hamet, whose obedience to Omar had been so long habitual that it was now almost spontaneous, instantly drew near, though with a slow and irresolute pace ; and Almorán, having broken the seal of the paper, began to read it to himself, with a look that expressed the utmost anxiety and impatience. Omar kept his eye fixed upon him, and soon perceived that his countenance was disfigured by confusion and trouble, and that he seemed preparing to put up the paper into his

bosom: he then produced another paper from under his robe, and gave it to Hamet. "This," says he, "is a copy of the will of Solyman, your father, the original is in the hand of Almorán: read it, and you will find that he has bequeathed his kingdom between you."

The eyes of all present were now turned upon Hamet, who stood silent and motionless with amazement, but was soon roused to attention by the homage that was paid him. In the mean time, Almorán's confusion increased every moment: his disappointment was aggravated by the sudden attention of those who were present to his brother; and his jealousy made him think himself neglected, while those acts of duty were performed to Hamet, which were now known to be his right, and which he had himself received before him.

Hamet, however, regarded but little what so much excited the envy of Almorán; his mind was employed upon superior objects, and agitated by nobler passions; the coldness of his brother's behaviour, though it had grieved, had not quenched his affection; and as he was now no longer restrained by the deference due from a subject to his king, he ran to him, and catching him to his breast, attempted to speak, but his heart was too full, and he could express his affection and joy only by his tears. Almorán rather suffered than received the embrace; and after a few ceremonies, to which neither of them could much attend, they retired to separate apartments.

CHAP. II.

When Almorán was alone, he immediately locked the door; and throwing himself upon a sofa in an agony of vexation and disappointment, of which he was unwilling there should be any witness, he revolved in his mind all the pleasures and honours of supreme dominion, which had now suddenly been snatched from him, with a degree of anguish and regret, not proportioned to their real but their imaginary value.

Of future good, that which we obtain is found to be less than our expectations; but that of which we are disappointed, we suppose would have been more: thus do the children of hope extract evil both from what they gain and from what they lose.

But Almorán, after the first tumult of his mind had subsided, began to consider as well what was left him, as what had been taken away. He was still without a superior, though he had an equal; he was still a king, though he did not govern alone: and with respect to every individual in his dominions, except one, his will would now be a law; though with respect to the public, the concurrence of his brother would be necessary to give it force. "Let me then," says he, "make the most of the power that is now put into my hand, and wait till some favourable opportunity shall offer to encrease it. Let me dissemble my jealousy and disappointment; that I may not alarm suspicion, or put the virtues of Hamet upon their guard against me; and let me contrive to give our joint administration such a form as may best favour my design."

Such were the reflections with which Almorán soothed the anguish of his mind ; while Hamet was busied in speculations of a very different kind. If he was pleased at reflecting, that he was raised from a subject to a prince, he was pleased still more when he considered his elevation as a test of his father's affection to his person, and approbation of his conduct : he was also delighted with the thought, that his brother was associated with him in the arduous task which he was now called to perform. " If I had been appointed to govern alone," says he, " I should have had no equal ; and he who has no equal, though he may have faithful servants, can have no friend : there cannot be that union of interests, that equal participation of good, that unrestrained intercourse of mind, and that mutual dependence, which constitutes the pure and exalted happiness of friendship. With Almorán, I shall share the supreme delight of wresting the innocent and the helpless from the iron hand of oppression ; of animating merit by reward, and restraining the unworthy by fear : I shall share with Almorán the pleasures of governing a numerous, a powerful, and a happy people ; pleasures which, however great, are like all others, encreased by participation."

While Hamet was thus enjoying the happiness, which his virtue derived from the same source from which the vices of Almorán had filled his breast with anguish and discontent, Omar was contriving in what manner their joint government could best be carried into execution.

He knew that Solymán, having considered the dispositions of his sons, was of opinion, that if they had been blended in one person, they would

have produced a character more fit to govern in his stead, than either of them alone: Almorán, he thought, was too volatile and warm; but he suspected that Hamet would sink into inactivity for want of spirit; he feared alike Almorán's love of enterprize, and Hamet's fondness for retirement. He observed in Hamet a placid easiness of temper, which might suffer the reins of government to lie too loose: and in Almorán a quickness of resentment, and jealousy of command, which might hold them too tight: he hoped, therefore, that by leaving them a joint dominion, he should blend their dispositions; at least in their effects, in every act of government that should take place, or that, however they should agree to administer their government, the public would derive benefit from the virtues of both, without danger of suffering from their imperfections; as their imperfections would only operate against each other, while, in whatever was right, their minds would naturally concur, as the coincidence of rectitude with rectitude is necessary and eternal. But he did not consider, that different dispositions operating separately upon two different wills, would appear in effects very unlike those which they would concur to produce in one; that two wills, under the direction of dispositions so different, would seldom be brought to coincide; and that more mischiefs would probably arise from the contest, than from the imperfections of either alone.

But Solyman had so long applauded himself for his project, before he revealed it to Omar, that Omar found him too much displeased with any objection, to consider its weight: and knowing that peculiar notions are more rarely given up,

than opinions received from others, and made our own only by adoption, he at length acquiesced, lest he should by farther opposition lose his influence, which on other occasions he might still employ to the advantage of the public; and took a solemn oath that he would, as far as was in his power, see the will carried into execution.

To this, indeed, he consented without much reluctance, as he had little less reason to fear the sole government of Almorán, than a joint administration; and if a struggle for superiority should happen, he hoped the virtues of Hamet would obtain the suffrages of the people in his favour, and establish him upon the throne alone. But as change is itself an evil, and as changes in government are seldom produced without great confusion and calamity, he applied himself to consider in what manner the government of Almorán and Hamet could be administered, so as most effectually to blend their characters in their administration, and prevent the conduct of one from exciting jealousy in the other.

After much thought, he determined that a system of laws should be prepared, which the sons of Solyman should examine and alter till they perfectly approved, and to which they should then give the sanction of their joint authority; that when any addition or alteration should be thought necessary, it should be made in the same manner; and that when any insuperable difference of sentiment happened, either in this or in any act of prerogative independent of the laws for regulating the manners of the people, the kings should refer it to some person of approved integrity and wisdom, and abide by his determination. Omar

easily foresaw, that when the opinions of Almorán and Hamet should differ, the opinion of Almorán would be established; for there were many causes that would render Almorán inflexible and Hamet yielding: Almorán was naturally confident and assuming, Hamet diffident and modest; Almorán was impatient of contradiction, Hamet was attentive to argument, and solicitous only for the discovery of truth. Almorán also conceived, that by the will of his father, he had suffered wrong; Hamet, that he had received a favour. Almorán, therefore, was disposed to resent the first appearance of opposition; and Hamet, on the contrary, to acquiesce, as in his share of government, whatever it might be, he had more than was his right by birth, and his brother had less. Thus, therefore, the will of Almorán would probably predominate in the state; but as the same cause which conferred this superiority would often prevent contention, Omar considered it, upon the whole, rather as good than evil.

When he had prepared his plan, therefore, he sent a copy of it by different messengers at the same time both to Almorán and Hamet, inclosed in a letter, in which he expressed his sense of obligation to their father, and his zeal and affection for them: he mentioned the promise he had made, to devote himself to their service; and the oath he had taken to propose whatever he thought might facilitate the accomplishment of their father's design, with honour to them, and happiness to their people. These motives, which he could not resist without impiety, he hoped would absolve him from presumption; and trusting in the rectitude of his intentions, he left the issue to God.

CHAP. III.

The receipt of this letter threw Almorán into another agony of indignation; he felt again the loss of his prerogative; the offer of advice he disdained, as an insult, to which he had been injuriously subjected by the will of his father: and he was disposed to reject whatever was suggested by Omar, even before his proposal was known. With this temper of mind he began to read, and at every paragraph took new offence; he determined, however, not to admit Omar to the honour of a conference upon the subject, but to settle a plan of government with his brother, without the least regard to his advice,

A supercilious attention to minute formalities is a certain indication of a little mind, conscious to the want of innate dignity, and solicitous to derive from others what it cannot supply to itself: as the scrupulous exaction of every trifling tribute discovers the weakness of the tyrant, who fears his claim should be disputed; while the prince, who is conscious of superior and indisputable power, and knows that the states he has subjugated do not dare to revolt, scarce enquires whether such testimonies of allegiance are given or not.

Thus the jealousy of Almorán already enslaved him to the punctilios of state; and the most trifling circumstances involved him in perplexity, or fired him with resentment: the friendship and fidelity of Omar stung him with rage, as insolent and intrusive; and though it determined him to an immediate interview with his brother, yet he was embar-

passed how to procure it. At first he rose, and was about to go to him ; but he stopped short with disdain, upon reflecting that it was an act of condescension which might be deemed an acknowledgment of superiority ; he then thought of sending for Hamet to come to him ; but this he feared might provoke him, as implying a denial of his equality ; at length, he determined to propose a meeting in the chamber of council, and was just dispatching an officer with the message when Hamet entered the apartment.

The countenance of Hamet was flushed with joy, and his heart was warmed with the pleasing sensations of affection and confidence, by the same letter from which Almorán had extracted the bitterness of jealousy and resentment ; and, as he had no idea that an act of courtesy to his brother could derogate from his own dignity or importance, he indulged the honest impatience of his heart to communicate the pleasure with which it overflowed : he was, indeed, somewhat disappointed, to find no traces of satisfaction in the countenance of Almorán, when he saw the same paper in his hand which had impressed so much upon his own.

He waited some time after the first salutations, without mentioning the scheme of government he was come to concert ; because, having observed that Almorán was embarrassed and displeased, he expected that he would communicate the cause, and pleased himself with the hope that he might remove it : finding, however, that this expectation was disappointed, he addressed him to this effect :

“ How happy are we, my dear brother, in the wisdom and fidelity of Omar ! how excellent is the

system of government that he has proposed ! how easy and honourable will it be to us that govern, and how advantageous to the people that obey !”

“ The advantages,” said Almorán, “ which you seem to have discovered, are not evident to me : tell me then what you imagine they are, and I will afterwards give you my opinion.”

“ By establishing a system of laws as the rules of government,” said Hamet, “ many evils will be avoided, and many benefits procured. If the law is the will only of the sovereign, it can never certainly be known to the people ; many, therefore, may violate that rule of right, which the hand of the Almighty has written upon the living tablets of the heart, in the presumptuous hope, that it will not subject them to punishment ; and those by whom that rule is fulfilled, will not enjoy the consciousness of security, which they would derive from the protection of a prescribed law which they have never broken. If neither the offence is ascertained, nor the punishment prescribed, one motive to probity will be wanting ; which ought to be supplied, as well for the sake of those who may be tempted to offend, as of those who may suffer by the offence. Besides, he who governs not by a written and a public law, must either administer that government in person, or by others : if in person, he will sink under a labour which no man is able to sustain ; and if by others, the inferiority of their rank must subject them to temptations which it cannot be hoped they will always resist, and to prejudices which it will perhaps be impossible for them to surmount. But to administer government by a law which ascertains the

offence and directs the punishment, integrity alone will be sufficient ; and as the sentence will, in this case, depend not upon opinion but upon facts, justice will seldom be perverted, even when integrity is wanting ; because, as it cannot be imputed to error, it will always incur the infamy and danger of notorious guilt."

Almorán, who had heard the opinions of Hamet with impatience and scorn, now started from his seat with a proud and contemptuous aspect : he first glanced his eyes upon his brother ; and then, looking disdainfully downward, he threw back his robe, and, stretching out his hand from him—" Shall the son of Solyman," said he, " upon whose will the fate of nations was suspended, whose smiles and frowns were alone the criterions of right and wrong, before whom the voice of wisdom itself was silent, and the pride even of virtue humbled in the dust ; shall the son of Solyman be harnessed, like a mule, in the trammels of law ? Shall he become a mere instrument to execute what others have devised ? Shall he only declare the determinations of a statute, and shall his ear be affronted by claims of right ? It is the glory of a prince to punish for what and whom he will ; to be the sovereign, not only of property, but of life ; and to govern alike without prescription or appeal."

Hamet, who was struck with astonishment at this declaration, and the vehemence with which it was uttered, after a short recollection made this reply : " It is the glory of a prince to govern others, as he is governed by Him who is alone

most merciful and almighty ! It is his glory to prevent crimes, rather than to display his power in punishment ; to diffuse happiness, rather than enforce subjection ; and rather to animate with love, than depress by fear. Has not He that shall judge us, given us a rule of life by which we shall be judged ? Is not our reward and punishment already set before us ? Are not his promises and threatenings motives to obedience ? and have we not confidence and joy when we have obeyed ? To God, his own divine perfections are a law ; and these he has transcribed as a law to us. Let us then govern as we are governed ; let us seek our happiness in the happiness that we bestow, and our honour in emulating the benevolence of Heaven."

As Almorán feared, that to proceed in this argument would too far disclose his sentiments, and put Hamet too much upon his guard, he determined for the present to dissemble ; and, as he perceived that Hamet's opinion, and an administration founded upon it, would render him extremely popular, and at length possibly establish him alone, he was now solicitous only to withdraw him from public notice, and persuade him to leave the government, whatever form it should receive, to be administered by others ; returning, therefore, to his seat, and assuming an appearance of complacency and tranquillity, with which he could not form his language perfectly to agree—" Let us, then," said he, " if a law must be set up in our stead, leave the law to be executed by our slaves : and, as nothing will be left for us to do that is worthy of us, let us devote ourselves to the

pleasures of ease; and, if there are any enjoyments peculiar to royalty, let us secure them as our only distinction from the multitude."

"Not so," says Hamet, "for there is yet much for a prince to do, after the best system of laws has been established: the government of a nation as a whole, the regulation and extent of its trade, the establishment of manufactories, the encouragement of genius, the application of the revenues, and whatever can improve the arts of peace, and secure superiority in war, is the proper object of a king's attention."

"But in these," said Almorán, "it will be difficult for two minds to concur; let us then agree to leave these also to the care of some other, whom we can continue as long as we approve, and displace when we approve no longer: we shall, by this expedient, be able to avert the odium of any unpopular measure; and by the sacrifice of a slave, we can always satisfy the people, and silence public discontent."

"To trust implicitly to another," says Hamet, "is to give up a prerogative, which it is at once our highest duty and interest to keep; it is to betray our trust, and to sacrifice our honour to another. The prince who leaves the government of his people implicitly to a subject, leaves it to one who has many more temptations to betray their interest than himself. A vicegerent is in a subordinate station; he has, therefore, much to fear and much to hope: he may also acquire the power of obtaining what he hopes, and averting what he fears, at the public expence; he may stand in need of dependants, and may be able no otherwise to pro-

cure them, than by conniving at the fraud or the violence which they commit; he may receive in bribes an equivalent for his share, as an individual, in the public prosperity; for his interest is not essentially connected with that of the state; he has a separate interest, but the interest of the state and of the king are one; he may even be corrupted to betray the councils, and give up the interest of the nation to a foreign power; but this is impossible to the king; for nothing equivalent to what he would give up could be offered him. But as a king has not equal temptations to do wrong, neither is he equally exposed to opposition when he does right: the measures of a substitute are frequently opposed merely from interest; because the leader of a faction against him hopes, that if he can remove him by popular clamour, he shall succeed to his power; but it can be no man's interest to oppose the measures of a king, if his measures are good, because no man can hope to supplant him. Are not these the precepts of the Prophet, whose wisdom was from above? 'Let not the eye of expectation be raised to another, for that which thyself only should bestow: suffer not thy own shadow to obscure thee; nor be content to derive that glory, which it is thy prerogative to impart.'

"But is the prince," said Almorán, "always the wisest man in his dominions? Can we not find in another abilities and experience, which we do not possess? And is it not the duty of him who presides in the ship, to place the helm in that hand which can best steer it?"

"A prince," said Hamet, "who sincerely in-

tends the good of his people, can scarce fail to effect it; all the wisdom of the nation will be at once turned to that object: whatever is his principal aim, will be that of all who are admitted to his council; for to concur with his principal aim, must be the surest recommendation to his favour. Let us then hear others, but let us act ourselves."

As Almorán now perceived that the longer this conversation continued, the more he should be embarrassed, he put an end to it, by appearing to acquiesce in what Hamet had proposed. Hamet withdrew, charmed with the candour and flexibility which he imagined he had discovered in his brother; and not without some exultation in his own rhetoric, which he supposed had gained no inconsiderable victory. Almorán, in the meantime, applauded himself for having thus far practised the arts of dissimulation with success; fortified himself in the resolutions he had before taken; and conceived new malevolence and jealousy against Hamet.

CHAP. IV.

While Hamet was exulting in his conquest, and his heart was overflowing at once with self-complacency and affection to his brother, he was told that Omar was waiting without, and desired admittance. Hamet ordered that he should be immediately introduced; and when Omar entered, and would have prostrated himself before him, he caught him in his arms in a transport of affection and esteem; and, having ordered that none should

interrupt them, compelled him to sit down on a sofa.

He then related, with all the joy of a youthful and an ardent mind, the conversation he had had with Almorán, intermixed with expressions of the highest praise and the most cordial esteem. Omar was not without suspicion, that the sentiments which Almorán had first expressed with such vehemence of passion were still predominant in his mind; but of these suspicions he did not give the least hint to Hamet; not only because to communicate suspicions is to accuse without proof, but because he did not think himself at liberty to make an ill report of another, though he knew it to be true. He approved the sentiments of Hamet, as they had indeed been infused by his own instructions; and some precepts and cautions were now added, which the accession of Hamet to a share of the imperial power made particularly necessary.

“Remember,” said Omar, “that the most effectual way of promoting virtue is to prevent occasions of vice. There are, perhaps, particular situations in which human virtue has always failed: at least, temptation often repeated, and long continued, has seldom been finally resisted. In a government so constituted as to leave the people exposed to perpetual seduction, by opportunities of dissolute pleasure or iniquitous gain, the multiplication of penal laws will only tend to depopulate the kingdom and disgrace the state; to devote to the scymitar and the bow-string those who might have been useful to society, and to leave the rest dissolute, turbulent, and factious. If the streets not only abound with women, who inflame

the passenger by their appearance, their gesture, and their solicitations; but with houses, in which every desire which they kindle may be gratified with secrecy and convenience; it is in vain that ‘the feet of the prostitute go down to death, and that her steps take hold on hell:’ what then can be hoped from any punishment which the laws of man can superadd to disease and want, to rottenness and perdition? If you permit opium to be publicly sold at a low rate, it will be folly to hope, that the dread of punishment will render idleness and drunkenness strangers to the poor. If a tax is so collected, as to leave opportunities to procure the commodity without paying it, the hope of gain will always surmount the fear of punishment. If, when the veteran has served you at the risk of his life, you withhold his hire, it will be in vain to threaten usury and extortion with imprisonment and fines. If, in your armies, you suffer it to be any man’s interest rather to preserve the life of a horse than a man, be assured, that your own sword is drawn for your enemy: for there will always be some in whom interest is stronger than humanity and honour. Put no man’s interest, therefore, in the balance against his duty; nor hope that good can often be produced, but by preventing opportunities of evil.”

To these precepts of Omar, Hamet listened as to the instructions of a father; and, having promised to keep them as the treasure of life, he dismissed him from his presence. The heart of Hamet was now expanded with the most pleasing expectations; but Almorán was pining with solicitude, jealousy, and distrust: he took every opportunity

to avoid both Omar and Hamet ; but Hamet still retained his confidence, and Omar his suspicions.

CHAP. V.

In the mean time, the system of government was established which had been proposed by Omar, and in which Hamet concurred from principle, and Almorán from policy. The views of Almorán terminated in the gratification of his own appetites and passions ; those of Hamet, in the discharge of his duty : Hamet, therefore, was indefatigable in the business of the state ; and as his sense of honour, and his love of the public, made this the employment of his choice, it was to him the perpetual source of a generous and sublime felicity. Almorán also was equally diligent, but from another motive : he was actuated, not by love of the public, but by jealousy of his brother ; he performed his task as the drudge of necessity, with reluctance and ill-will, so that to him it produced pain and anxiety, weariness and impatience.

To atone for this waste of time, he determined to crowd all that remained with delight : his gardens were an epitome of all nature, and on his palace were exhausted all the treasures of art ; his seraglio was filled with beauties of every nation, and his table supplied with dainties from the remotest corners of his dominions. In the songs that were repeated in his presence, he listened at once to the voice of adulation and music ; he breathed the perfumes of Arabia, and he tasted the forbidden pleasure of wine. But as every ap-

petite is soon satiated by excess, his eagerness to accumulate pleasure deprived him of enjoyment. Among the variety of beauties that surrounded him, the passion, which, to be luxurious, must be delicate and refined, was degraded to a mere instinct, and exhausted in endless dissipation; the caress was not endeared by a consciousness of reciprocal delight, and was immediately succeeded by indifference or disgust. By the dainties that perpetually urged him to intemperance, that appetite, which alone could make even dainties tasteful, was destroyed. The splendour of his palace, and the beauty of his gardens, became at length so familiar to his eye, that they were frequently before him without being seen. Even flattery and music lost their power by too frequent a repetition: and the broken slumbers of the night, and the languor of the morning, were more than equivalent to the transient hilarity that was inspired by wine. Thus passed the time of Almorán, divided between painful labours which he did not dare to shun, and the search of pleasure which he could never find.

Hamet, on the contrary, did not seek pleasure, but pleasure seemed to seek him: he had a perpetual complacency and serenity of mind, which rendered him constantly susceptible of pleasing impressions; every thing that was prepared to refresh or entertain him in his seasons of retirement and relaxation, added something to the delight which was continually springing in his breast, when he reviewed the past or looked forward to the future. Thus the pleasures of sense were heightened by those of the mind, and the pleasures of the mind by those of sense: he had, indeed, as

yet no wife ; for as yet no woman had fixed his attention or determined his choice.

Among the ambassadors whom the monarchs of Asia sent to congratulate the sons of Solyman upon their accession to the throne, there was a native of Circassia, whose name was Abdallah. Abdallah had only one child, a daughter, in whom all his happiness and affection centered ; he was unwilling to leave her behind, and therefore brought her to the court of Persia. Her mother died while she was yet an infant ; she was now in the sixteenth year of her age, and her name was Almeida. She was beautiful as the daughters of Paradise, and gentle as the breezes of the spring ; her mind was without stain, and her manners were without art.

She was lodged with her father in a palace that joined to the gardens of the seraglio ; and it happened that a lamp, which had one night been left burning in a lower apartment, by some accident set fire to the net-work of cotton that surrounded a sofa, and the whole room was soon after in a flame. Almorán, who had been passing the afternoon in riot and debauchery, had been removed from his banqueting room asleep ; but Hamet was still in his closet, where he had been regulating some papers that were to be used the next day. The windows of this room opened towards the inner apartments of the house in which Abdallah resided ; and Hamet, having by accident looked that way, was alarmed by the appearance of an unusual light ; and, starting up to see whence it proceeded, he discovered what had happened.

Having hastily ordered the guard of the night

to assist in quenching the flame, and removing the furniture, he ran himself into the garden. As soon as he was come up to the house, he was alarmed by the shrieks of a female voice; and the next moment Almeida appeared at the window of an apartment directly over that which was on fire. Almeida he had till now never seen, nor did he so much as know that Abdallah had a daughter: but, though her person was unknown, he was strongly interested in her danger, and called out to her to throw herself into his arms. At the sound of his voice she ran back into the room—such is the force of inviolate modesty—though the smoke was then rising in curling spires from the windows: she was, however, soon driven back, and part of the floor at the same time giving way, she wrapt her veil round her, and leaped into the garden. Hamet caught her in his arms; but, though he broke her fall, he sunk down with her weight: he did not, however, quit his charge; but, perceiving she had fainted, he made haste with her into his apartment, to afford her such assistance as he could procure.

She was covered only with a light and loose robe in which she slept, and her veil had dropped off by the way. The moment he entered his closet, the light discovered to him such beauty as before he had never seen: she now began to revive; and, before her senses returned, she pressed the prince with an involuntary embrace, which he returned by straining her closer to his breast, in a tumult of delight, confusion, and anxiety, which he could scarce sustain. As he still held her in his arms and gazed silently upon her, she

opened her eyes, and instantly relinquishing her hold, shrieked out, and threw herself from him. As there were no women nearer than that wing of the palace in which his brother resided, and as he had many reasons not to leave her in their charge, he was in the utmost perplexity what to do. He assured her, in some hasty and incoherent words, of her security ; he told her, that she was in the royal palace, and that he who had conveyed her thither was Hamet. The habitual reverence of sovereign power now surmounted all other passions in the bosom of Almeida ; she was instantly covered with new confusion, and, hiding her face with her hands, threw herself at his feet. He raised her with a trepidation almost equal to her own, and endeavoured to soothe her into confidence and tranquillity.

Hitherto her memory had been wholly suspended by violent passions, which had crowded upon her in a rapid and uninterrupted succession, and the first gleam of recollection threw her into a new agony : having been silent a few moments, she suddenly smote her hands together, and bursting into tears, cried out—" Abdallah ! my father ! my father !" Hamet not only knew, but felt all the meaning of the exclamation, and immediately ran again into the garden : he had advanced but a few paces before he discerned an old man sitting upon the ground, and looking upward in silent anguish, as if he had exhausted the power of complaint. Hamet, upon a nearer approach, perceived by the light of the flame that it was Abdallah ; and, instantly calling him by his name, told him that his daughter was safe. At the name

of his daughter, Abdallah suddenly started up as if he had been roused by the voice of an angel from the sleep of death : Hamet again repeated, that his daughter was in safety ; and Abdallah, looking wistfully at him, knew him to be the king. He was then struck with an awe that restrained him from enquiry : but Hamet, directing him where he might find her, went forward, that he might not lessen the pleasure of their interview, nor restrain the first transports of duty and affection by his presence. He soon met with other fugitives from the fire, which had opened a communication between the gardens and the street ; and among them some women belonging to Almeida, whom he conducted himself to their mistress. He immediately allotted to her and to her father an apartment in his division of the palace ; and, the fire being now nearly extinguished, he retired to rest.

CHAP. VI.

Though the night was far advanced, yet the eyes of Hamet were strangers to sleep : his fancy incessantly repeated the events that had just happened : the image of Almeida was ever before him ; and his breast throbbed with a disquietude, which, though it prevented rest, he did not wish to lose.

Almorán, in the mean time, was slumbering away the effects of his intemperance ; and in the morning, when he was told what had happened, he expressed no passion but curiosity : he went

hastily into the garden ; but, when he had gazed upon the ruins, and enquired how the fire began, and what it had consumed, he thought of it no more.

But Hamet suffered nothing that regarded himself to exclude others from his attention : he went again to the ruins, not to gratify his curiosity, but to see what might yet be done to alleviate the misery of the sufferers, and secure for their use what had been preserved from the flames. He found that no life had been lost, but that many persons had been hurt ; to these he sent physicians of his own household : and, having rewarded those who had assisted them in their distress, not forgetting even the soldiers who had only fulfilled his own orders, he returned, and applied himself to dispatch the public business in the chamber of council, with the same patient and diligent attention as if nothing had happened. He had, indeed, ordered enquiry to be made after Almeida ; and, when he returned to his apartment, he found Abdallah waiting to express his gratitude for the obligations he had received.

Hamet accepted his acknowledgments with a peculiar pleasure, for they had some connection with Almeida ; after whom he again enquired, with an ardour uncommon even to the benevolence of Hamet. When all his questions had been asked and answered, he appeared still unwilling to dismiss Abdallah, though he seemed at a loss how to detain him ; he wanted to know whether his daughter had yet received an offer of marriage, though he was unwilling to discover his desire by a direct enquiry : but he soon found, that no-

thing could be known which was not directly asked, from a man whom reverence and humility kept silent before him, except when something was said which amounted to a command to speak. At length, however, he said, not without some hesitation—"Is there no one, Abdallah, who will thank me for the preservation of thy daughter with a zeal equal to thy own?"—"Yes," replied Abdallah, "that daughter whom thou hast preserved." This reply, though it was unexpected, was pleasing: for Hamet was not only gratified to hear that Almeida had expressed herself warmly in his behalf, at least as a benefactor; but he judged, that if any man had been interested in her life as a lover, the answer which Abdallah had given him would not so readily have occurred to his mind.

As this reflection kept Hamet a few moments silent, Abdallah withdrew; and Hamet, as he observed some marks of haste and confusion in his countenance, was unwilling longer to continue him in a situation which he had now reason to think gave him pain. But Abdallah, who had conceived a sudden thought that Hamet's question was an indirect reproach of Almeida, for not having herself solicited admission to his presence; went in haste to her apartment, and ordered her immediately to make ready to attend him to the king.

Almeida, from whose mind the image of Hamet had not been absent a moment since she first saw him, received this order with a mixture of pain and pleasure, of wishes, hopes, and apprehensions, that filled her bosom with emotion and co-

vered her face with blushes. She had not courage to ask the reason of the command, which she instantly prepared to obey ; but the tenderness of Abdallah, who perceived and pitied her distress, anticipated her wish. In a short time, therefore, he returned to the chamber of presence, and, having received permission, he entered with Almeida in his hand. Hamet rose in haste to receive her, with a glow of pleasure and impatience in his countenance ; and, having raised her from the ground, supported her in his arms, waiting to hear her voice ; but, though she made many attempts, she could not speak. Hamet, who knew not to what he owed this sudden and unexpected interview, which, though he wished, he could contrive no means to obtain, imagined that Almeida had some request, and therefore urged her tenderly to make it : but, as she still remained silent, he looked at Abdallah, as expecting to hear it from him. “ We have no wish,” said Abdallah, “ but to atone for our offence ; nor any request, but that my lord would now accept the thanks of Almeida for the life which he has preserved, and impute the delay, not to ingratitude, but inadvertence : let me now take her back as thy gift, and let the light of thy favour be upon us.” — “ Take her then,” said Hamet, “ for I would give her only to thee.”

These words of Hamet did not escape the notice either of Abdallah or Almeida ; but neither of them mentioned their conjectures to the other. Almeida, who was inclined to judge of Hamet’s situation by her own, and who recollected many little incidents, known only to herself, which favoured



Painted by A.W. Davis.

Engraved by C. Fye.

ALMORAN AND HAMET

Vol. V. p. 90.

*Published by John Hunt & Carew Reynell at the News Office,
Bridges Street, Strand, Feb^r 1st 1808.*

her wishes, indulged the hope that she should again hear of Hamet, with more confidence than her father ; nor were her expectations disappointed. Hamet reflected with pleasure, that he had prepared the way for a more explicit declaration ; and, as his impatience increased with his passion every hour, he sent for Abdallah the next morning, and told him, that he wished to be more acquainted with his daughter, with a view to make her his wife. “ As neither you nor your daughter are my subjects,” says Hamet, “ I cannot command you ; and, if you were, upon this occasion I would not. I do not want a slave, but a friend ; not merely a woman, but a wife. If I find Almeida such as my fancy has feigned her ; if her mind corresponds with her form ; and if I have reason to think that she can give her heart to Hamet, and not merely her hand to the king, I shall be happy.” To this declaration Abdallah replied with expressions of the profoundest submission and gratitude ; and Hamet dismissed him, to prepare Almeida to receive him in the afternoon of the same day.

CHAP. VII.

As eight moons only had passed since the death of Solyman, and as the reverence of Hamet for the memory of his father would not suffer him to marry till the year should be completed, he determined not to mention Almeida to his brother, till the time when he could marry her was near. The fierce and haughty deportment of Almorán had now left Hamet no room to doubt of his cha-

racter : and though he had no apprehension that he would make any attempts upon Almeida, after she should be his wife ; yet he did not know how much might justly be feared from his passion, if he should see her and become enamoured of her, while she was yet a virgin in the house of her father.

Almeida had not only unsullied purity of mind, but principles of refined and exalted virtue ; and as the life of Hamet was an example of all that was either great or good, Abdallah felt no anxiety upon leaving them together, except what arose from his fears, that his daughter would not be able to secure the conquest she had made.

As it was impossible for Hamet to have such an acquaintance with Almeida as he desired, till he could enter into conversation with her upon terms of equality, it was his first care to soothe her into confidence and familiarity, and by degrees he succeeded ; he soon found, in the free intercourse of mind with mind, which he established instead of the implicit submission which only echoed his own voice, how little of the pleasure that women were formed to give can be enjoyed, when they are considered merely as slaves to a tyrant's will, the passive subjects of transient dalliance and casual enjoyment. The pleasure which he took in the youthful beauty of Almeida, was now endeared, exalted, and refined by the tender sensibility of her heart, and by the reflection of his own felicity from her eyes : when he admired the gracefulness of her motion, the elegance of her figure, the symmetry of her features, and the bloom of her complexion, he considered them as the decorations only of a mind capable of mixing with

his own in the most exquisite delight, of reciprocating all his ideas, and catching new pleasure from his pleasure. Desire was no longer appetite; it was imagination, it was reason; it included remembrance of the past, and anticipation of the future; and its object was not the sex, but Almeida.

As Hamet never withheld any pleasure, that it was in his power to impart, he soon acquainted Abdallah, that he waited only for a proper time to place Almeida upon the throne; but that he had some reasons for keeping a resolution, which he thought himself obliged to communicate to him, concealed from others.

It happened, however, that some of the women who attended upon Almeida, met with some female slaves belonging to the seraglio of Almorán, at the public baths, and related to them all the particulars of Almeida's preservation by Hamet; that he had first conveyed her to his own apartments, and had since been frequently with her in that which he had assigned her in his palace: they were also lavish in the praise of her beauty, and free in their conjectures what might be the issue of her intercourse with Hamet.

Thus the situation of Hamet and Almeida became the subject of conversation in the seraglio of Almorán, who learnt it himself in a short time from one of his women.

He had hitherto professed great affection for Hamet, and Hamet was deceived by his professions: for, notwithstanding the irregularities of his life, he did not think him capable of concealing malice, or of offering injury to another, except when he was urged by impetuous passions

to immediate pleasure. As there was, therefore, an appearance of mutual affection between them, Almorán, though the report of Almeida's beauty had fired his imagination and fixed him in a resolution to see her, did not think proper to attempt it without asking Hamet's consent, and being introduced by his order; as he made no doubt of there being a connection between them which would make him resent a contrary conduct.

He took an opportunity, therefore, when they were alone in a summer pavilion that was built on a lake behind the palace, to reproach him, with an air of mirth, for having concealed a beauty near his apartments, though he pretended to have no seraglio. Hamet immediately discovered his surprise and emotion by a blush, which the next moment left his countenance paler than the light clouds that pass by night over the moon. Almorán took no notice of his confusion: but, that he might more effectually conceal his sentiments and prevent suspicion, he suddenly adverted to another subject, while Hamet was hesitating what to reply. By this artifice Hamet was deceived; and concluded, that whatever Almorán had heard of Almeida, had passed slightly over his mind, and was remembered but by chance; he, therefore, quickly recovered that ease and cheerfulness which always distinguished his conversation.

Almorán observing the success of his artifice, soon after, as if by a sudden and casual recollection, again mentioned the lady; and told him, he would congratulate Abdallah upon having resigned her to his bed. As Hamet could not bear to think of Almorán's mentioning Almeida to her father as

his mistress, he replied, that he had no such intimacy with Almeida as he supposed; and that he had so high an opinion of her virtue, as to believe, that if he should propose it she would not consent. The imagination of Almorán caught new fire from beauties which he found were yet unenjoyed, and virtue which stamped them with superior value, by rendering them more difficult of access; and as Hamet had renounced a connection with her as a mistress, he wanted only to know whether he intended her for a wife.

This secret he was contriving to discover, when Hamet having reflected, that if he concealed this particular, Almorán might think himself at liberty to make what attempts he should think fit upon Almeida, without being accountable to him, or giving him just cause of offence, put an end to his doubts, by telling him, he had such a design; but that it would be some time before he could carry it into execution. This declaration increased Almorán's impatience: still, however, he concealed his interest in the conversation, which he now suffered to drop.

He parted from his brother without any farther mention of Almeida; but while he was yet near him, turned hastily back; and, as if merely to gratify his curiosity, told him with a smile, that he must indulge him with a sight of his Circassian; and desired he might accompany him in his next visit, or at some more convenient time: with this request, Hamet, as he knew not how to refuse it, complied; but it filled his mind with anxiety and trouble.

He went immediately to Almeida, and told her all that had happened; and as she saw that he

was not without apprehensions of mischief from his brother's visit, she gently reproached him for doubting the fidelity of her affection, as she supposed no power could be exerted by Almorán to injure him who in power was his equal. Hamet, in a transport of tenderness, assured her that he doubted neither his constancy nor her love: but, as to interrupt the comfort of her mind, would only double his own distress, he did not tell her whence his apprehensions proceeded; nor indeed had they any determinate object, but arose in general from the character of his brother, and the probability of his becoming a competitor for what was essential to the happiness of his life.

But if the happiness of Hamet was lessened, the infelicity of Almorán was increased. All the enjoyments that were in his power he neglected, his attention being wholly fixed upon that which was beyond his reach: he was impatient to see the beauty, who had taken entire possession of his mind; and the probability that he would be obliged to resign her to Hamet tormented him with jealousy, envy, and indignation.

Hamet, however, did not long delay to fulfil his promise to his brother; but, having prepared Almeida to receive him, he conducted him to her apartment. The idea which Almorán had formed in his imagination was exceeded by the reality, and his passion was proportionably increased; yet he found means not only to conceal it from Hamet, but from Almeida, by affecting an air of levity and merriment, which was not less incompatible with the pleasures than the pains of love. After they had been regaled with coffee and sherbet, they parted; and Hamet congratulated himself, that

his apprehensions of finding in Almorán a rival for Almeida's love, were now at an end.

But Almorán, whose passions were become more violent by restraint, was in a state of mind little better than distraction: one moment he determined to seize upon the person of Almeida in the night, and secrete her in some place accessible only to himself; and the next to assassinate his brother, that he might at once destroy a rival both in empire and in love. But these designs were no sooner formed by his wishes, than they were rejected by his fears: he was not ignorant, that in any contest between him and Hamet, the voice of the public would be against him; especially in a contest in which it would appear that Hamet had suffered wrong.

Many other projects, equally rash, violent, and injurious, were by turns conceived and rejected: and he came at last to no other determination, than still carefully to conceal his passion, till he should think of some expedient to gratify it; lest Hamet should have a just reason for refusing to let him see the lady again, and remove her to some place which he might never be able to discover.

CHAP. VIII.

In the mean time, Omar, to whom Hamet had from time to time disclosed the minutest particulars of his situation and design, kept his eye almost continually upon Almorán; and observed him with an attention and sagacity which it was difficult either to elude or deceive. He perceived, that he

was more than usual restless and turbulent ; that in the presence of Hamet he frequently changed countenance ; that his behaviour was artificial and inconsistent, frequently shifting from gloomy discontent and furious agitation, to forced laughter and noisy merriment. He had also remarked, that he seemed most discomposed after he had been with Hamet to Almeida, which happened generally once in a week ; that he was become fond of solitude, and was absent several days together from the apartments of his women.

Omar, who from this conduct of Almorán had begun to suspect his principles, determined to introduce such topics of discourse, as might lead him to discover the state of his mind ; and enable him to enforce and confirm the principles he had taught him, by new proofs and illustrations.

Almorán, who, since the death of his father, had nothing to apprehend from the discovery of sentiments which before he had been careful to conceal ; now urged his objections against religion, when Omar gave him opportunity, without reserve. “ You tell me,” says he, “ of beings that are immortal, because they are immaterial ; beings which do not consist of parts, and which, therefore, can admit no solution, the only natural cause of corruption and decay : but that which is not material, can have no extension ; and what has no extension, possesses no space ; and of such beings, the mind itself, which you pretend to be such a being, has no conception.”

“ If the mind,” says Omar, “ can perceive that there is in itself any single property of such a being, it has irrefragable evidence that it is such

a being, though its mode of existence, as distinct from matter, cannot now be comprehended.”——“And what property of such a being,” said Almorán, “does the mind of man perceive in itself?”——“That of acting,” said Omar, “without emotion. You have no idea that a material substance can act but in proportion as it moves : yet to think is to act ; and with the idea of thinking, the idea of motion is never connected ; on the contrary, we always conceive the mind to be fixed in proportion to the degree of ardour and intenseness with which the power of thinking is exerted. Now, if that which is material cannot act without motion ; and if man is conscious, that to think is to act, and not to move ; it follows that there is, in man, somewhat that is not matter ; somewhat that has no extension, and that possesses no space ; somewhat which, having no contexture of parts that can be dissolved or separated, is exempted from all the natural causes of decay.”

Omar paused ; and Almorán having stood some moments without reply, he seized this opportunity to impress him with an awful sense of the power and presence of the Supreme and Eternal Being, from whom his own existence was derived——“Let us remember,” said he, “that to every act of this immaterial and immortal part, the Father of spirits, from whom it proceeds, is present : when I behold the busy multitudes that crowd the metropolis of Persia, in the pursuit of business and projects infinitely complicated and various ; and consider that every idea which passes over their minds, every conclusion and every purpose, with

all that they remember of the past, and all that they imagine of the future, is at once known to the Almighty, who without labour or confusion weighs every thought of every mind in His balance, and reserves it to the day of retribution; my follies cover me with confusion, and my soul is humbled in the dust."

Almorán, though he appeared to listen with attention, and offered nothing against the reasoning of Omar, yet secretly despised it as sophistry, which cunning only had rendered specious; and which he was unable to confute, merely because it was subtle, and not because it was true: he had been led, by his passions, first to love, and then to adopt, different opinions; and as every man is inclined to judge of others by himself, he doubted whether the principles which Omar had thus laboured to establish were believed even by Omar himself.

Thus was the mind of Almorán to the instructions of Omar, as a rock slightly covered with earth is to the waters of heavens, the crags are left bare by the rain that washes them; and the same showers that fertilize the field can only discover the sterility of the rock.

Omar, however, did not yet disclose his suspicions to Hamet, because he did not yet see that it could answer any purpose. To remove Almeida from her apartment would be to shew a distrust for which there would not appear to be any cause; and to refuse Almorán access to her when he desired it, might precipitate such measures as he might meditate and engage him in some desperate attempt; he, therefore, contented himself with advising Hamet to conceal the time of his marriage

till the evening before he intended it should take place, without assigning the reason on which his device was founded.

To the council of Omar, Hamet was implicitly obedient, as to the revelations of the Prophet; but, like his instructions, it was neglected by Almorán, who became every moment more wretched. He had a graceful person and a vigorous mind; he was in the bloom of youth, and had a constitution that promised him length of days; he had power which princes were emulous to obey, and wealth by which whatever could administer to luxury might be bought; for every passion, and every appetite, it was easy for him to procure a perpetual succession of new objects; yet was Almorán not only without enjoyment, but without peace; he was by turns pining with discontent, and raving with indignation; his vices had extracted bitter from every sweet; and having exhausted nature for delight in vain, he was repining at the bounds in which he was confined, and regretted the want of other powers as the cause of his misery.

Thus the year of mourning for Solyman was compleated, without any act of violence on the part of Almorán, or of caution on the part of Hamet; but on the evening of the last day, Hamet having secretly prepared every thing for performing the solemnity in a private manner, acquainted Almorán by a letter, which Omar undertook to deliver, that he should celebrate his marriage on the morrow. Almorán, who never doubted but he should have notice of this event much longer before it was to happen, read the letter with a

perturbation that it was impossible to conceal : he was alone in his private apartment ; and, taking his eye hastily from the paper, he crushed it together in his hand, and thrusting it into his bosom, turned from Omar without speaking ; and Omar, thinking himself dismissed, withdrew.

The passions which Almorán could no longer suppress, now burst out in a torrent of exclamation—"Am I, then," said he, "blasted for ever with a double curse, divided empire and disappointed love ! What is dominion, if it is not possessed alone ! and what is power, which the dread of rival power perpetually controuls ! is it for me to listen in silence to the wrangling of slaves, that I may at last apportion to them what, with a clamorous insolence, they demand as their due ! as well may the sun linger in his course, and the world mourn in darkness for the day, that the glow-worm may still be seen to glimmer upon the earth, and the owls and bats that haunt the sepulchres of the dead enjoy a longer night. Yet this have I done, because this has been done by Hamet : and my heart sickens in vain with the desire of beauty, because my power extends not to Almeida. With dominion undivided and Almeida, I should be Almorán ; but, without them, I am less than nothing."

Omar, who, before he had passed the pavilion, heard a sound which he knew to be the voice of Almorán, returned hastily to the chamber in which he left him, believing he had withdrawn too soon, and that the king, as he knew no other was present, was speaking to him : he soon drew near enough to hear what was said ; and while he

stood doubting and irresolute, dreading to be discovered, and not knowing how to retire, Almorán turned about.

At first, both stood motionless with confusion and amazement; but Almorán's pride soon surmounted his other passions, and his disdain of Omar gave his guilt the firmness of virtue.

"It is true," said he, "that thou hast stolen the secret of my heart; but do not think that I fear it should be known: though my poniard could take it back with thy life, I leave it with thee. To reproach or curse thee, would do thee honour, and lift thee into an importance which otherwise thou canst never reach." Almorán then turned from him with a contemptuous frown; but Omar caught him by the robe, and prostrating himself upon the ground, intreated to be heard. His importunity at length prevailed; and he attempted to exculpate himself from the charge of having insidiously intruded upon the privacy of his prince; but Almorán sternly interrupted him—"And what art thou," said he, "that I should care, whether thou art innocent or guilty?"—"If not for my sake," said Omar, "listen for thy own; and though my duty is despised, let my affections be heard. That thou art not happy, I know; and I now know the cause. Let my lord pardon the presumption of his slave: he that seeks to satisfy all his wishes, must be wretched; he only can be happy by whom some are suppressed." At these words Almorán snatched his robe from the hand of Omar, and spurned him in a transport of rage and indignation—"The suppression of desire," said he, "is such happiness as that of the deaf who do not remember to have

heard. If it is virtue, know that as virtue I despise it; for though it may secure the obedience of the slave, it can only degrade the prerogative of a prince. I cast off all restraint as I do thee: begone, therefore, to Hamet, and see me no more."

Omar obeyed without reply: and Almorán being again alone, the conflict in his mind was renewed with greater violence than before. He felt all that he had disguised to Omar, with the keenest sensibility; and anticipated the effects of his detection, with unutterable anguish and regret. He walked backward and forward with a hasty but interrupted pace; sometimes stopping short, and pressing his hand hard upon his brow; and something by violent gestures shewing the agitation of his mind: he sometimes stood silent with his eyes fixed upon the ground, and his arms folded together; and sometimes a sudden agony of thought forced him into loud and tumultuous exclamations. He cursed the impotence of mind that had suffered his thoughts to escape from him unawares, without reflecting that he was even then repeating the folly; and while he felt himself the victim of vice, he could not suppress his contempt of virtue—"If I must perish," said he, "I will at least perish unsubdued: I will quench no wish that nature kindles in my bosom; nor shall my lips utter any prayer but for new powers to feed the flame."

As he uttered this expression he felt the palace shake, he heard a rushing like a blast in the desert, and a being of more than human appearance stood before him. Almorán, though he was terrified, was not humbled; and he stood expecting

the event, whether evil or good, rather with obduracy than courage.

“Thou seest,” said the Appearance, “a Genius, whom the daring purpose of thy mind has convoked from the middle region, where he was appointed to wait the signal; and who is now permitted to act in concert with thy will. Is not this the language of thy heart—‘Whatever pleasure I can snatch from the hand of Time, as he passes by me, I will secure for myself: my passions shall be strong, that my enjoyments may be great: for what is the portion allotted to man, but the joyful madness that prolongs the hours of festivity, the fierce delight that is extorted from injury by revenge, and the sweet succession of varied pleasures which the wish that is ever changing prepares for love?’

“Whatever thou art,” said Almorán, “whose voice has thus disclosed the secret of my soul, accept my homage; for I will worship thee: and be thou henceforth my wisdom and my strength.”

“Arise,” said the Genius, “for therefore I am sent. To thy own powers mine shall be superadded: and, if as weak only thou hast been wretched, henceforth thou shalt be happy. Take no thought of to-morrow; to-morrow my power shall be employed in thy behalf. Be not affrighted at any prodigy; but put thy confidence in me.” While he was yet speaking, and the eyes of Almorán were fixed upon him, a cloud gathered round him; and the next moment, dissolving again into air, he disappeared.

CHAP. IX.

Almorán, when he recovered from his astonishment, and had reflected upon the prodigy, determined to wait the issue, and refer all his hopes to the interposition of the Genius, without attempting any thing to retard the marriage; at which he resolved to be present, that he might improve any supernatural event which might be produced in his favour.

Hamet, in the mean time, was anticipating the morrow with a mixture of anxiety and pleasure; and though he had no reason to think any thing could prevent his marriage, yet he wished it was over, with an impatience that was considerably increased by fear.

Though the anticipation of the great event that was now so near kept him waking the greatest part of the night, yet he rose early in the morning; and while he waited till Almeida should be ready to see him, he was told that Omar was without, and desired admittance. When he came in, Hamet, who always watched his countenance as a mariner the stars of Heaven, perceived that it was obscured with perplexity and grief. "Tell me," said Hamet, "whence is the sorrow that I discover in thy face?"—"I am sorrowful," said Omar, "not for myself, but for thee." At these words Hamet stepped backward, and fixed his eyes upon Omar, without power to speak. "Consider," said Omar, "that thou art not a man only, but a prince: consider also, that immortality is before thee; and that thy felicity, during the

endless ages of immortality, depends upon thyself: fear not therefore what thou canst suffer from others; the evil and the good of life are transient as the morning dew, and over these only the hand of others can prevail."

Hamet, whose attachment to life was strong, and whose expectations of immediate enjoyment were high, did not feel the force of what Omar had said, though he assented to its truth. "Tell me," said he, "at once, what thou fearest for me; deliver me from the torments of uncertainty, and trust my own fortitude to save me from despair."—"Know then," said Omar, "that thou art hated by Almorán, and that he loves Almeida." At this declaration the astonishment of Hamet was equal to his concern, and he was in doubt whether to believe or disbelieve what he heard: but the moment he recollected the wisdom and integrity of Omar, his doubts were at an end; and having recovered from his surprize, he was about to make such enquiries as might gratify the anxious and tumultuous curiosity which was excited in his breast; when Omar, lifting up his hand, and beginning again to speak, Hamet remained silent.

"When my cheeks," said Omar, "were yet ruddy with youth, and my limbs were braced by vigour, mine eye was guided to knowledge by the lamp that is kindled at midnight; and much of what is hidden in the innermost recesses of nature, was discovered to me: my prayer ascended in secret to Him, with whom there is wisdom from everlasting to everlasting, and He illuminated my darkness with his light. I know, by such sensations as the world either feels not at all,

or feels unnoticed without knowledge of their use, when the powers that are invisible are permitted to mingle in the walks of men; and well I know that some Being, who is more than mortal, has joined with Almorán against thee, since the veil of night was last spread upon the earth."

Hamet, whose blood was chilled with horror, and whose nerves were no longer obedient to his will, after several ineffectual attempts to speak, looked up at Omar; and, striking his hand upon his breast, cried out in an earnest, but faltering voice—"What shall I do?"—"Thou must do," said Omar, "that which is RIGHT. Let not thy foot be drawn by any allurement, or driven by any terror from the path of virtue. While thou art there, thou art in safety: and though the world should unite against thee, by the united world thou canst not be hurt."

"But what friendly Power," said Hamet, "shall guard even the path of virtue from grief and pain; from the silent shaft of disappointed love, or the sounding scourge of outrageous jealousy? These, surely, have overtaken the foot of perseverance; and by these, though I should persevere, may my feet be overtaken."—"What thou sayest," replied Omar, "is true; and it is true, also, that the tempest which roots up the forest, is driven over the mountain with unabated rage: but from the mountain, what can it take more than the vegetable dust, which the hand of nature has scattered upon the moss that covers it? As the dust is to the mountain, so is all that the storms of life can take from virtue, to the sum of good which the Omnipotent has appointed for its reward." Hamet, whose eye now expressed

a kind of doubtful confidence, a hope that was repressed by fear, remained still silent; and Omar, perceiving the state of his mind, proceeded to fortify it by new precepts—"If heaven," said he, "should vanish like a vapour, and this firm orb of earth should crumble into dust, the virtuous mind would stand secure amidst the ruins of nature: for He who has appointed the heavens and the earth to fail has said to virtue—'Fear not; for thou canst neither perish nor be wretched.' Call up thy strength, therefore, to the fight, in which thou art sure of conquest: do thou only that which is RIGHT, and leave the event to Heaven."

Hamet, in his conference with Omar, having gradually recovered his fortitude, and the time being now near when he was to conduct Almeida to the court of the palace, where the marriage ceremony was to be performed; they parted with mutual benedictions, each recommending the other to the protection of the Most High.

At the appointed hour, the princes of the court being assembled, the Mufti and the Imans being ready, and Almorán seated upon his throne, Hamet and Almeida came forward, and were placed one on the right-hand, and the other on the left. The Mufti was then advancing to hear and to record the mutual promise which was to unite them: Almorán was execrating the appearance of the Genius as a delusive dream, in all the tumults of anguish and despair, and Hamet began to hope that the suspicions of Omar had been ill founded; when a stroke of thunder shook the palace to its foundations, and a cloud rose

from the ground like a thick smoke between Hamet and Almeida.

Almorán, who was inspired with new confidence and hope, by that which had struck the rest of the assembly with terror, started from his seat with an ardent and furious look; and at the same moment a voice that issued from the cloud, pronounced with a loud but hollow tone—

“ Fate has decreed to Almorán, Almeida.”

At these words Almorán rushed forward, and placing himself by the side of Almeida, the cloud disappeared, and he cried out—“ Let me now proclaim to the world the secret which to this moment I have hidden in my bosom: I love Almeida. The Being who alone knew my love, has now by miracle approved it. Let his decree be accomplished.” He then commanded that the ceremony should proceed; and seizing the hand of the lady, began to repeat that part of it which was to have been repeated by Hamet. But Almeida instantly drew her hand from him in an agony of distress, and Hamet, who till then had stood motionless with amazement and horror, started from his trance, and springing forward rushed between them. Almorán turned fiercely upon him, but Hamet, who having been warned by Omar, imputed the prodigy to some evil being whom it was virtue to resist, laid his hand upon his scymitar, and with a frown of indignation and defiance, commanded him to stand off—“ I now know thee,” said he, “ as a man, and therefore, as a brother I know thee not.”

Almorán reflecting that the foundation of his reproach was unknown to all who were present, and that to them he would therefore appear to be injured, looked round with an affected smile of wonder and compassion, as appealing to them from a charge that was thus fiercely and injuriously brought against him, and imputing it to the violence of sudden passions by which truth and reason were overborne. The eye of Hamet at once detected the artifice, which he disdained to expose; he therefore commanded the guard that attended to carry off Almeida to her apartment. The guard was preparing to obey, when Almorán, who thought he had now such an opportunity to get her into his own power as would never return, ordered them to see her safely lodged in his own seraglio.

The men who thus received opposite commands from persons to whom they owed equal obedience, stood still, not knowing which to prefer: Almorán then reproached them with want of obedience, not to him, but to God, appealing to the prodigy for the justification of his claim. Hamet on the contrary repeated his order, with a look and emphasis scarce less commanding than the thunder and the voice. But the priests interposing in favour of Almorán, upon presumption that his right had been decided by a superior power; the guard rushed between Hamet and Almeida, and with looks that expressed the utmost reluctance and regret, attempted to separate their hands, which were clasped in each other. She was affrighted at the violence, but yet more at the apprehension of what was to follow; she therefore turned her

eyes upon Hamet, conjuring him not to leave her, in a tone of tenderness and distress which it is impossible to describe: he replied, with a vehemence that was worthy of his passion—"I will not leave thee!" and immediately drew his sabre. At the same moment they forced her from him; and a party having interposed to cover those that were carrying her off, Hamet lifted up his weapon to force his passage through them, but was prevented by Omar, who, having pressed through the crowd, presented himself before him. "Stop me not," said Hamet, "it is for Almeida."—"If thou wouldst save Almeida," said Omar, "and thyself, do that only which is right. What have these done who oppose thee, more than they ought? and what end can their destruction answer, but to stain thy hands with unavailing murder? Thou canst only take the life of a few faithful slaves who will not lift up their hands against thee: thou canst not rescue Almeida from thy brother, but thou canst preserve thyself from guilt."

These words of Omar suspended the rage of Hamet like a charm, and returning his scymitar in its sheath—"Let me, then," said he, "suffer, and be guiltless. It is true, that against these ranks my single arm must be ineffectual; but if my wrongs can rouse a nation to repress the tyranny that will shortly extend over it the injuries that now reach only to me, justice shall be done to Hamet." Then turning to Almorán—"Henceforth," said he, "the kingdom shall be mine or thine. To govern in concert with thee is to associate with the powers of hell. The beings that are superior to evil, are the friends of Hamet,

and if these are thy enemies, what shall be thy defence?" Almorán replied only by a contemptuous smile; and the assembly being dismissed, he retired to his apartment: but Hamet and Omar went out to the people, who had gathered in an incredible multitude about the palace.

CHAP. X.

A rumour of what had happened within had reached them, which some believed and some doubted: but when they saw Omar and Hamet return together, and observed that their looks were full of resentment and trouble, they became silent with attention in a moment; which Omar observing, addressed them with an eloquence of which they had often acknowledged the force, and of which they never repented the effect.

He told them the tender connection between Hamet and Almeida, and disclosed the subtle hypocrisy of Almorán; he expatiated upon the folly of supposing, that the Power that was supreme in goodness and truth, should command a violation of vows that had been mutually interchanged, and often repeated; and devote to Almorán the beauties which could only be voluntarily surrendered to Hamet. They heard him with a vacant countenance of surprize and wonder; and, while he waited for their reply, they agreed among themselves that no man could avoid the destiny that was written upon his head; and that if Almeida had thus been taken from Hamet, and given to Almorán, it was an event that by an unchange-

able decree was appointed to happen; and that, therefore, it was their duty to acquiesce. Omar then beckoned with his hand for audience a second time; and told them, that Almorán had not only practised the arts of sorcery to deprive Hamet of Almeida, but that he meditated a design to usurp the sole dominion, and deprive him of the share of the government to which he had a right by the will of Solyman his father. This also they heard with the same sentiments of wonder and acquiescence—"If it is decreed," said they, "that Almorán should be king alone, who can prevent it? and if it is not, who can bring it to pass?"—"But know ye not," said Omar, "that when the end is appointed, the means are appointed also? If it is decreed that one of you shall this night die by poison, is it not decreed also that he shall drink it?"

The crowd now gazed upon each other, without reply, for some minutes: and at last they only said, that no effort of theirs could change the universal appointment of all things: that if Almorán was to be king alone, he would be so notwithstanding all opposition; and that if he was not to be king alone, no attempt of his own, however supported, could make him so. "I will not," said Omar, "contradict your opinion; I will only tell you what I have heard, and leave you to suffer the calamities which threaten you, with a fortitude and resignation that are suitable to your principles; having no consolation to offer you, but that Hamet, whose destiny it was not to make you happy, will suffer with you the evils that neither he nor you could prevent: the mourn-

ful comfort of this fellowship he will not be denied ; for he loves you too well, to wish even to be happy alone.” The crowd fixed their eyes upon Hamet, for whom their affection was now strongly moved, with looks of much greater intelligence and sensibility : a confused murmur, like the fall of the pebbles upon the beach when the surge retires from the shore, expressed their gratitude to Hamet, and their apprehensions for themselves.

Omar waited till they were again silent, and then improved the advantage he had gained—“ Almorán,” said he, “ considers you as the slaves of his power ; Hamet as the objects of his benevolence : your lives and your properties, in the opinion of Almorán, are below his notice ; but Hamet considers his own interest as connected with yours. When Almorán, therefore, shall be unchecked by the influence of Hamet, he will leave you to the mercy of some delegated tyrant, whose whole power will be exerted to oppress you, that he may enrich himself.”

A new fire was now kindled in their eyes, and their cheeks glowed with indignation at the wrongs that threatened them ; they were no longer disposed to act upon the principles of fatality, as they had perversely understood them ; and they argued at once like reasonable and free beings, whose actions were in their choice, and who had no doubt but that their actions would produce adequate effects. They recollected that Omar had, in the reign of Solymán, often rescued them from such oppression as now threatened them ; and that the power of Hamet had since interposed in their behalf, when Almorán would have stretched his

prerogative to their hurt, or have left them a prey to the farmer of a tax. "Shall Hamet," said they, "be deprived of the power that he employs only for our benefit; and shall it centre in Almorán, who will abuse it to our ruin? Shall we rather support Almorán in the wrong he has done to Hamet, than Hamet to obtain justice of Almorán? Hamet is our king; let him command us, and we will obey." This was uttered with a shout that echoed from the mountains beyond the city, and continued near a full hour. In the mean time, the multitude was increasing every moment; and the troops that lay in and near the city having taken arms, fell in with the stream: they were secretly attached to Hamet, under whose eye they had been formed, and of whose bounty they had often partaken: and their fear being removed by the general cry, which left them no room to apprehend an opposition in favour of Almorán, they were now at full liberty to follow their inclinations.

In the mean time, Almorán, who had retired to the innermost court of the palace, had heard the tumult, and was alarmed for his safety: he ran from room to room, confused and terrified, without attempting or directing any thing either for his defence or escape; yet he sent every moment to know the state of the insurrection, and to what end its force would be directed.

Among those whom accident rather than choice had attached to the interest of Almorán, were Osmyn and Caled: they were both distinguished by his favour; and each had conceived hopes that if he should possess the throne alone, he would delegate his authority to him. Almorán now ordered

them to take the command of the troops that were appointed to attend his person as their peculiar duty, with as many others as had not declared for Hamet, and to secure all the avenues that led to his seraglio.

Omar and Hamet were now on horseback, and had began to form the troops that had joined them, and as many others as were armed, which were before mingled together in a confused multitude. An account of this was brought to Almorán by Osmyn; and threw him into a perturbation and perplexity, that disgraced his character and confounded his attendants. He urged Osmyn, in whom he most confided, to dispatch, without giving him any orders to execute; then turning from him, he uttered, in a low and inarticulate voice, the most passionate exclamations of distress and terror, being struck with the thought that his guard might betray him: when he recollected himself, and perceived that Osmyn was still present, he burst into a rage, and snatching out his poniard, he swore by the soul of the Prophet, that if he did not instantly attempt something, he would stab him to the heart. Osmyn drew back trembling and confused; but, having yet received no orders, he would have spoken, but Almorán drove him from his presence with menaces and execrations.

The moment that Osmyn left him, his rage subsided in his fears, and his fears were mingled with remorse—"Which way soever I turn," said he, "I see myself surrounded by destruction. I have incensed Osmyn by unreasonable displeasure, and causeless menaces. He must regard me

at once with abhorrence and contempt: and it is impossible but he should revolt to Hamet."

In this agony the terrors of futurity rushed upon his mind with all their force; and he started as if at the bite of a scorpion—"To me," said he, "death, that now approaches, will be but the beginning of sorrow. I shall be cut off at once from enjoyment, and from hope; and the dreadful moment is now at hand." While he was speaking, the palace again shook, and he stood again in the presence of his Genius.

"Almorán," said the inhabitant of the unapparent world, "the evil which thou fearest shall not be upon thee. Make haste, and shew thyself from the gallery to the people, and the tumult of faction shall be still before thee: tell them, that their rebellion is not against thee only, but against him by whom thou reignest; appeal boldly to that Power for a confirmation of thy words, and rely for the attesting sign upon me." Almorán, who had stooped with his face to the ground, now looked upward and found himself alone: he hasted, therefore, to follow the directions he had received; and hope was again kindled in his bosom.

Osmyn, in the mean time, made a proper disposition of the troops now under his command; and had directed a select company to remain near the person of the king, that they might at least make good his retreat. While he was waiting at the post, and revolving in his mind the total disappointment of his hopes, and considering what he should do if Hamet should establish himself alone, he was joined by Caled.

Caled had a secret enmity against Osmyn, as

his rival in the favour of Almorán: but as he had concealed his own pretensions from Osmyn, Osmyn had no ill-will against Caled. As they were now likely to be involved in one common calamity, by the ruin of the prince whose party they had espoused, Caled's enmity subsided, and the indifference of Osmyn was warmed into kindness; mutual distress produced mutual confidence; and Caled, after condoling with Osmyn on their present hopeless situation, proposed that they should draw off their forces, and revolt to Hamet. This proposition Osmyn rejected, not only from principle, but from interest—"Now we have accepted of a trust," said he, "we ought not to betray it. If we had gone over to Hamet when he first declared against his brother, he would have received us with joy, and probably have rewarded our service; but I know that his virtue will abhor us for treachery, though practised in his favour: treachery, under the dominion of Hamet, will not only cover us with dishonour, but will probably devote us to death."

In this reasoning Caled could not but acquiesce; he felt himself secretly but forcibly reprov'd, by the superior virtue of Osmyn: and while he regretted his having made a proposal, which had been rejected not only as imprudent but infamous, he concluded that Osmyn would ever after suspect and despise him; and he, therefore, from a new cause, conceived new enmity against him. They parted, however, without any appearance of suspicion or disgust; and, in a short time, they were in circumstances very different from their expectations.

CHAP. XI.

Almorán had now reached the gallery; and when the multitude saw him, they shouted as in triumph, and demanded that he should surrender. Hamet, who also perceived him at a distance, and was unwilling that any violence should be offered to his person, pressed forward, and when he was come near, commanded silence. At this moment Almorán, with a loud voice, reproached them with impiety and folly; and appealing to the power whom in his person they had offended, the air suddenly grew dark, a flood of lightning descended from the sky, and a peal of thunder was articulated into these words:—

Divided sway, the God who reigns alone
Abhors; and gives to Almorán the throne.

The multitude stood aghast at the prodigy; and hiding their faces with their hands, every one departed in silence and confusion, and Hamet and Omar were left alone. Omar was taken by some of the soldiers who had adhered to Almorán, but Hamet made his escape.

Almorán, whose wishes were thus far accomplished by the intervention of a power superior to his own, exulted in the anticipation of that happiness which he now supposed to be secured; and was fortified in his opinion, that he had been wretched only because he had been weak, and that to multiply and not to suppress his wishes was the way to acquire felicity.

As he was returning from the gallery, he was met by Osmyn and Caled, who had heard the supernatural declaration in his behalf, and learned its effects. Almorán, in that hasty flow of unbounded but capricious favour, which in contracted minds is the effect only of unexpected good fortune, raised Osmyn from his feet to his bosom—"As in the trial," said he, "thou hast been faithful, I now invest thee with a superior trust. The toils of state shall from this moment devolve upon thee; and from this moment the delights of empire unallayed shall be mine: I will recline at ease, remote from every eye but those that reflect my own felicity; the felicity that I shall taste in secret, surrounded by the smiles of beauty and the gaieties of youth. Like Heaven, I will reign unseen; and like Heaven, though unseen, I will be adored." Osmyn received this delegation with a tumultuous pleasure, that was expressed only by silence and confusion. Almorán remarked it; and, exulting in the pride of power, he suddenly changed his aspect, and regarding Osmyn, who was yet blushing, and whose eyes were swimming in tears of gratitude, with a stern and ardent countenance—"Let me, however," said he, "warn thee to be watchful in thy trust: beware that no rude commotion violate my peace by thy fault; lest my anger sweep thee in a moment to destruction." He then directed his eye to Caled—"And thou, too," said he, "hast been faithful; be thou next in honour and in power to Osmyn. Guard both of you my paradise from dread and care; fulfil the duty that I have assigned you, and live."

He was then informed by a messenger that Hamet had escaped, and that Omar was taken. As he now despised the power both of Hamet and Omar, he expressed neither concern nor anger that Hamet had fled, but he ordered Omar to be brought before him.

When Omar appeared bound and disarmed, he regarded him with a smile of insult and derision, and asked him what he had now to hope. "I have, indeed," said Omar, "much less to hope than thou hast to fear."—"Thy insolence," said Almorán, "is equal to thy folly: what power on earth is there that I should fear?"—"Thy own," said Omar. "I have not leisure now," replied Almorán, "to hear the paradoxes of thy philosophy explained; but to shew thee that I fear not thy power, thou shalt live. I will leave thee to hopeless regret, to wiles that have been scorned and defeated, to the unheeded petulance of dotage, to the fondness that is repayed with neglect, to restless wishes, to credulous hopes, and to derided command; to the slow and complicated torture of despised old age, and that, when thou shalt long have abhorred thy being, shall destroy it."—"The misery," said Omar; "which thou hast menaced, it is not in thy power to inflict. As thou hast taken from me all that I possessed by the bounty of thy father, it is true that I am poor; it is true also that my knees are now feeble, and bend with the weight of years that is upon me. I am, as thou art, a man, and therefore I have erred; but I have still kept the narrow path in view with a faithful vigilance, and to that I have soon returned: the past, therefore, I do not

regret, and the future I have no cause to fear. In him who is most merciful I have hope, and in that hope even now I rejoice before thee. My portion in the present hour is adversity; but I receive it, not only with humility, but thankfulness, for I know that whatever is ordained is best."

Almorán, in whose heart there were no traces of Omar's virtue, and therefore no foundation for his confidence, sustained himself against their force by treating them as hypocrisy and affectation. "I know," said he, "that thou hast long learned to echo the specious and pompous sounds by which hypocrites conceal their wretchedness, and excite the admiration of folly and the contempt of wisdom; yet thy walk in this place shall be still unrestrained. Here the splendour of my felicity shall fill thy heart with envy, and cover thy face with confusion; and from thee shall the world be instructed, that the enemies of Almorán can move no passion in his breast but contempt, and that most to punish them is to permit them to live."

Omar, whose eye had till now been fixed upon the ground, regarded Almorán with a calm but steady countenance. "Here then," said he, "will I follow thee, constant as thy shadow, though as thy shadow unnoticed or neglected; here shall mine eye watch those evils that were appointed from everlasting to attend upon guilt; and here shall my voice warn thee of their approach. From thy breast may they be averted by righteousness; for without this, though all the worlds that roll about thee should, to aid thee,

unite all their power, that power can aid thee only to be wretched."

Almorán, in all the pride of gratified ambition, invested with dominion that had no limits, and allied with powers that were more than mortal, was overawed by this address, and his countenance grew pale. But the next moment, disdaining to be thus controuled by the voice of a slave, his cheeks were suffused with the blushes of indignation; he turned from Omar in scorn, anger, and confusion, without reply; and Omar departed with the calm dignity of a benevolent and superior being, to whom the smiles and frowns of terrestrial tyranny were alike indifferent, and in whom abhorrence of the turpitude of vice was mingled with compassion for its folly.

CHAP. XII.

In the mean time Almeida, who had been conveyed to an apartment in Almorán's seraglio, and delivered to the care of those who attended upon his women, suffered all that grief and terror could inflict upon a generous, tender, and a delicate mind; yet in this complicated distress, her attention was principally fixed upon Hamet. The disappointment of his hope, and the violation of his right, were the chief objects of her regret and her fears, in all that had already happened, and in all that was still to come; every insult that might be offered to herself she considered as an injury to him. Yet the thoughts of all that he might suffer in her person, gave way to her ap-

prehension of what might befall him in his own : in this situation, every calamity that her imagination could conceive was possible ; her thoughts were, therefore, bewildered amidst an endless variety of dreadful images, which started up before them which way soever they were turned ; and it was impossible that she could gain any certain intelligence of his fate, as the splendid prison in which she was now confined was surrounded by mutes and eunuchs, of whom nothing could be learned, or in whose report no confidence could be placed.

While her mind was in this state of agitation and distress, she perceived the door open, and the next moment Almorán entered the apartment. When she saw him, she turned from him with a look of unutterable anguish ; and hiding her face in her veil, she burst into tears. The tyrant was moved with her distress ; for unfeeling obduracy is the vice only of the old, whose sensibility has been worn away by the habitual perpetration of reiterated wrongs.

He approached her with looks of kindness, and his voice was involuntarily modulated to pity ; she was, however, too much absorbed in her own sorrows to reply. He gazed upon her with tenderness and admiration, and, taking her hand into his own, he pressed it ardently to his bosom ; his compassion soon kindled into desire, and from soothing her distress he began to solicit her love. This instantly roused her attention, and her grief gave way to resentment ; she turned from him with a firm and haughty step, and, instead of answering his professions, reproached him with

her wrongs. Almorán, that he might at once address her virtue and her passions, observed that though he had loved her from the first moment he had seen her, yet he had concealed his passion even from her till it had received the sanction of an invisible and superior power; that he came, therefore, the messenger of heaven, and that he offered her unrivalled empire and everlasting love. To this she answered only by an impatient and fond enquiry after Hamet. "Think not of Hamet," said Almorán; "for why should he, who is rejected of heaven, be still the favourite of Almeida?"—"If thy hand," said Almeida, "could quench in everlasting darkness that vital spark of intellectual fire which the word of the Almighty has kindled in my breast to burn for ever, then might Almeida cease to think of Hamet; but while that shall live, whatever form it shall inhabit, or in whatever world it shall reside, his image shall be for ever present, and to him shall my love be for ever true." This glowing declaration of her love for Hamet was immediately succeeded by a tender anxiety for his safety; and a sudden reflection upon the probability of his death, and the danger of his situation, if alive, threw her again into tears.

Almorán, whom the ardour and impetuosity of her passions kept sometimes silent, and sometimes threw into confusion, again attempted to soothe and comfort her: she often urged him to tell her what was become of his brother, and he as often evaded the question. As she was about to renew her enquiry, and reflected that it had before been often made, and had not yet been answered, she

thought that Almorán had already put him to death: this threw her into a new agony, of which he did not immediately discover the cause, but as he soon learned it from her reproaches and exclamations, he perceived that he could not hope to be heard while she was in doubt about the safety of Hamet. In order, therefore, to soothe her mind, and prevent its being longer possessed with an image that excluded every other, he assumed a look of concern and astonishment at the imputation of a crime which was at once so horrid and so unnecessary. After a solemn deprecation of such enormous guilt, he observed that it was now impossible for Hamet to succeed as his rival, either in empire or in love, without the breach of a command which he knew his virtue would implicitly obey; he had no motive either to desire his death or to restrain his liberty: "His walk," says he, "is still uncircumscribed in Persia; and, except this chamber, there is no part of the palace to which he is not admitted."

To this declaration Almeida listened as to the music of paradise, and it suspended for a while every passion but her love. The sudden ease of her mind made her regardless of all about her, and she had in this interval suffered Almorán to remove her veil, without reflecting upon what he was doing: the moment she recollected herself, she made a gentle effort to recover it, with some confusion, but without anger. The pleasure that was expressed in her eyes, the blush that glowed upon her cheek, and the contest about the veil, which to an amorous imagination had an air of dalliance, concurred to heighten the passion of Almorán almost to frenzy; she perceived her

danger in his looks, and her spirits instantly took the alarm. He seized her hand, and gazing ardently upon her, he conjured her, with a tone and emphasis that strongly expressed the tumultuous vehemence of his wishes, that she would renounce the rites which had been forbidden above, and that she would receive him to whom by miracle she had been allotted.

Almeida, whom the manner and voice of Almorán had terrified into silence, answered him at first only with a look that expressed aversion and disdain, overawed by fear. "Wilt thou not," said Almorán, "fulfil the decrees of heaven? I conjure thee, by heaven, to answer." From this solemn reference to heaven Almeida derived new fortitude; she instantly recollected that she stood in the presence of Him by whose permission only every other power, whether visible or invisible, can dispense evil or good. "Urge no more," said she, "as the decree of heaven, that which is inconsistent with divine perfection. Can he, in whose hand my heart is, command me to wed the man whom he has not enabled me to love? Can the Pure, the Just, the Merciful, have ordered that I should suffer embraces which I loathe, and violate vows which his laws permitted me to make? Can he have ordained a perfidious, a loveless, and a joyless prostitution? What if a thousand prodigies should concur to enforce it a thousand times, the deed itself would be a stronger proof that those prodigies were the works of darkness, than those prodigies that the deed was commanded by the Father of light."

Almorán, whose hopes were now blasted to the root, who perceived that the virtue of Almeida

could neither be deceived nor overborne, that she at once contemned his power and abhorred his love, gave way to all the furies of his mind, which now slumbered no more: his countenance expressed at once anger, indignation, and despair; his gesture became furious, and his voice was lost in menaces and execrations. Almeida beheld him with an earnest, yet steady countenance, till he vowed to revenge the indignity he had suffered upon Hamet. At the name of Hamet her fortitude forsook her; the pride of virtue gave way to the softness of love; her cheeks became pale, her lips trembled, and taking hold of the robe of Almorán, she threw herself at his feet. His fury was at first restrained by hope and expectation; but when from her words, which grief and terror had rendered scarce articulate, he could learn only that she was pleading for Hamet, he burst from her in an extasy of rage, and forcing his robe from her hand with a violence that dragged her after it, he rushed out of the chamber, and left her prostrate upon the ground.

As he passed through the gallery with a hasty and disordered pace, he was seen by Omar, who, knowing that he was returned from an interview with Almeida, and conjecturing from his appearance what had happened, judged that he ought not to neglect this opportunity to warn him once more of the delusive phantoms which, under the appearance of pleasure, were leading him to destruction: he, therefore, followed him unperceived till he had reached the apartment in which he had been used to retire alone, and heard again the loud and tumultuous exclamations which were

wrung from his heart by the anguish of disappointment. "What have I gained," said he, "by absolute dominion! The slave who, secluded from the gales of life and from the light of heaven, toils without hope in the darkness of the mine, riots in the delights of paradise compared with me. By the caprice of one woman, I am robbed not only of enjoyment but of peace, and condemned for ever to the torment of unsatisfied desire."

Omar, who was impatient to apprise him that he was not alone, and to prevent his disclosing sentiments which he wished to conceal, now threw himself upon the ground at his feet. "Presumptuous slave!" said Almorán, "from whence and wherefore art thou come?"—"I am come," said Omar, "to tell thee, that not the caprice of a woman, but the wishes of Almorán, have made Almorán wretched." The king, stung with the reproach, drew back, and with a furious look laid his hand upon his poniard, but was immediately restrained from drawing it by his pride. "I am come," said Omar, "to repeat the truth, upon which, great as thou art, thy fate is suspended. Thy power extends not to the mind of another; exert it, therefore, upon thy own, suppress the wishes which thou canst not fulfil, and secure the happiness that is within thy reach."

Almorán, who could bear no longer to hear the precepts which he disdained to practise, sternly commanded Omar to depart: "Begone," says he, "lest I crush thee like a noisome reptile, which men cannot but abhor, though it is too contemptible to be feared."—"I go," said Omar,

“that my warning voice may yet again recal thee to the path of wisdom and of peace, if yet again I shall behold thee while it is to be found.”

CHAP. XIII.

Almorán was now left alone, and, throwing himself upon a sofa, he sat some time motionless and silent. He revolved in his mind the wishes that had been gratified, and the happiness of which he had been disappointed: “I desired,” said he, “the pomp and power of undivided dominion, and Hamet was driven from the throne which he shared with me by a voice from heaven; I desired to break off his marriage with Almeida, and it was broken off by a prodigy when no human power could have accomplished my desire. It was my wish also to have the person of Almeida in my power, and this wish also has been gratified; yet am I still wretched. But I am wretched only because the means have not been adequate to the end: what I have hitherto obtained, I have not desired for itself; and of that for which I desired it, I am not possessed; I am, therefore, still wretched because I am weak. With the soul of Almorán I should have the form of Hamet; then my wishes would indeed be filled; then would Almeida bless me with consenting beauty, and the splendour of my power should distinguish only the intervals of my love; my enjoyments would then be certain and permanent, neither blasted by disappointment nor withered by satiety.” When he had uttered these reflections with the utmost vehemence and agitation, his face was again ob-

scured by gloom and despair; his posture was again fixed, and he was falling back into his former state of silent abstraction, when he was suddenly roused by the appearance of the Genius, the sincerity of whose friendship he began to distrust.

“Almorán,” said the Genius, “if thou art not yet happy, know that my powers are not yet exhausted; fear me not, but let thine ear be attentive to my voice.” The Genius then stretched out his hand towards him, in which there was an emerald of great lustre cut into a figure that had four and twenty sides, on each of which was engraven a different letter. “Thou seest,” said he, “this talisman; on each side of it is engraven one of those mysterious characters, of which are formed all the words of all the languages that are spoken by angels, genii, and men. This shall enable thee to change thy figure; and what under the form of Almorán thou canst not accomplish, thou shalt still be able to effect, if it can be effected by thee in the form of any other. Point only to the letters that compose the name of him whose appearance thou wouldst assume, and it is done. Remember only that upon him, whose appearance thou shalt assume, thine shall be impressed till thou restorest his own. Hide the charm in thy bosom, and avail thyself of its power.” Almorán received the talisman in a transport of gratitude and joy, and the Genius immediately disappeared.

The use of this talisman was so obvious, that it was impossible to overlook it. Almorán instantly conceived the design with which it was given, and determined instantly to put it in execution. “I

will now," said he, "assume the figure of Hamet, and my love, in all its ardour, shall be returned by Almeida." As his fancy kindled at the anticipation of his happiness, he stood musing in a pleasing suspense, and indulged himself in the contemplation of the several gradations by which he should ascend to the summit of his wishes.

Just at this moment Osmyn, whom he had commanded to attend him at this hour, approached his apartment: Almorán was roused by the sound of his foot, and supposed it to be Omar, who had again intruded upon his privacy; he was enraged at the interruption which had broken a series of imaginations so flattering and luxurious, he snatched out his poniard, and, lifting up his arm for the stroke, hastily turned round to have stabbed him, but seeing Osmyn, he discovered his mistake just in time to prevent the blow.

Osmyn, who was not conscious of any crime, nor indeed of any act that could have given occasion of offence, started back terrified and amazed, and stood trembling in doubt whether to remain or to withdraw. Almorán, in the mean time, sheathed the instrument of death, and bade him fear nothing, for he should not be hurt. He then turned about, and, putting his hand to his forehead, stood again silent in a musing posture; he recollected, that if he assumed the figure of Hamet, it was necessary he should give orders for Hamet to be admitted to Almeida, as he would otherwise be excluded by the delegates of his own authority: turning, therefore, to Osmyn, "Remember," said he, "that whenever Hamet shall return, it is my command that he be admitted to Almeida."

Osmyn, who was pleased with an opportunity of recommending himself to Almorán, by praising an act of generous virtue which he supposed him now to exert in favour of his brother, received the command with a look that expressed not only approbation but joy: "Let the sword of destruction," said he, "be the guard of the tyrant; the strength of my lord shall be the bonds of love: those who honour thee as Almòran, shall rejoice in thee as the friend of Hamet." To Almorán, who was conscious to no kindness of his brother, the praise of Osmyn was a reproach; he was offended at the joy which he saw kindled in his countenance by a command to shew favour to Hamet, and was fired with sudden rage at that condemnation of his real conduct which was implied by an encomium on the generosity of which he assumed the appearance for a malevolent and perfidious purpose; his brow was contracted, his lip quivered, and the hilt of his dagger was again grasped in his hand. Osmyn was again overwhelmed with terror and confusion; he had again offended, but knew not his offence. In the meantime, Almorán, recollecting that to express displeasure against Osmyn was to betray his own secret, endeavoured to suppress his anger; but his anger was succeeded by remorse, regret, and disappointment. The anguish of his mind broke out in imperfect murmurs. "What I am," said he, "is to this wretch the object not only of hatred but of scorn; and he commends only what I am not in what to him I would seem to be."

These sounds, which, though not articulate, were yet uttered with great emotion, were still

mistaken by Osmyn for the overflowings of capricious and causeless anger. “My life,” said he to himself, “is even now wavering in a doubtful balance. Whenever I approach this tyrant, I tread the borders of the grave: like a hood-winked wretch, who is left to wander near the brink of a precipice, I know my danger, but which way soever I turn I know not whether I shall incur or avoid destruction.”

In these reflections did the sovereign and the slave pass those moments, in which the sovereign intended to render the slave subservient to his pleasure or his security, and the slave intended to express a zeal which he really felt, and a homage which his heart had already paid. Osmyn was at length, however, dismissed, with an assurance that all was well; and Almorán was again left to reflect with anguish upon the past, to regret the present, and to anticipate the future with solicitude, anxiety, and perturbation.

He was, however, determined to assume the figure of his brother by the talisman which had been put into his power by the Genius: but just as he was about to form the spell, he recollected that by the same act he would impress his own likeness upon Hamet, who would consequently be invested with his power, and might use it to his destruction. This held him some time in suspense; but reflecting that Hamet might not, perhaps, be apprized of his advantage till it was too late to improve it; that he was now a fugitive, and probably alone, leaving Persia behind him with all the speed he could make; and that at the worst, if he should be still near, if he should know

the transformation as soon as it should be made, and should instantly take the most effectual measures to improve it, yet as he could dissolve the charm in a moment, whenever it should be necessary for his safety, no formidable danger could be incurred by the experiment, to which he therefore proceeded without delay.

CHAP. XIV.

In the mean time Hamet, to whom his own safety was of no importance but for the sake of Almeida, resolved, if possible, to conceal himself near the city. Having, therefore, reached the confines of the desert, by which it was bounded on the east, he quitted his horse, and determined to remain there till the multitude was dispersed, and the darkness of the evening might conceal his return, when in less than an hour he could reach the palace.

He sat down at the foot of the mountain Kabessed, without considering, that in this place he was most likely to be found, as those who travel the desert seldom fail to enter the cave that winds its way under the mountain, to drink of the water that issues there from a clear and copious spring.

He reviewed the scenes of the day that was now nearly passed, with a mixture of astonishment and distress, to which no description can be equal. The sudden and amazing change that a few hours had made in his situation, appeared like a wild and distressful dream; from which he almost doubted whether he should not awake to the power and

the felicity that he had lost. He sat some time bewildered in the hurry and multiplicity of his thoughts, and at length burst out into passionate exclamations: "What!" says he, "and where am I? Am I, indeed, Hamet, that son of Solyman who divided the dominion of Persia with his brother, and who possessed the love of Almeida alone? Dreadful vicissitude! I am now an outcast, friendless and forlorn; without an associate, and without a dwelling: for me the cup of adversity overflows, and the last dregs of sorrow have been wrung out for my portion; the powers, not only of the earth, but of the air, have combined against me; and how can I stand alone before them? But is there no power that will interpose in my behalf? If He who is supreme is good, I shall not perish. But wherefore am I thus? Why should the desires of vice be accomplished by superior powers? and why should superior powers be permitted to disappoint the expectations of virtue? Yet let me not rashly question the ways of Him, in whose balance the world is weighed: by Him every evil is rendered subservient to good, and by his wisdom the happiness of the whole is secured. Yet I am but a part only, and for a part only I can feel. To me, what is that goodness of which I do not partake? In my cup the gall is unmixed; and have I not, therefore, a right to complain? But what have I said? Let not the gloom that surrounds me hide from me the prospect of immortality. Shall not eternity atone for time? Eternity, to which the duration of ages is but as an atom to a world! Shall I not, when this momentary separation is

past, again meet Almeida to part no more ; and shall not a purer flame than burns upon the earth unite us ? Even at this moment her mind, which not the frauds of sorcery can taint or alienate, is mine : that pleasure which she reserved for me cannot be taken by force ; it is in the consent alone that it subsists ; and from the joy that she feels, and from that only, proceeds the joy she can bestow."

With these reflections he soothed the anguish of his mind, till the dreadful moment arrived, in which the power of the talisman took place, and the figure of Almorán was changed into that of Hamet, and the figure of Hamet into that of Almorán.

At the moment of transformation, Hamet was seized with a sudden languor, and his faculties were suspended as by the stroke of death. When he recovered, his limbs still trembled, and his lips were parched with thirst ; he rose, therefore, and entering the cavern, at the mouth of which he had been sitting, he stooped over the well to drink ; but, glancing his eyes upon the water, he saw, with astonishment and horror, that it reflected not his own countenance, but that of his brother. He started back from the prodigy, and supporting himself against the side of the rock, he stood some time like a statue, without the power of recollection : but at length the thought suddenly rushed into his mind, that the same sorcery which had prevented his marriage, and driven him from the throne, was still practised against him ; and that the change of his figure to that of Almorán, was the effect of Almorán's having as-

sumed his likeness, to obtain, in this disguise, whatever Almeida could bestow. This thought, like a whirlwind of the desert, totally subverted his mind; his fortitude was borne down, and his hopes were rooted up; no principles remained to regulate his conduct, but all was frenzy, confusion; and despair. He rushed out of the cave with a furious and distracted look, and went in haste towards the city, without having formed any design, or considered any consequence that might follow.

The shadows of the mountains were now lengthened by the declining sun, and the approach of evening had invited Omar to meditate in a grove that was adjacent to the garden of the palace. From this place he was seen at some distance by Hamet, who came up to him with a hasty and disordered pace; and Omar drew back with a cold and distant reverence, which the power and the character of Almorán concurred to excite. Hamet, not reflecting upon the cause of this behaviour, was offended, and reproached him with the want of that friendship he had so often professed; the vehemence of his expression and demeanour suited well with the appearance of Almorán; and Omar, as the best proof of that friendship which had been impeached, took this opportunity to repeat his admonitions in the behalf of Hamet: "Whatever evil," said he, "thou canst bring upon Hamet, will be doubled to thyself: to his virtues, the power that fills infinitude is a friend, and he can be afflicted only till they are perfect; but thy sufferings will be the punishment of vice, and as long as thou art vicious they must increase. Hamet, who instantly recollected for whom he

was mistaken, and the anguish of whose mind was for a moment suspended by this testimony of esteem and kindness, which could not possibly be feigned, and which was paid him at the risk of life, when it could not be known that he received it, ran forward to embrace the hoary sage, who had been the guide of his youth, and cried out, in a voice that was broken by contending passions—“The face is the face of Almorán; but the heart is the heart of Hamet.”

Omar was struck dumb with astonishment; and Hamet, who could not bear to be longer mistaken, related all the circumstances of his transformation, and reminded him of some particulars which could be known only to themselves—“Canst thou not yet believe,” said he, “that I am Hamet? when thou hast this day seen me banished from my kingdom; when thou hast now met me a fugitive returning from the desert; and when I learnt from thee, since the sun was risen, which is not yet set, that more than mortal powers were combined against me?”—“I now believe,” said Omar, “that thou indeed art Hamet.”—“Stay me not, then,” said Hamet, “but come with me to revenge.”—“Beware,” said Omar, “lest thou endanger the loss of more than empire and Almeida,”—“If not to revenge,” said Hamet, “I may at least be permitted to punish.”—“Thy mind,” says Omar, “is now in such a state, that to punish the crime by which thou hast been wronged, will dip thee in the guilt of blood. Why else are we forbidden to take vengeance for ourselves? and why is it reserved as the prerogative of the Most High? In him, and in him alone, it is goodness guided by wisdom: he approves the means only

as necessary to the end ; he wounds only to heal, and destroys only to save : he has complacence, not in the evil, but in the good only which it is appointed to produce. Remember, therefore, that he to whom the punishment of another is sweet, though his act may be just with respect to others, with respect to himself it is a deed of darkness, and abhorred by the Almighty." Hamet, who had stood abstracted in the contemplation of the new injury he had suffered, while Omar was persuading him not to revenge it, started from his posture in all the wildness of distraction ; and bursting away from Omar, with an ardent and furious look, hasted toward the palace, and was soon out of sight.

CHAP. XV.

In the mean time Almorán, after having effected the transformation, was met, as he was going to the apartment of Almeida, by Osmyn. Osmyn had already experienced the misery of dependent greatness, that kept him continually under the eye of a capricious tyrant, whose temper was various as the gales of summer, and whose anger was sudden as the bolt of Heaven ; whose purpose and passions were dark and impetuous as the midnight storm, and at whose command death was inevitable as the approach of time. When he saw Almorán, therefore, in the likeness of Hamet, he felt a secret desire to apprize him of his situation, and offer him his friendship.

Almorán, who with the form assumed the manners of Hamet, addressed Osmyn with a mild

though mournful countenance—"At length," said he, "the will of Almorán alone is law; does it permit me to hold a private rank in this place without molestation?"—"It permits," said Osmyn, "yet more; he has commanded, that you should have admittance to Almeida." Almorán, whose vanity betrayed him to flatter his own power in the person of Hamet, replied with a smile—"I know that Almorán, who presides like a god in silent and distant state, reveals the secrets of his will to thee; I know that thou art—" "I am," said Osmyn, "of all thou seest most wretched." At this declaration, Almorán turned short, and fixed his eyes upon Osmyn with a look of surprise and anger—"Does not the favour of Almorán," said he, "whose smile is power, and wealth, and honour, shine upon thee?"—"My lord," said Osmyn, "I know so well the severity of thy virtue, that if I should, even for thy sake, become perfidious to thy brother—" Almorán, who was unable to preserve the character of Hamet with propriety, interrupted him with a fierce and haughty tone—"How!" said he, "perfidious to my brother! to Almorán perfidious!"

Osmyn, who had now gone too far to recede, and who still saw before him the figure of Hamet, proceeded in his purpose—"I knew," said he, "that in thy judgment I should be condemned; and yet the preservation of life is the strongest principle of nature, and the love of virtue is her proudest boast."—"Explain thyself," said Almorán, "for I cannot comprehend thee."—"I mean," said Osmyn, "that he whose life depends upon the caprice of a tyrant, is like the wretch whose sentence is already pronounced; and who,

if the wind does but rush by his dungeon, imagines that it is the bow-string and the mute.”—“Fear not,” said Almorán, who now affected to be again calm; “be still faithful, and thou shalt still be safe.”—“Alas!” said Osmyn, “there is no diligence, no toil, no faith, that can secure the slave from the sudden phrenzy of passion, from the causeless rage either of drunkenness or lust. I am that slave; the slave of a tyrant whom I hate.” The confusion of Almorán was now too great to be concealed, and he stood silent with rage, fear, and indignation. Osmyn, supposing that his wonder made him doubt the truth of what he had heard, confirmed his declaration by an oath.

Whoever thou art, to whose mind Almorán, the mighty and the proud, is present; before whom the lord of absolute dominion stands trembling and rebuked; who seest the possessor of power by which nature is controuled, pale and silent with anguish and disappointment: if, in the fury of thy wrath, thou hast aggravated weakness into guilt: if thou hast chilled the glow of affection, when it flushed the cheek in thy presence with the frown of displeasure, or repressed the ardour of friendship with indifference or neglect, now let thy heart smite thee; for in thy folly thou hast cast away that gem, which is the light of life; which power can never seize, and which gold can never buy!

The tyrant fell at once from his pride, like a star from heaven; and Osmyn, still addressing him as Hamet, at once increased his misery and his fears—“O,” said he, “that the throne of Persia was thine! then should innocence enjoy

her birth-right of peace, and hope should bid honest industry look upward. There is not one to whom Almorán has delegated power, nor one on whom his transient favour has bestowed any gift, who does not already feel his heart throb with the pangs of boding terror. Nor is there one who, if he did not fear the displeasure of the invisible power, by whom the throne was given to thy brother, would not immediately revolt to thee."

Almorán, who had hitherto remained silent, now burst into a passionate exclamation of self-pity—"What can I do?" said he; "and whither can I turn?" Osmyn, who mistook the cause of his distress, and supposed that he deplored only his want of power to avail himself of the general disposition in his favour, endeavoured to fortify his mind against despair—"Your state," said he, "indeed is distressful, but not hopeless." The king, who, though addressed as Hamet, was still betrayed by his confusion to answer as Almorán, smote his breast, and replied in an agony—"It is hopeless!" Osmyn remarked his emotion and despair, with a concern and astonishment that Almorán observed, and at once recollected his situation. He endeavoured to retract such expressions of trouble and despondency, as did not suit the character he had assumed; and telling Osmyn that he thanked him for his friendship, and would improve the advantages it offered him, he directed him to acquaint the eunuchs that they were to admit him to Almeida. When he was left alone, his doubts and perplexities held him long in suspense; a thousand expedients occurred to his mind by turns, and by turns were rejected.

His first thought was to put Osmyn to death:

but he considered, that by this he would gain no advantage, as he would be in equal danger from whoever should succeed him: he considered also, that against Osmyn he was upon his guard; and that he might at any time learn from him whatever design might be formed in favour of Hamet, by assuming Hamet's appearance: that he would thus be the confident of every secret in which his own safety was concerned, and might disconcert the best contrived project at the very moment of its execution, when it would be too late for other measures to be taken: he determined, therefore, to let Osmyn live; at least, till it became more necessary to cut him off. Having in some degree soothed and fortified his mind by these reflections, he entered the apartment of Almeida.

His hope was not founded upon a design to marry her under the appearance of Hamet; for that would be impossible, as the ceremony must have been performed by the priests who supposed the marriage with Hamet to have been forbidden by a divine command; and who, therefore, would not have consented, even supposing they would otherwise have ventured, at the request of Hamet, to perform a ceremony which they knew would be displeasing to Almorán: but he hoped to take advantage of her tenderness for his brother, and the particular circumstances of her situation, which made the solemnities of marriage impossible, to seduce her to gratify his desires, without the sanction which alone rendered the gratification of them lawful: if he succeeded in his design, he had reason to expect either that his love would be extinguished by enjoyment, or that if he should still

desire to marry Almeida, he might, by disclosing to her the artifice by which he had effected his purpose, prevail upon her to consent, as her connection with Hamet, the chief obstacle to her marriage with him, would then be broken for ever; and as she might perhaps wish to sanctify the pleasure which she might be unwilling to repeat, or at least to make that lawful which it would not be in her power to prevent.

In this disposition, and with this design, he was admitted to Almeida, who, without suspicion of her danger, was exposed to the severest trial, in which every passion concurred to oppose her virtue: she was solicited by all the powers of subtilty and desire, under the appearance of a lover whose tenderness and fidelity had been long tried, and whose passion she returned with equal constancy and ardour; and she was thus solicited when the rites, which alone could consecrate their union, were impossible, and were rendered impossible by the guilty designs of a rival, in whose power she was, and from whom no other expedient offered her a deliverance. Thus deceived and betrayed, she received him with an excess of tenderness and joy, which flattered all his hopes, and for a moment suspended his misery. She enquired, with a fond and gentle solicitude, by what means he had gained admittance, and how he had provided for his retreat. He received and returned her caresses with a vehemence, in which, to less partial eyes, desire would have been more apparent than love; and in the tumult of his passion, he almost neglected her enquiries: finding, however, that she would be answered, he told her, that being by

the permission of Almorán admitted to every part of the palace, except that of the women, he had found means to bribe the eunuch who had kept the door, who was not in danger of detection ; because Almorán, wearied with the tumult and fatigue of the day, had retired to sleep, and given order to be called at a certain hour. She then complained of the solicitations to which she was exposed, expressed her dread of the consequences she had reason to expect from some sudden sally of the tyrant's rage, and related with tears the brutal outrage she had suffered when he last left her. "Though I abhorred him," said she, "I yet kneeled before him for thee. Let me bend in reverence to that Power, at whose look the whirlwinds are silent and the seas are calm, that his fury has hitherto been restrained from hurting thee !"

At these words the face of Almorán was again covered with blushes of confusion : to be still beloved only as Hamet, and as Almorán to be still hated ; to be thus reproached without anger, and wounded by those who knew not that they struck him, was a species of misery peculiar to himself, and had been incurred only by the acquisition of new powers, which he had requested and received as necessary to obtain that felicity which the parsimony of nature had placed beyond his reach. His emotions, however, as by Almeida they were supposed to be the emotions of Hamet, she imputed to a different cause—"As Heaven," says she, "has preserved thee from death, so has it, for thy sake, preserved me from violation." Almorán, whose passion had in this interval again

surmounted his remorse, gazed eagerly upon her, and catching her to his bosom—"Let us at least," says he, "secure the happiness that is now offered; let not these inestimable moments pass by us unimproved; but to shew that we deserve them, let them be devoted to love."—"Let us then," said Almeida, "escape together."—"To escape with thee," said Almorán, "is impossible. I shall retire, and like the shaft of Arabia, leave no mark behind me; but the flight of Almeida will at once be traced to him by whom I was admitted, and I shall thus retaliate his friendship with destruction."—"Let him then," said Almeida, "be the partner of our flight."—"Urge it not now," said Almorán; "but trust to my prudence and my love, to select some hour that will be more favourable to our purpose. And yet," said he, "even then we shall, as now, sigh in vain for the completion of our wishes: by whom shall our hands be joined, when in the opinion of the priests it has been forbidden from above?"—"Save thyself, then," said Almeida, "and leave me to my fate."—"Not so," said Almorán. "What else," replied Almeida, "is in our power?"—"It is in our power," said Almorán, "to seize that joy, to which a public form can give us no new claim; for the public form can only declare that right by which I can claim it now."

As they were now reclining upon a sofa, he threw his arms round her; but she suddenly sprung up, and burst from him; the tear started to her eye, and she gazed upon him with an earnest but yet tender look—"Is it?" said she; "no sure, it is not the voice of Hamet!"—"O

yes," said Almorán, "what other voice should call thee to cancel at once the wrongs of Hamet and Almeida; to secure the treasures of thy love from the hand of the robber; to hide the joys, which if now we lose, we may lose for ever, in the sacred and inviolable stores of the past, and place them beyond the power not of Almorán only but of fate?" With this wild effusion of desire, he caught her again to his breast, and finding no resistance, his heart exulted in his success; but the next moment, to the total disappointment of his hopes, he perceived that she had fainted in his arms. When she recovered, she once more disengaged herself from him, and turning away her face, she burst into tears. When her voice could be heard, she covered herself with a veil, and turning again towards him—"All but this," said she, "I had learnt to bear; and how has this been deserved by Almeida of Hamet? You was my only solace in distress; and when the tears have stolen from my eyes in silence and in solitude, I thought on thee; I thought upon the chaste ardour of thy sacred friendship, which was softened, refined, and exalted into love. This was my hoarded treasure; and the thoughts of possessing this, soothed all my anguish with a miser's happiness, who, blessed in the consciousness of hidden wealth, despises cold and hunger, and rejoices in the midst of all the miseries that make poverty dreadful: this was my last retreat; but I am now desolate and forlorn, and my soul looks round with terror for that refuge which it can never find."—"Find that refuge," said Almorán, "in me."—"Alas," said Almeida, "can

he afford me refuge from my sorrows, who, for the guilty pleasure of a transient moment, would for ever sully the purity of my mind, and aggravate misfortune by the consciousness of guilt!"

As Almorán now perceived that it was impossible by any importunity to induce her to violate her principles; he had nothing more to attempt, but to subvert them. "When," said he, "shall Almeida awake, and these dreams of folly and superstition vanish? That only is virtue by which happiness is produced; and whatever produces happiness is therefore virtue: and the forms, and words, and rites, which priests have pretended to be required by Heaven, are the fraudulent arts only by which they govern mankind."

Almeida, by this impious insult, was roused from grief to indignation—"As thou hast now dared," said she, "to deride the laws, which thou wouldest first have broken; so hast thou broken for ever the tender bonds by which my soul was united to thine. Such as I fondly believed thee, thou art not; and what thou art, I have never loved. I have loved a delusive phantom only, which, while I strove to grasp it, has vanished from me." Almorán attempted to reply; but on such a subject, neither her virtue nor her wisdom would permit debate. "That prodigy," said she, "which I thought was the sleight of cunning, or the work of sorcery, I now revere as the voice of Heaven; which, as it knew thy heart, has in mercy saved me from thy arms. To the will of Heaven shall my will be obedient; and my voice also shall pronounce, "To Almorán Almeida."

Almorán, whose whole soul was now suspended

in attention, conceived new hopes of success; and foresaw the certain accomplishment of his purpose, though by an effect directly contrary to that which he had laboured to produce. Thus to have incurred the hatred of Almeida in the form of Hamet, was more fortunate than to have taken advantage of her love; the path that led to his wishes was now clear and open; and his marriage with Almeida in his own person waited only till he could resume it. He, therefore, instead of soothing, provoked her resentment—"If thou hast loved a phantom," said he, "which existed only in imagination, on such a phantom my love also has been fixed: thou hast, indeed, only the form of what I called Almeida; my love thou hast rejected, because thou hast never loved: the object of thy passions was not Hamet, but a throne: and thou hast made the observance of rituals, in which folly only can suppose there is good or ill, a pretence to violate thy faith, that thou mayest still gratify thy ambition!"

To this injurious reproach, Almeida made no reply; and Almorán immediately quitted her apartment, that he might re-assume his own figure, and take advantage of the disposition which, under the appearance of Hamet, he had produced in favour of himself. But Osmyn, who supposing him to be Hamet, had intercepted and detained him as he was going to Almeida, now intercepted him a second time at his return, having placed himself near the door of the apartment for that purpose.

Osmyn was by no means satisfied with the issue of their last interview; he had perceived a perturbation in the mind of Almorán, for which,

imagining him to be Hamet, he could not account; and which seemed more extraordinary upon a review, than when it happened: he therefore again entered into conversation with him, in which he farther disclosed his sentiments and designs. Almorán, notwithstanding the impatience natural to his temper and situation, was thus long detained listening to Osmyn, by the united influence of his curiosity and his fears: his enquiries still alarmed him with new terrors, by discovering new objects of distrust, and new instances of disaffection: still, however, he resolved not yet to remove Osmyn from his post, that he might give no alarm by any appearance of suspicion, and consequently learn with more ease, and detect with more certainty, any project that might be formed against him.

CHAP. XVI.

Almeida, as soon as she was left alone, began to review the scene that had just passed; and was every moment affected with new wonder, grief, and resentment. She now deplored her own misfortune; and now conceived a design to punish the author of it, from whose face she supposed the hand of adversity had torn the mask under which he had deceived her: it appeared to her very easy to take a severe revenge upon Hamet for the indignity which she supposed he had offered her, by complaining of it to Almorán; and telling him that he had gained admittance to her by bribing the eunuch who kept the door. The thought of thus giving him up was one moment

rejected, as arising from a vindictive spirit; and the next indulged, as an act of justice to Almorán, and a punishment due to the hypocrisy of Hamet: it was rejected, when her grief, which was still mingled with a tender remembrance of the man she loved, was predominant; and indulged, when her grief gave way to indignation.

Thus are we inclined to consider the same action, either as a virtue or a vice, by the influence of different passions, which prompt us either to perform, or to avoid it. Almeida, from deliberating whether she should accuse Hamet to Almorán, or conceal his fault, was led to consider what punishment he would either incur or escape in consequence of her determination; and the images that rushed into her mind, the moment this became the object of her thoughts, at once determined her to be silent—"Could I bear to see," said she, "that hand which has so often trembled with delight when it enfolded mine, convulsed and black; those eyes, that as often as they gazed upon me were dissolved in tears of tenderness and love, start from their sockets! and those lips, that breathed the softest sighs of elegant desire, distorted and gasping in the convulsions of death!"

From this image, her mind recoiled in an agony of terror and pity; her heart sunk within her; her limbs trembled; she sunk down upon the sofa, and burst into tears.

By this time, Hamet, on whose form the likeness of Almorán was still impressed, had reached the palace. He went instantly towards the apartment of the women. Instead of that cheerful alacrity, that mixture of zeal and reverence and

affection, which his eye had been used to find wherever it was turned, he now observed confusion, anxiety, and terror; whoever he met, made haste to prostrate themselves before him, and feared to look up till he was past. He went on, however, with a hasty pace; and coming up to the eunuch's guard, he said, with an impatient tone—"To Almeida!" The slave immediately made way before him, and conducted him to the door of the apartment, which he would not otherwise have been able to find, and for which he could not directly enquire.

When he entered, his countenance expressed all the passions that his situation had roused in his mind. He first looked sternly round him to see whether Almorán was not present; and fetching a deep sigh, he turned his eyes with a look of mournful tenderness upon Almeida. His first view was to discover, whether Almorán had already supplanted him; and for this purpose he collected the whole strength of his mind: he considered that he appeared now, not as Hamet, but as Almorán; and that he was to question Almeida concerning Almorán, while she had mistaken him for Hamet; he was therefore to maintain the character, at whatever expence, till his doubts were resolved, and his fears either removed or confirmed. He was so firmly persuaded that Almorán had been there before him, that he did not ask the question, but supposed the fact: he restrained alike both his tenderness and his fears; and looking earnestly upon Almeida, who had risen up in his presence with blushes and confusion—"To me," says he, "is Almeida still cold? and has she lavished all her love upon Hamet?"

At the name of Hamet the blushes and confusion of Almeida increased; her mind was still full of the images which had arisen from the thought of what Hamet might suffer, if Almorán should know that he had been with her; and though she feared that their interview was discovered, yet she hoped it might be only suspected, and in that case the removal or confirmation of the suspicions, on which the fate of Hamet depended, would devolve upon her.

In this situation, she, who had but a few moments before doubted whether she could not voluntarily give him up, when nothing more was necessary for his safety than to be silent, now determined, with whatever reluctance, to secure him, though it could not be done without dissimulation, and though it was probable that in this dissimulation she would be detected. Instead, therefore, of answering the question, she repeated it—"On whom," said she "my lord? on Hamet?" whose suspicions were increased by the evasion, replied, with great emotion—"Aye, on Hamet: did he not this moment leave you?"—"Leave me this moment!" said Almeida, with yet greater confusion and deeper blushes. Hamet, in the impatience of his jealousy, concluded, that the passions which he saw expressed in her countenance, and which arose from the struggle between her regard to truth and her tenderness for Hamet, proceeded from the consciousness of what he had most reason to dread, and she to conceal—a breach of virtue, to which she had been betrayed by his own appearance united with the vices of his brother: he, therefore, drew back from her, with a look of inexpressible anguish, and stood

some time silent. She observed, that in his countenance there was more expression of trouble than rage; she, therefore, hoped to divert him from pursuing his enquiries, by at once removing his jealousy; which she supposed would be at an end as soon as she should disclose the resolution she had taken in his favour. Addressing him, therefore, as Almorán, with a voice which, though it was gentle and soothing, was yet mournful and tremulous—"Do not turn from me," said she, "with these unfriendly and frowning looks; give me now that love which so lately you offered, and with all the future I will atone the past."

Upon Hamet, whose heart involuntarily answered to the voice of Almeida, these words had irresistible and instantaneous force; but recollecting, in a moment, whose form he bore, and to whom they were addressed, they struck him with new astonishment, and increased the torments of his mind. Supposing what he at first feared had happened, and that Almorán had seduced her as Hamet, he could not account for her now addressing him as Almorán, with words of favour and compliance; he therefore renewed his enquiries concerning himself, with apprehensions of a different kind. She, who was still solicitous to put an end to the enquiry, as well for the sake of Hamet as to prevent her own embarrassment, replied, with a sigh—"Let not thy peace be interrupted by one thought of Hamet; for of Hamet Almeida shall think no more." Hamet, who, though he had fortified himself against whatever might have happened to her person, could not bear the alienation of her mind, cried out, with looks of distraction, and a voice scarcely human—"Not think of

Hamet!" Almeida, whose astonishment was every moment encreasing, replied, with a tender and interesting enquiry—"Is Almorán then offended, that Almeida should think of Hamet no more?" Hamet being thus addressed by the name of his brother, again recollected his situation; and now first conceived the idea, that the alteration of Almeida's sentiments with respect to himself, might be the effect of some violence offered her by Almorán in his likeness; he therefore recurred to his first purpose, and determined, by a direct enquiry, to discover whether she had seen him under that appearance. This enquiry he urged with the utmost solemnity and ardour, in terms suitable to his present appearance and situation—"Tell me," said he, "have these doors been open to Hamet? Has he obtained possession of that treasure, which, by the voice of Heaven, has been allotted to me?" To this double question Almeida answered by a single negative; and her answer therefore was both false and true; it was true that her person was still inviolate; and it was true also, that Hamet had not been admitted to her; yet her denial of it was false, for she believed the contrary; Almorán only had been admitted, but she had received him as his brother. Hamet, however, was satisfied with the answer, and did not discover its fallacy. He looked up to Heaven with an expression of gratitude and joy; and then turning to Almeida—"Swear then," said he, "that thou hast granted to Hamet no pledge of thy love which should be reserved for me." Almeida, who now thought nothing more than the asseveration necessary to quiet his mind, immedi-

ately complied—"I swear," said she, "that to Hamet I have given nothing, which thou would'st wish me to withhold: the power that has devoted my person to thee, has disunited my heart from Hamet, whom I renounce in thy presence for ever."

Hamet, whose fortitude and recollection were again overborne, was thrown into an agitation of mind, which discovered itself by looks and gestures very different from those which Almeida had expected, and overwhelmed her with new confusion and disappointment: that he, who had so lately solicited her love with all the vehemence of a desire impatient to be gratified, should now receive a declaration that she was ready to comply, with marks of distress and anger, was a mystery which she could not solve. In the mean time, the struggle in his breast became every moment more violent—"Where, then," said he, "is the constancy which you vowed to Hamet; and for what instance of his love is he now forsaken?"

Almeida was now more embarrassed than before; she felt all the force of the reproof, supposing it to have been given by Almorán, and she could be justified only by relating the particular, which at the expence of her sincerity she had determined to conceal. Almorán was now exalted in her opinion, while his form was animated by the spirit of Hamet, as much as Hamet had been degraded while his form was animated by the spirit of Almorán. In his resentment of her perfidy to his rival, though it favoured his fondest and most ardent wishes, there was an abhorrence of vice and a generosity of mind which she supposed to

have been incompatible with his character. To his reproach she could reply only by complaint; and could no otherwise evade his question than by observing the inconsistency of his own behaviour. "Your words," said she, "are daggers to my heart. You condemn me for a compliance with your own wishes, and for obedience to that voice which you supposed to have revealed the will of Heaven. Has the caprice of desire already wandered to a new object? and do you now seek a pretence to refuse, when it is freely offered, what so lately you would have taken by force?" Hamet, who was now fired with resentment against Almeida, whom yet he could not behold without desire, and who at the same moment was impatient to revenge his wrongs upon Almorán, was suddenly prompted to satisfy all his passions, by taking advantage of the wiles of Almorán and the perfidy of Almeida, to defeat the one and to punish the other. It was now in his power instantly to consummate the marriage, as a priest might be procured without a moment's delay, and as Almeida's consent was already given; he would then obtain the possession of her person by the very act in which she perfidiously resigned it to his rival, to whom he would then leave the beauties he had already possessed, and cast from him in disdain, as united with a mind that he could never love. As his imagination was fired with the first conception of his design, he caught her to his breast with a fury in which all the passions in all their rage were at once concentrated. "Let the priest," said he, "instantly unite us; let us comprize, in one moment, in this instant, now our

whole of being, and exclude alike the future and the past!" Then, grasping her still in his arms, he looked up to heaven: "Ye powers," said he, "invisible, but yet present, who mould my changing and unresisting form, prolong but for one hour that mysterious charm that is now upon me, and I will be ever after subservient to your will."

Almeida, who was terrified at the furious ardour of this unintelligible address, shrunk from his embrace, pale and trembling, without power to reply. Hamet gazed tenderly upon her, and recollecting the purity and tenderness with which he had loved her, his virtues suddenly recovered their force; he dismissed her from his embrace, and turning from her, he dropped in silence the tear that started to his eye, and expressed in a low and faltering voice the thoughts that rushed upon his mind. "No," said he, "Hamet shall disdain the joy which is at once sordid and transient; in the breast of Hamet lust shall not be the pander of revenge! Shall I, who have languished for the pure delight which can arise only from the interchange of soul with soul, and is endeared by mutual confidence and complacency; shall I snatch under this disguise, which belies my features and degrades my virtue, a casual possession of faithless beauty which I despise and hate? Let this be the portion of those that hate me without a cause, but let this be far from me!" At this thought he felt a sudden elevation of mind, and the conscious dignity of virtue that in such a conflict was victorious, rendered him in this glorious moment superior to misfortune; his gesture became calm, and his countenance sedate; he

considered the wrongs he suffered, not as a sufferer, but as a judge; and he determined at once to discover himself to Almeida, and to reproach her with her crime. He remarked her confusion without pity, as the effect not of grief but of guilt; and fixing his eyes upon her with the calm severity of a superior and offended being, "Such," said he, "is the benevolence of the Almighty to the children of the dust, that our misfortunes are, like poisons, antidotes to each other."

Almeida stood fixed in wonder and expectation, and looked earnestly at him, but continued silent. "Thy looks," said Hamet, "are full of wonder, but as yet thy wonder has no cause in comparison of that which shall be revealed. Thou knowest the prodigy which so lately parted Hamet and Almeida; I am that Hamet, thou art that Almeida." Almeida would now have interrupted him, but Hamet raised his voice, and demanded to be heard: "At that moment," said he, "wretched as I am, the child of error and disobedience, my heart repined in secret at the destiny which had been written upon my head, for I then thought thee faithful and constant; but if our hands had been then united, I should have been more wretched than I am, for I now know that thou art fickle and false. To know thee, though it has pierced my soul with sorrow, has yet healed the wound which was inflicted when I lost thee; and though I am now compelled to wear the form of Almorán, whose vices are this moment disgracing mine, yet in the balance I shall be weighed as Hamet, and I shall suffer only as I am found wanting."

Almeida, whose mind was now in a tumult that bordered upon distraction, bewildered in a labyrinth of doubt and wonder, and alike dreading the consequence of what she heard, whether it was false or true, was yet impatient to confute or confirm it; and as soon as she had recovered her speech, urged him for some token of the prodigy he asserted, which he might easily have given by relating any of the incidents which themselves only could know. But just at this moment Almorán, having at last disengaged himself from Osmyn, by whom he had been long detained, resumed his own figure; and while the eyes of Almeida were fixed upon Hamet, his powers were suddenly taken from him, and restored in an instant, and she beheld the features of Almorán vanish, and gazed with astonishment upon his own. “Thy features change!” said she, “and thou indeed art Hamet!” — “The sudden trance,” said he, “has restored me to myself; and from my wrongs where shalt thou be hidden?” This reproach was more than she could sustain, but he caught her as she was falling, and supported her in his arms. This incident renewed in a moment all the tenderness of his love; while he beheld her distress, and pressed her by the embrace that sustained her to his bosom, he forgot every injury which he supposed she had done him, and perceived her recover with a pleasure that for a moment obliterated the sense of his misfortune.

Her first reflection was upon the snare in which she had been taken, and her first sensation was joy that she had escaped; she saw at once the whole complication of events that had deceived

and distressed her, and nothing more was now necessary than to explain them to Hamet; which, however, she could not do without discovering the insincerity of her answers to the enquiries which he had made, while she mistook him for his brother. “If in my heart,” says she, “thou hast found any virtue, let it incline thee to pity the vice that has mingled with it: by the vice I have been ensnared, but I have been delivered by the virtue. Almorán—for now I know that it was not thee—Almorán, when he possessed thy form, was with me; he prophaned thy love by attempts to supplant my virtue; I resisted his importunity, and escaped perdition; but the guilt of Almorán drew my resentment upon Hamet. I thought the vices which, under thy form, I discovered in his bosom, were thine; and in the anguish of grief, indignation, and disappointment, my heart renounced thee: yet as I could not give thee up to death, I could not discover to Almorán the attempt which I imputed to thee: when you questioned me, therefore, as Almorán, I was betrayed to dissimulation by the tenderness which still melted my heart for Hamet.”—“I believe thee,” said Hamet, catching her in a transport to his breast. “I love thee for thy virtue; and may the pure and exalted beings, who are superior to the passions that now throb in my heart, forgive me if I love thee also for thy fault! Yet let the danger to which it betrayed thee teach us still to walk in the straight path, and commit the keeping of our peace to the Almighty: for he that wanders in the maze of falsehood shall pass by the good that he would meet, and shall meet the evil that he would shun. I also was tempted, but

I was strengthened to resist; if I had used the power which I derived from the arts that have been practised against me, to return evil for evil; if I had not disdained a secret and unavowed revenge, and the unhallowed pleasures of a brutal appetite, I might have possessed thee in the form of Almorán, and have wronged irreparably myself and thee: for how could I have been admitted, as Hamet, to the beauties which I enjoyed as Almorán? and how couldst thou have given to Almorán what in reality had been appropriated by Hamet?"

CHAP. XVII.

But while Almeida and Hamet were thus congratulating each other upon the evils which they had escaped, they were threatened by others, which, however obvious, they had overlooked.

Almorán, who was now exulting in the prospect of success that had exceeded his hopes, and who supposed the possession of Almeida before the end of the next hour was as certain as that the next hour would arrive, suddenly entered the apartment; but upon discovering Hamet, he started back astonished and disappointed. Hamet stood unmoved, and regarded him with a fixed and steady look that at once reproached and confounded him. "What treachery," said Almorán, "has been practised against me? What has brought thee to this place, and how hast thou gained admittance?"—"Against thy peace," said Hamet, "no treachery has been practised, but by thyself. By those arts in which thy vices have

employed the powers of darkness, I have been brought hither; and by those arts I have gained admittance: thy form, which they have imposed upon me, was my passport; and by the restoration of my own I have detected and disappointed the fraud which the double change was produced to execute. Almeida, whom as Hamet thou couldst teach to hate thee, it is now impossible that as Almorán thou shouldst teach to love."

Almeida, who perceived the storm to be gathering which the next moment would burst upon the head of Hamet, interposed between them, and addressed each of them by turns; urging Hamet to be silent, and conjuring Almorán to be merciful. Almorán, however, without regarding Almeida, or making any reply to Hamet, struck the ground with his foot, and the messengers of death, to whom the signal was familiar, appeared at the door. Almorán then commanded them to seize his brother, with a countenance pale and livid, and a voice that was broken by rage. Hamet was still unmoved; but Almeida threw herself at the feet of Almorán, and, embracing his knees, was about to speak, but he broke from her with sudden fury. "If the world should sue," said he, "I would spurn it off. There is no pang that cunning can invent which he shall not suffer; and when death at length shall disappoint my vengeance, his mangled limbs shall be cast out unburied, to feed the beasts of the desert and the fowls of heaven." During this menace, Almeida sunk down without signs of life; and Hamet struggling in vain for liberty to raise her from the ground, she was carried off by some women who were called to her assistance.

In this awful crisis, Hamet, who felt his own fortitude give way, looked up, and though he conceived no words, a prayer ascended from his heart to heaven, and was accepted by Him to whom our thoughts are known while they are yet afar off. For Hamet the fountain of strength was opened from above; his eyes sparkled with confidence, and his breast was dilated by hope. He commanded the guard that were leading him away to stop, and they implicitly obeyed; he then stretched out his hand towards Almorán, whose spirit was rebuked before him. "Hear me," said he, "thou tyrant! for it is thy Genius that speaks by my voice. What has been the fruit of all thy guilt, but accumulated misery? What joy hast thou derived from undivided empire; what joy from the prohibition of my marriage with Almeida; what good from that power which some evil dæmon has added to thy own? what, at this moment, is thy portion but rage and anguish, disappointment and despair? Even I, whom thou seest the captive of thy power, whom thou hast wronged of empire, and yet more of love; even I am happy in comparison of thee; I know that my sufferings, however multiplied, are short, for they shall end with life, and no life is long; then shall the everlasting ages commence, and through everlasting ages thy sufferings shall increase. The moment is now near when thou shalt tread that line which alone is the path to heaven, the narrow path that is stretched over the pit which smokes for ever and for ever! When thine aching eye shall look forward to the end that is far distant, and when behind thou shalt find no retreat; when thy steps shall fail

ter, and thou shalt tremble at the depth beneath, which thought itself is not able to fathom; then shall the angel of distribution lift his inexorable hand against thee, from the irremediable way shall thy feet be smitten, thou shalt plunge in the burning flood, and though thou shalt live for ever thou shalt rise no more!"

As the words of Hamet struck Almorán with terror, and overawed him by an influence which he could not surmount, Hamet was forced from his presence before any other orders had been given about him than were implied in the menace that was addressed to Almeida; no violence, therefore, was yet offered him, but he was secured till the king's pleasure should be known, in a dungeon not far from the palace, to which he was conducted by a subterraneous passage; and the door being closed upon him, he was left in silence, darkness, and solitude, such as may be imagined before the voice of the Almighty produced light and life.

When Almorán was sufficiently recollected to consider his situation, he despaired of prevailing upon Almeida to gratify his wishes till her attachment to Hamet was irreparably broken, and he therefore resolved to put him to death. With this view he repeated the signal which convened the ministers of death to his presence; but the sound was lost in a peal of thunder that instantly followed it, and the Genius, from whom he received the talisman, again stood before him.

"Almorán," said the Genius, "I am now compelled into thy presence by the command of a superior Power, whom if I should dare to disobey, the energy of his will might drive me in a

moment beyond the limits of nature and the reach of thought, to spend eternity alone, without comfort and without hope.”—“And what,” said Almorán, “is the will of this mighty and tremendous Being?”—“His will,” said the Genius, “I will reveal to thee. Hitherto thou hast been enabled to lift the rod of adversity against thy brother, by powers which nature has not entrusted to man: as these powers, and these only, have put him into thy hand, thou art forbidden to lift it against his life; if thou hadst prevailed against him by thy own power, thy own power would not have been restrained; to afflict him thou art still free, but thou art not permitted to destroy. At the moment in which thou shalt conceive a thought to cut him off by violence, the punishment of thy disobedience shall commence, and the pangs of death shall be upon thee.”—“If then,” said Almorán, “this awful power is the friend of Hamet, what yet remains in the stores of thy wisdom for me! Till he dies, I am at once precluded from peace, and safety, and enjoyment.”—“Look up,” said the Genius, “for the iron hand of despair is not yet upon thee. Thou canst be happy only by his death, and his life thou art forbidden to take away; yet mayest thou still arm him against himself, and if he dies by his own hand thy wishes will be full.”—“O name,” said Almorán, “but the means, and it shall this moment be accomplished!”—“Select,” said the Genius, “some friend—”

At the name of friend, Almorán started and looked round in despair: he recollected the perfidy of Osmyn, and he suspected that from the same cause all were perfidious. “While Hamet

yet has life," said he, "I fear the face of man, as of a savage that is prowling for his prey."—"Relinquish not yet thy hopes," said the Genius, "for one, in whom thou wilt joyfully confide, may be found. Let him secretly obtain admittance to Hamet, as if by stealth; let him express an abhorrence of thy reign, and compassion for his misfortunes; let him pretend that the rack is even now preparing for him, that death is inevitable, but that torment may be avoided; let him then give him a poniard as the instrument of deliverance, and perhaps his own hand may strike the blow that shall give thee peace."—"But who," said Almorán, "shall go upon this important errand?"—"Who," replied the Genius, "but thyself? Hast thou not the power to assume the form of whomsoever thou wouldst have sent?"—"I would have sent Osmyn," said Almorán, "but that I know him to be a traitor."—"Let the form of Osmyn then," said the Genius, "be thine. The shadows of the evening have now stretched themselves upon the earth; command Osmyn to attend thee alone in the grove where Solyman, thy father, was used to meditate by night; and when thy form shall be impressed upon him, I will there seal his eyes in sleep till the charm shall be broken; so shall no evil be attempted against thee, and the transformation shall be known only to thyself."

Almorán, whose breast was again illuminated by hope, was about to express his gratitude and joy, but the Genius suddenly disappeared. He began, therefore, immediately to follow the instructions that he had received: he commanded

Osmyn to attend him in the grove, and forbade every other to approach; by the power of the talisman he assumed his appearance, and saw him sink down in a supernatural slumber before him; he then quitted the place, and prepared to visit Hamet in the prison.

CHAP. XVIII.

The officer who commanded the guard that kept the gate of the prison was Caled. He was now next in trust and power to Osmyn; but as he had proposed to revolt to Hamet, in which Osmyn had refused to concur, he knew that his life was now in his power; he dreaded lest, for some slight offence, or in some fit of causeless displeasure, he should disclose the secret to Almorán, who would then certainly condemn him to death. To secure this fatal secret, and put an end to his inquietude, he resolved, from the moment that Almorán was established upon the throne, to find some opportunity secretly to destroy Osmyn: in this resolution he was confirmed by the enmity which inferior minds never fail to conceive against that merit which they cannot but envy without spirit to emulate, and by which they feel themselves disgraced without an effort to acquire equal honour; it was confirmed also by the hope which Caled had conceived, that upon the death of Osmyn, he should succeed to his post: his apprehensions, likewise, were increased by the gloom which he remarked in the countenance of Osmyn, and which, not knowing

that it arose from fear, he imputed to jealousy and malevolence.

When Almorán, who had now assumed the appearance of Osmyn, had passed the subterranean avenue to the dungeon, in which Hamet was confined, he was met by Caled, of whom he demanded admittance to the prince, and produced his own signet as a testimony that he came with the authority of the king. As it was Caled's interest to secure the favour of Osmyn till an opportunity should offer to cut him off, he received him with every possible mark of respect and reverence; and when he was gone into the dungeon, he commanded a beverage to be prepared for him against he should return, in which such spices were infused as might expel the malignity which in that place might be received with the breath of life, and taking himself the key of the prison, he waited at the door.

When Almorán entered the dungeon, with a lamp which he had received from Caled, he found Hamet sitting upon the ground; his countenance was impressed with the characters of grief, but it retained no marks either of anger or fear. When he looked up and saw the features of Osmyn, he judged that the mutes were behind him, and therefore rose up to prepare himself for death. Almorán beheld his calmness and fortitude with the involuntary praise of admiration, yet persisted in his purpose without remorse. "I am come," said he, "by the command of Almorán, to denounce that fate, the bitterness of which I will enable thee to avoid."—"And what is there," said Hamet, "in my fortunes, that has prompted

thee to the danger of this attempt?"—"The utmost that I can give thee," said Almorán, "I can give thee without danger to myself; but though I have been placed, by the hand of fortune, near the person of the tyrant, yet has my heart in secret been thy friend. If I am the messenger of evil, impute it to him only by whom it is devised. The rack is now preparing to receive thee, and every art of ingenious cruelty will be exhausted to protract and to increase the agonies of death."—"And what," said Hamet, "can thy friendship offer me?"—"I can offer thee," said Almorán, "that which will at once dismiss thee to those regions where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary rest for ever." He then produced the poniard from his bosom, and presenting it to Hamet, "Take this," said he, "and sleep in peace."

Hamet, whose heart was touched with sudden joy at the sight of so unexpected a remedy for every evil, did not immediately reflect that he was not at liberty to apply it; he snatched it in a transport from the hand of Almorán, and expressed his sense of the obligation by clasping him in his arms, and shedding the tears of gratitude in his breast. "Be quick," said Almorán; "this moment I must leave, and in the next perhaps the messengers of destruction may bind thee to the rack."—"I will be quick," said Hamet, "and the sigh that shall last linger upon my lips shall bless thee!" They then bid each other farewell; Almorán retired from the dungeon, and the door was again closed upon Hamet.

Caled, who waited at the door till the supposed

Osmyn should return, presented him with the beverage which he had prepared, of which he recounted the virtues; and Almorán received it with pleasure, and having eagerly drank it off, returned to the palace. As soon as he was alone he resumed his own figure, and sate with a confident and impatient expectation that in a short time a messenger would be dispatched to acquaint him with the death of Hamet.

Hamet, in the mean time, having grasped the dagger in his hand, and raised his arm for the blow—"This," said he, "is my passport to the realms of peace, the immediate and only object of my hope!" But at these words his mind instantly took the alarm. "Let me reflect," said he, "a moment: from what can I derive hope in death?—from that patient and persevering virtue, and from that alone, by which we fulfil the task that is assigned us upon the earth. Is it not our duty to suffer as well as to act? If my own hand consigns me to the grave, what can it do but perpetuate that misery which, by disobedience, I would shun? what can it do, but cut off my life and hope together?" With this reflection he threw his dagger from him, and, stretching himself again upon the ground, resigned himself to the disposal of the Father of man, most merciful and almighty.

Almorán, who had now resolved to send for the intelligence which he longed to hear, was dispatching a messenger to the prison, when he was told that Caled desired admittance to his presence. At the name of Caled, he started up in an extasy of joy, and not doubting but that Hamet was dead,

he ordered him to be instantly admitted. When he came in, Almorán made no enquiry about Hamet, because he would not appear to expect the event, which yet he supposed he had brought about; he, therefore, asked him only upon what business he came. but “I come, my lord,” said he, “to apprise thee of the treachery of Osmyn.”—“I know,” said Almorán, “that Osmyn is a traitor: but of what dost thou accuse him?”—“As I was but now,” said he, “changing the guard that is set upon Hamet, Osmyn came up to the door of the prison, and producing the royal signet, demanded admittance. As the command which I received, when he was delivered to my custody, was absolute that no foot should enter, I doubted whether the token had not been obtained by fraud for some other purpose; yet as he required admittance only, I complied: but that if any treachery had been contrived I might detect it; and that no artifice might be practised to favour an escape, I waited myself at the door, and listening to their discourse, I overheard the treason that I suspected.”—“What then,” said Almorán, “didst thou hear?”—“A part of what was said,” replied Caled, “escaped me; but I heard Osmyn, like a perfidious and presumptuous slave, call Almorán a tyrant; I heard him profess an inviolable friendship for Hamet, and assure him of deliverance. What were the means I know not, but he talked of speed, and supposed that the effect was certain.”

Almorán, though he was still impatient to hear of Hamet, and discovered that if he was dead his death was unknown to Caled, was yet notwith-

standing rejoiced at what he heard ; and as he knew what Caled told him to be true, as the conversation he related had passed between himself and Hamet, he exulted in the pleasing confidence that he had yet a friend : the glooms of suspicion which had involved his mind, were dissipated, and his countenance brightened with complacency and joy. He had delayed to put Osmyn to death, only because he could appoint no man to succeed him of whom his fears did not render him equally suspicious ; but having now found in Caled a friend, whose fidelity had been approved when there had been no intention to try it ; and being impatient to reward his zeal, and to invest his fidelity with that power which would render his services most important, he took a ring from his own finger, and putting it upon that of Caled, “ Take this,” said he, “ as a pledge that to-morrow Osmyn shall lose his head, and that from this moment thou art invested with his power.”

Caled having, in the conversation between Almorán and Hamet, discerned indubitable treachery, which he imputed to Osmyn, whose appearance Almorán had then assumed, eagerly seized the opportunity to destroy him ; he therefore, not trusting to the event of his accusation, had mingled poison in the bowl which he presented to Almorán when he came out from Hamet : this, however, at first he had resolved to conceal.

In consequence of this accusation, he supposed Osmyn would be questioned upon the rack ; he supposed also that the accusation, as it was true, would be confirmed by his confession ; that whatever he should then say to the prejudice of his accuser would be disbelieved ; and that, when

after a few hours the poison should take effect, no inquisition would be made into the death of a criminal, whom the bow-string or the scymitar would otherwise have been employed to destroy. But he now hoped to derive new merit from an act of zeal, which Almorán had approved before it was known, by condemning his rival to die, whose death he had already insured. "May the wishes of my lord," said he, "be always anticipated; and may it be found, that whatever he ordains is already done; may he accept the zeal of his servant whom he has delighted to honour, for before the light of the morning shall return, the eyes of Osmyn shall close in everlasting darkness."

At these words the countenance of Almorán changed, his cheeks became pale, and his lips trembled. "What then," said he, "hast thou done?" Caled, who was terrified and astonished, threw himself upon the ground, and was unable to reply. Almorán, who now, by the utmost effort of his mind, restrained his confusion and his fear that he might learn the truth from Caled, without dissimulation or disguise, raised him from the ground, and repeated his enquiry. "If I have erred," said Caled, "impute it not: when I had detected the treachery of Osmyn, I was transported by my zeal for thee. For proof that he is guilty I appeal now to himself, for he yet lives; but that he might not escape the hand of justice, I mingled in the bowl I gave him the drugs of death."

At these words Almorán, striking his hands together, looked upward in an agony of despair and horror, and fell back upon a sofa that was behind him. Caled, whose astonishment was equal to

his disappointment and his fears, approached him with a trembling though hasty pace; but as he stooped to support him, Almorán suddenly drew his dagger and stabbed him to the heart, and repeated the blow, with reproaches and execrations, till his strength failed him.

In this dreadful moment the Genius once more appeared before him, at the sight of whom he waved his hand, but was unable to speak. “Nothing,” said the Genius, “that has happened to Almorán is hidden from me. Thy peace has been destroyed alike by the defection of Osmyn and by the zeal of Caled: thy life may yet be preserved, but it can be preserved only by a charm which Hamet must apply.” Almorán, who had raised his eyes, and conceived some languid hope, when he heard that he might yet live, cast them again down in despair when he heard that he could receive life only from Hamet. “From Hamet,” said he, “I have already taken the power to save me; I have, by thy counsel, given him the instrument of death, which by thy counsel also I urged him to use: he received it with joy, and he is now doubtless numbered with the dead.”—“Hamet,” said the Genius, “is not dead, but from the fountain of virtue he drinks life and peace. If what I shall propose he refuses to perform, not all the powers of earth, and sea, and air, if they should combine, can give thee life; but if he complies, the death that is now suspended over thee shall fall upon his head, and thy life shall be again delivered to the hand of time.”—“Make haste then,” said Almorán, “and I will here wait the event.”—“The event,” said the Genius, “is not distant; and it is the last experi-

ment which my power can make either upon him or thee. When the star of the night that is now near the horizon shall set, I will be with him."

When Almorán was alone, he reflected that every act of supernatural power which the Genius had enabled him to perform had brought upon him some new calamity, though it always promised him some new advantage. As he would not impute this disappointment to the purposes for which he employed the power that he had received, he indulged a suspicion that it proceeded from the perfidy of the being by whom it was bestowed; in his mind, therefore, he thus reasoned with himself:—"The Genius who has pretended to be the friend of Almorán, has been secretly in confederacy with Hamet: why else do I yet sigh in vain for Almeida, and why else did not Hamet perish when his life was in my power? By his counsel I persuaded Hamet to destroy himself, and in the very act I was betrayed to drink the potion by which I shall be destroyed; I have been led on from misery to misery, by ineffectual expedients and fallacious hopes. In this crisis of my fate, I will not trust with implicit confidence in another; I will be present at the interview of this powerful, but suspected Being with Hamet, and who can tell but that, if I detect a fraud, I may be able to disappoint it: however powerful, he is not omniscient; I may, therefore, be present, unknown and unsuspected even by him, in a form that I can chuse by a thought, to which he cannot be conscious."

CHAP. XIX.

In consequence of this resolution, Almorán, having commanded one of the soldiers of the guard that attended upon Hamet into an inner room of the palace, he ordered him to wait there till his return: then making fast the door, he assumed his figure, and went immediately to the dungeon; where producing his signet, he said he had received orders from the king to remain with the prisoner till the watch expired.

As he entered without speaking, and without a light, Hamet continued stretched upon the ground, with his face towards the earth; and Almorán, having silently retired to a remote corner of the place, waited for the appearance of the Genius.

The dawn of the morning now broke, and in a few minutes the prison shook and the Genius appeared. He was visible by a lambent light that played around him, and Hamet starting from the ground, turned to the vision with reverence and wonder; but as the Omnipotent was ever present to his mind, to whom all beings in all worlds are obedient, and on whom alone he relied for protection, he was neither confused nor afraid. "Hamet!" said the Genius, "the crisis of thy fate is near."—"Who art thou," said Hamet, "and for what purpose art thou come?"—"I am," replied the Genius, "an inhabitant of the world above thee; and to the will of thy brother my powers have been obedient: upon him they have not conferred happiness, but they have brought evil upon thee. It was my voice that forbade thy marriage

with Almeida, and my voice that decreed the throne to Almorán: I gave him the power to assume thy form, and by me the hand of oppression is now heavy upon thee. Yet I have not decreed that he should be happy, nor that thou shouldst be wretched; darkness as yet rests upon my purpose; but my heart in secret is thy friend.”—“If thou art indeed my friend,” said Hamet, “deliver me from this prison, and preserve Hamet for Almeida.”—“Thy deliverance,” said the Genius, “must depend upon thyself. There is a charm, of which the power is great; but it is by thy will only that this power can be exerted.”

The Genius then held out towards him a scroll, on which the seal of seven powers was impressed. “Take,” said he, “this scroll, in which the mysterious name of Orosmales is written. Invoke the spirits that reside westward from the rising of the sun, and northward in the regions of cold and darkness: then stretch out thy hand, and a lamp of sulphur, self-kindled, shall burn before thee. In the fire of this lamp, consume that which I now give thee; and as the smoke, into which it changes, shall mix with the air, a mighty charm shall be formed, which shall defend thee from all mischief: from that instant no poison, however potent, can hurt thee; nor shall any prison confine: in one moment, thou shalt be restored to the throne and to Almeida; and the angel of death shall lay his hand upon thy brother; to whom, if I had confided this last best effort of my power, he would have secured the good to himself, and have transferred the evil to thee.”

Almorán, who in a borrowed form had listened to this address of the Genius to Hamet, was now

confirmed in his suspicions that evil had been ultimately intended against him; and that he had been entangled in the toils of perfidy, while he believed himself to be assisted by the efforts of friendship; he was also convinced, that by the Genius he was not known to be present. Hamet, however, stood still doubtful, and Almorán was kept silent by his fears. "Whoever thou art," said Hamet, "the condition of the advantages which thou hast offered me is such as it is not lawful to fulfil: these horrid rites, and this commerce with unholy powers, are prohibited to mortals in the law of life."—"See thou to that," said the Genius: "good and evil are before thee; that which I now offer thee, I will offer no more."

Hamet, who had not fortitude to give up at once the possibility of securing the advantages that had been offered, and who was seduced by human frailty to deliberate at least upon the choice, stretched out his hand, and receiving the scroll, the Genius instantly disappeared. That which had been proposed as a trial of his virtue, Almorán believed indeed to be an offer of advantage; he had no hope, therefore, but that Hamet would refuse the conditions, and that he should be able to obtain the talisman, and fulfil them himself: he judged that the mind of Hamet was in suspense, and was doubtful to which side it might finally incline; he, therefore, instantly assumed the voice and the person of Omar, that by the influence of his counsel he might be able to turn the scale.

When the change was effected, he called Hamet by his name; and Hamet, who knew the voice,

answered him in a transport of joy and wonder :
“ My friend,” said he, “ my father ! in this dreary solitude, in this hour of trial, thou art welcome to my soul as liberty and life ! Guide me to thee by thy voice ; and tell me, while I hold thee to my bosom, how and wherefore art thou come ! ” —
“ Do not now ask me,” said Almorán ; “ it is enough that I am here, and that I am permitted to warn thee of the precipice on which thou standest. It is enough that I have overheard the specious guile which some evil being has practised upon thee.” — “ Is it then certain,” said Hamet, “ that this being is evil ? ” — “ Is not that being evil,” said Almorán, “ who proposes evil as the condition of good ? ” — “ Shall I then,” said Hamet, “ renounce my liberty and life ? The rack is now ready, and perhaps the next moment its tortures will be inevitable.” — “ Let me ask thee, then,” said Almorán, “ to preserve thy life wilt thou destroy thy soul ? ” — “ O stay ! ” said Hamet : “ let me not be tried too far. Let the strength of him who is Almighty be manifest in my weakness ! ” Hamet then paused a few moments, but he was no longer in doubt ; and Almorán, who disbelieved and despised the arguments by which he intended to persuade him to renounce what, upon the same condition, he was impatient to secure for himself, conceived hopes that he should succeed, and those hopes were instantly confirmed.
“ Take then,” said Hamet, “ this unholy charm, and remove it far from me as the sands of Alai from the trees of Oman ; lest, in some dreadful moment, my virtue may fail me, and thy counsel may be wanting ! ” — “ Give it me then,” said

Almorán; and feeling for the hands of each other, he snatched it from him in an extasy of joy, and instantly resuming his own voice and figure, he cried out, "At length I have prevailed! and life and love, dominion and revenge, are now at once in my hand."

Hamet heard and knew the voice of his brother with astonishment, but it was too late to wish that he had withheld the charm which his virtue would not permit him to use. "Yet a few moments pass," said Almorán, "and thou art nothing." Hamet, who doubted not the power of the talisman, and knew that Almorán had no principles which would restrain him from using it to his destruction, resigned himself to death, with a sacred joy that he had escaped from guilt. Almorán then, with an elation of mind that sparkled in his eyes and glowed in his cheek, stretched out his hand in which he held the scroll, and a lamp of burning sulphur was immediately suspended in the air before him; he held the mysterious writing in the flame, and as it began to burn, the place shook with reiterated thunder, of which every peal was more terrible and loud. Hamet, wrapping his robe round him, cried out, "In the fountain of life, that flows for ever, let my life be mingled! Let me not be as if I had never been, but still conscious of my being, let me still glorify him from whom it is derived, and be still happy in his love!"

Almorán, who was absorbed in the anticipation of his own felicity, heard the thunder without dread, as the proclamation of his triumph. "Let thy hopes," said he, "be thy portion; and the pleasures that I have secured shall be mine!" As

he pronounced these words, he started as at a sudden pang; his eyes became fixed, and his posture immoveable; yet his senses still remained, and he perceived the Genius once more to stand before him. "Almorán," said he, "to the last sounds which thou shalt hear let thine ear be attentive! Of the spirits that rejoice to fulfil the purpose of the Almighty, I am one. To Hamet and to Almorán I have been commissioned from above: I have been appointed to perfect virtue by adversity, and in the folly of her own projects to entangle vice. The charm which could be formed only by guilt, has power only to produce misery: of every good which thou, Almorán, wouldst have secured by disobedience, the opposite evil is thy portion; and of every evil which thou, Hamet, wast by obedience willing to incur, the opposite good is bestowed upon thee. To thee, Hamet, are now given the throne of thy father, and Almeida; and thou Almorán, who, while I speak, art incorporating with the earth, shalt remain through all generations a memorial of the truths which thy life has taught!"

At these words of the Genius, the earth trembled beneath, and above the walls of the prison disappeared: the figure of Almorán, which was hardened into stone, expanded by degrees, and a rock, by which his form and attitude are still rudely expressed, became at once a monument of his punishment and his guilt!

Such are the events recorded by Acmet, the descendant of the Prophet and the preacher of righteousness: for to Acmet, that which passed

in secret was revealed by the angel of Instruction, that the world might know, That to the wicked increase of power is increase of wretchedness, and those who condemn the folly of an attempt to defeat the purpose of a Genius, might no longer hope to elude the appointment of the Most High.

OPSINOUS.

(FROM THE ADVENTURER.)

OF all the expedients that have been found out to alleviate the miseries of life, none is left to despair but complaint; and though complaint, without hope of relief, may be thought rather to encrease than mitigate anguish, as it recollects every circumstance of distress, and embitters the memory of past sufferings by the anticipation of future; yet, like weeping, it is an indulgence of that which it is pain to suppress, and soothes with the hope of pity the wretch who despairs of comfort. Of this number is he who now addresses you: yet the solace of complaint and the hope of pity, are not the only motives that have induced me to communicate the series of events by which I have been led on in an insensible deviation from felicity, and at last plunged in irremediable calamity; I wish that others may escape perdition, and am, therefore, solicitous to

warn them of the path that leads to the precipice from which I have fallen.

I am the only child of a wealthy farmer, who, as he was himself illiterate, was the more zealous to make his son a scholar; imagining that there was in the knowledge of Greek and Latin some secret charm of perpetual influence, which, as I passed through life, would smooth the way before me, establish the happiness of success, and supply new resources to disappointment. But not being able to deny himself the pleasure he found in having me about him, instead of sending me out to a boarding-school, he offered the curate of the parish ten pounds a year and his board to become my tutor.

This gentleman, who was in years, and had lately buried his wife, accepted the employment, but refused the salary; the work of education, he said, would agreeably fill his intervals of leisure, and happily coincide with the duties of his function; but he observed that his curacy, which was thirty pounds a year, and had long subsisted him when he had a family, would make him wealthy now he was a single man, and therefore he insisted to pay for his board: to this my father, with whatever reluctance, was obliged to consent. At the age of six years I began to read my *Accidence* under my preceptor, and at fifteen had gone through the Latin and Greek classics. But the languages were not all that I learned of this gentleman; besides other science of less importance, he taught me the theory of christianity by his precepts, and the practice by his example.

As his temper was calm and steady, the influ-

ence which he had acquired over me was unlimited : he was never capriciously severe, so that I regarded his displeasure not as an effect of his infirmity, but of my own fault ; he discovered so much affection in the pleasure with which he commended, and in the tender concern with which he reprov'd me, that I loved him as a father ; and his devotion, though rational and manly, was yet so habitual and fervent, that I revered him as a saint. I found even my passions controuled by an awe which his presence impressed ; and by a constant attention to his doctrine and his life, I acquired such a sense of my connexion with the invisible world, and such a conviction of the consciousness of Deity to all my thoughts, that every inordinate wish was secretly suppressed, and my conduct regulated by the most scrupulous circumspection.

My father thought he had now taken sufficient care of my education, and therefore began to expect that I should assist in overlooking his servants and managing his farm, in which he intended I should succeed him ; but my preceptor, whose principal view was not my temporal advantage, told him that, as a farmer, great part of my learning would be totally useless ; and that the only way to make me serviceable to mankind, in proportion to the knowledge I had acquired, would be to send me to the university, that at a proper time I might take orders. But my father, besides that he was still unwilling to part with me, had probably many reasons against my entering the world in a cassock : such, however, was the deference which he paid to my tutor, that he had almost implicitly submitted to his determination,

when a relation of my mother's, who was an attorney of great practice in the Temple, came to spend part of the long vacation at our house, in consequence of invitations which had been often repeated during an absence of many years.

My father thought that an opportunity of consulting how to dispose of me, with a man so well acquainted with life, was not to be lost; and perhaps he secretly hoped that my preceptor would give up his opinion as indefensible, if a person of the lawyer's experience should declare against it. My cousin was accordingly made umpire in the debate; and after he had heard the arguments on both sides, he declared against my becoming a farmer: he said, it would be an act of injustice to bury my parts and learning in the obscurity of rural life, because, if produced to the world, they would probably be rewarded with wealth and distinction. My preceptor imagined the question was now finally determined in his favour; and being obliged to visit one of his parishioners that was sick, he gave me a look of congratulation as he went out, and I perceived his cheek glow with a flush of triumph, and his eye sparkle with tears of delight.

But he had no sooner left the room, than my cousin gave the conversation another turn: he told my father, that though he had opposed his making me a farmer, he was not an advocate for my becoming a parson, for that to make a young fellow a parson, without being able to procure him a living, was to make him a beggar: he then made some witty reflections on the old gentleman who was just gone out; "Nobody," he said, "could question his having been put to a bad

trade, who considered his circumstances now he had followed it forty years." And after some other sprightly sallies, which, though they made my father laugh, made me tremble, he clapped him upon the shoulder, "If you have a mind your boy should make a figure in life, old gentleman," says he, "put him clerk to me; my lord chancellor King was no better than the son of a country shopkeeper; and my master gave a person of much greater eminence many a half crown when he was an attorney's clerk in the next chambers to mine. What say you? shall I take him up with me or no?" My father, who had listened to this proposal with great eagerness, as soon as my cousin had done speaking, cried, "A match;" and immediately gave him his hand, in token of his consent. Thus the bargain was struck, and my fate determined before my tutor came back.

It was in vain that he afterwards objected to the character of my new master, and expressed the most dreadful apprehensions at my becoming an attorney's clerk, and entering into the society of wretches who had been represented to him, and perhaps not unjustly, as the most profligate upon earth: they do not, indeed, become worse than others merely as clerks, but as young persons who, with more money to spend in the gratification of appetite, are sooner than others abandoned to their own conduct: for though they are taken from under the protection of a parent, yet being scarce considered as in a state of servitude, they are not sufficiently restrained by the authority of a master.

My father had conceived of my cousin as the

best-natured man in the world; and probably was intoxicated with the romantic hope of living to see me upon the bench at Westminster-hall, or of meeting me on the circuit lolling in my own coach, and attended by a crowd of the inferior instruments of justice. He was not therefore to be moved either by expostulation or intreaty; and I set out with my cousin on horseback, to meet the stage at a town within a few miles, after having taken leave of my father with a tenderness that melted us both; and received from the hoary saint his last instructions and benediction, and at length the parting embrace, which was given with the silent ardour of unutterable wishes, and repeated with tears that could no longer be suppressed or concealed.

When we were seated in the coach, my cousin began to make himself merry with the regret and discontent that he perceived in my countenance at leaving a cowhouse, a hogstye, and two old grey pates, who were contending whether I should be buried in a farm or a college. I, who had never heard either my father or my tutor treated with irreverence, could not conceal my displeasure and resentment; but he still continued to rally my country simplicity with many allusions which I did not then understand, but which greatly delighted the rest of the company. The fourth day brought us to our journey's end, and my master, as soon as we reached his chambers, shook me by the hand, and bid me welcome to the Temple.

He had been some years a widower, and his only child, a daughter, being still at a boarding-school, his family consisted only of a man and

maid-servant and myself: for though he had two hired clerks, yet they lodged and boarded themselves. The horrid lewdness and profaneness of these fellows terrified and disgusted me; nor could I believe that my master's property and interest could be safely intrusted with men, who in every respect appeared to be so destitute of virtue and religion: I, therefore, thought it my duty to apprise him of his danger; and accordingly one day when we were at dinner, I communicated my suspicion, and the reason upon which it was founded. The formal solemnity with which I introduced this conversation, and the air of importance which I gave to my discovery, threw him into a violent fit of laughter, which struck me dumb with confusion and astonishment. As soon as he recovered himself, he told me, that though his clerks might use some expressions that I had not been accustomed to hear, yet he believed them to be very honest; and that he placed more confidence in them than he would in a formal prig, of whom he knew nothing but that he went every morning and evening to prayers, and said grace before and after meat; that as to swearing, they meant no harm; and as he did not doubt but that every young fellow liked a girl, it was better they should joke about it than be hypocritical and sly: not that he would be thought to suspect my integrity, or to blame me for practices which he knew to be merely effects of the bigotry and superstition in which I had been educated, and not the disguises of cunning or the subterfuges of guilt.

I was greatly mortified at my cousin's behaviour on this occasion, and wondered from what cause

it could proceed, and why he should so lightly pass over those vices in others from which he abstained himself; for I had never heard him swear, and as his expressions were not obscene, I imagined his conversation was chaste; in which, however, my ignorance deceived me, and it was not long before I had reason to change my opinion of his character.

There came one morning to enquire for him at his chambers, a lady who had something in her manner which caught my attention, and excited my curiosity: her clothes were fine, but the manner in which they were put on was rather flaunting than elegant; her address was not easy nor polite, but seemed to be a strange mixture of affected state and licentious familiarity; she looked in the glass while she was speaking to me, and without any confusion adjusted her tucker; she seemed rather pleased than disconcerted at being regarded with earnestness, and being told that my cousin was abroad, she asked some trifling questions, and then making a slight curtsy, took up the side of her hoop with a jerk that discovered at least half her leg, and hurried down stairs.

I could not help enquiring of the clerks if they knew this lady, and was greatly confounded when they told me, with an air of secrecy, that she was my cousin's mistress, whom he had kept almost two years in lodgings near Covent-garden. At first I suspected this information; but it was soon confirmed by so many circumstances, that I could no longer doubt of its truth.

As my principles were yet untainted, and the influence of my education was still strong, I re-

garded my cousin's sentiments as impious and detestable; and his example rather struck me with horror, than seduced me to imitation. I flattered myself with hopes of effecting his reformation, and took every opportunity to hint the wickedness of allowed incontinence; for which I was always rallied when he was disposed to be merry, and answered with the contemptuous sneer of self-sufficiency when he was sullen.

Near four years of my clerkship were now expired, and I had never yet entered the lists as a disputant with my cousin: for though I conceived myself to be much his superior in moral and theological learning, and though he often admitted me to familiar conversation, yet I still regarded the subordination of a servant to a master as one of the duties of my station, and preserved it with such exactness, that I never exceeded a question or a hint when we were alone, and was always silent when he had company, though I frequently heard such positions advanced, as made me wonder that no tremendous token of the divine displeasure immediately followed: but coming one night from the tavern, warm with wine, and, as I imagined, flushed with polemic success, he insisted upon my taking one glass with him before he went to bed; and almost as soon as we were seated, he gave me a formal challenge, by denying all divine revelation, and defying me to prove it.

I now considered every distinction as thrown down, and stood forth as the champion of religion, with that elation of mind which the hero always feels at the approach of danger. I thought

myself secure of victory ; and rejoicing that he had now compelled me to do what I had often wished he would permit, I obliged him to declare that he would dispute upon equal terms, and we began the debate. But it was not long before I was astonished to find myself confounded by a man, whom I saw half drunk, and whose learning and abilities I despised when he was sober ; for as I had but very lately discovered that any of the principles of religion, from the immortality of the soul to the deepest mystery, had been so much as questioned, all his objections were new. I was assaulted where I had made no preparation for defence ; and having not been so much accustomed to disputation as to consider, that, in the present weakness of human intellects, it is much easier to object than answer, and that in every disquisition difficulties are found which cannot be resolved, I was overborne by the sudden onset, and in the tumult of my search after answers to his cavils, forgot to press the positive arguments on which religion is established : he took advantage of my confusion, proclaimed his own triumph, and because I was depressed treated me as vanquished.

As the event which had thus mortified my pride was perpetually revolved in my mind, the same mistake still continued : I enquired for solutions instead of proofs, and found myself more and more entangled in the snares of sophistry. In some other conversations, which my cousin was now eager to begin, new difficulties were started, the labyrinth of doubt grew more intricate, and, as the question was of infinite moment, my mind

was brought into the most distressful anxiety. I ruminated incessantly on the subject of our debate, sometimes chiding myself for my doubts, and sometimes applauding the courage and freedom of my inquiry.

While my mind was in this state, I heard by accident that there was a club at an alehouse in the neighbourhood, where such subjects were freely debated, to which every body was admitted without scruple or formality: to this club, in an evil hour, I resolved to go, that I might learn how knotty points were to be discussed, and truth distinguished from error.

Accordingly, on the next club night I mingled with the multitude that was assembled in this school of folly and infidelity: I was at first disgusted at the gross ignorance of some, and shocked at the horrid blasphemy of others; but curiosity prevailed, and my sensibility by degrees wore off. I found that almost every speaker had a different opinion, which some of them supported by arguments, that to me, who was utterly unacquainted with disputation, appeared to hold opposite probabilities in exact equipoise: so that, instead of being confirmed in any principle, I was divested of all; the perplexity of my mind was increased, and I contracted such a habit of questioning whatever offered itself to my imagination, that I almost doubted of my own existence.

In proportion as I was less assured in my principles, I was less circumspect in my conduct: but such was still the force of education, that any gross violence offered to that which I had held sacred, and every act which I had been used to

regard as incurring the forfeiture of the Divine Favour, stung me with remorse. I was indeed still restrained from flagitious immorality, by the power of habit: but this power grew weaker and weaker, and the natural propensity to ill gradually took place; as the motion that is communicated to a ball which is struck up into the air becomes every moment less and less, till at length it recoils by its own weight.

Fear and hope, the great springs of human action, had now lost their principal objects, as I doubted whether the enjoyment of the present moment was not all that I could secure; my power to resist temptation diminished with my dependence upon the grace of God, and regard to the sanction of his law; and I was first seduced by a prostitute, in my return from a declamation on the beauty of virtue, and the strength of the moral sense.

I began now to give myself up entirely to sensuality, and the gratification of appetite terminated my prospects of felicity; that peace of mind, which is the sunshine of the soul, was exchanged for the gloom of doubt, and the storm of passion; and my confidence in God and hope of everlasting joy, for sudden terrors and vain wishes, the loathings of satiety, and the anguish of disappointment.

I was indeed impatient under this fluctuation of opinion, and therefore I applied to a gentleman who was a principal speaker at the club, and deemed a profound philosopher, to assist the labours of my own mind in the investigation of truth, and relieve me from distraction by removing my

doubts: but this gentleman, instead of administering relief, lamented the prejudice of education, which he said hindered me from yielding without reserve to the force of truth, and might perhaps always keep my mind anxious, though my judgment should be convinced. But as the most effectual remedy for this deplorable evil, he recommended to me the works of Chubb, Morgan, and many others, which I procured, and read with great eagerness; and though I was not at last a sound deist, yet I perceived with some pleasure that my stock of polemic knowledge was greatly increased; so that, instead of being an auditor, I commenced a speaker at the club: and though to stand up and babble to a crowd in an alehouse, till silence is commanded by the stroke of a hammer, is as low an ambition as can taint the human mind, yet I was much elevated by my new distinction, and pleased with the deference that was paid to my judgment. I sometimes, indeed, reflected, that I was propagating opinions by which I had myself become vicious and wretched; but it immediately occurred, that though my conduct was changed, it could not be proved that my virtue was less; because many things which I avoided as vicious upon my old principles, were innocent upon my new. I therefore went on in my career, and was perpetually racking my invention for new topics and illustration; and among other expedients, as well to advance my reputation, as to quiet my conscience, and deliver me from the torment of remorse, I thought of the following:

Having learned that all error is innocent, because it is involuntary, I concluded that nothing

more was necessary to quiet the mind than to prove that all vice was error; I therefore formed the following argument: "No man becomes vicious, but from a belief that vice will confer happiness: he may, indeed, have been told the contrary: but implicit faith is not required of reasonable beings; therefore as every man ought to seek happiness, every man may lawfully make the experiment: if he is disappointed, it is plain that he did not intend that which has happened; so that every vice is an error; and therefore no vice will be punished."

I communicated this ingenious contrivance to my friend the philosopher, who, instead of detecting the difference between ignorance and perverseness, or stating the limitations within which we are bound to seek our own happiness, applauded the acuteness of my penetration, and the force of my reasoning. I was impatient to display so novel and important a discovery to the club, and the attention that it drew upon me gratified my ambition to the utmost of my expectation. I had indeed some opponents: but they were so little skilled in argumentation, and so ignorant of the subject, that it only rendered my conquest more signal and important; for the chairman summed up the arguments on both sides, with so exact and scrupulous an impartiality, that as I appeared not to have been confuted, those who could not discover the weakness of my antagonists, thought that to confute me was impossible; my sophistry was taken for demonstration, and the number of proselytes was incredible. The assembly consisted chiefly of clerks and apprentices, young

persons who had received a religious though not a liberal education; for those who were totally ignorant, or wholly abandoned, troubled not themselves with such disputations as were carried on at our club: and these unhappy boys, the impetuosity of whose passions was restrained chiefly by fear, as virtue has not yet become a habit, were glad to have the shackles struck off which they were told priestcraft had put on.

But however I might satisfy others, I was not yet satisfied myself; my torment returned, and new opiates became necessary: they were not indeed easily to be found; but such was my good fortune, that an illiterate mechanic afforded me a most seasonable relief, “by discussing the important question, and demonstrating that the soul was not nor could be immortal.” I was, indeed, disposed to believe without the severest scrutiny, what I now began secretly to wish; for such was the state of my mind, that I was willing to give up the hope of everlasting happiness, to be delivered from the dread of perpetual misery; and as I thought of dying as a remote event, the apprehension of losing my existence with my life did not much interrupt the pleasures of the bagnio and the tavern.

They were, however, interrupted by another cause; for I contracted a distemper, which alarmed and terrified me, in proportion as its progress was swift, and its consequences were dreadful. In this distress I applied to a young surgeon, who was a speaker at the club, and gained a genteel subsistence by keeping it in repair; he treated my complaint as a trifle; and to prevent any serious reflections in this interval of pain and soli-

tude, he rallied the deplorable length of my countenance, and exhorted me to behave like a man.

My pride, rather than my fear, made me very solicitous to conceal this disorder from my cousin; but he soon discovered it rather with pleasure than anger, as it compleated his triumph, and afforded him a new subject of raillery and merriment. By the spiritual and corporeal assistance of my surgeon, I was at length restored to my health, with the same dissolute morals, and a resolution to pursue my pleasures with more caution: instead, therefore, of hiring a prostitute, I now endeavoured to seduce the virgin, and corrupt the wife.

In these attempts my new principles afforded me great assistance: for I found that those whom I could convert, I could easily debauch; and that to convert many, nothing more was necessary than to advance my principles, and allege something in defence of them, by which I appeared to be convinced myself; for not being able to dispute, they thought that the argument which had convinced me, would, if they could understand it, convince them: so that by yielding an implicit assent, they at once paid a compliment to their own judgments, and smoothed the way to the indulgence of appetite.

While I was thus gratifying every inordinate desire, and passing from one degree of guilt to another, my cousin determined to take his daughter, who was now in her nineteenth year, from school; and as he intended to make her mistress of his family, he quitted his chambers, and took a house.

This young lady I had frequently seen, and al-

ways admired; she was therefore no sooner come home, than I endeavoured to recommend myself by a thousand assiduities, and rejoiced in the many opportunities that were afforded me to entertain her alone; and perceived that she was not displeased with my company, nor insensible to my complaisance.

My cousin, though he had seen the effects of his documents of infidelity in the corruption of my morals, yet could not forbear to sneer at religion in the presence of his daughter; a practice in which I now always concurred, as it facilitated the execution of a design that I had formed of rendering her subservient to my pleasures. I might indeed have married her, and perhaps my cousin secretly intended that I should: but I knew women too well to think that marriage would confine my wishes to a single object; and I was utterly averse to a state in which the pleasure of variety must be sacrificed to domestic quiet, or domestic quiet to the pleasure of variety; for I neither imagined that I could long indulge myself in an unlawful familiarity with many women, before it would by some accident be discovered to my wife; nor that she would be so very courteous or philosophical as to suffer this indulgence without expostulation and clamour; and besides, I had no liking to a brood of children, whose wants would soon become importunate, and whose claim to my industry and frugality would be universally acknowledged; though the offspring of a mistress might be abandoned to beggary, without breach of the law, or offence to society.

The young lady, on the contrary, as she perceived that my addresses exceeded common civili-

ties, did not question but that my view was to obtain her for a wife ; and I could discern that she often expected such a declaration, and seemed disappointed that I had not yet proposed an application to her father : but imagining, I suppose, that these circumstances were only delayed till the fittest opportunity, she did not scruple to admit all the freedoms that were consistent with modesty ; and I drew every day nearer to the accomplishment of my design, by insensible approaches, without alarming her fears, or confirming her hopes.

I knew that only two things were necessary ; her passions were to be inflamed, and the motives from which they were to be suppressed, removed. I was therefore perpetually insinuating, that nothing which was natural could be ill ; I complained of the impositions and restraints of priestcraft and superstition : and, as if these hints were casual and accidental, I would immediately afterwards sing a tender song, repeat some seducing verses, or read a novel.

But henceforward, let never insulted beauty admit a second time into her presence the wretch who has once attempted to ridicule religion, and substitute other aids to human frailty, for that “ love of God which is better than life,” and that fear “ which is the beginning of wisdom :” for whoever makes such an attempt, intends to betray ; the contrary conduct being without question the interest of every one whose intentions are good, because even those who profanely deny religion to be of divine origin, do yet acknowledge that it is a political institution well calculated to strengthen the band of society, and to keep out

the ravisher, by intrenching innocence and arming virtue. To oppose these corrupters by argument rather than contempt, is to parley with a murderer, who may be excluded by shutting a door.

My cousin's daughter used frequently to dispute with me, and these disputes always favoured the execution of my project: though, lest I should alarm her too much, I often affected to appear half in jest; and when I ventured to take any liberty, by which the bounds of modesty was somewhat invaded, I suddenly desisted with an air of easy negligence; and as the attempt was not pursued, and nothing further seemed to be intended than was done, it was regarded but as waggery, and punished only with a slap or a frown. Thus she became familiar with infidelity and indecency by degrees.

I once subtilly engaged her in a debate, whether the gratification of natural appetites was in itself innocent; and whether, if so, the want of external ceremony could in any case render it criminal. I insisted that virtue and vice were not influenced by external ceremonies, nor founded upon human laws, which were arbitrary, temporary, and local: and that as a young lady's shutting herself up in a nunnery was still evil, though enjoined by such laws; so the transmitting her beauty to posterity was still good, though under certain circumstances it has by such laws been forbidden. This she affected utterly to deny, and I proposed that the question should be referred to her papa, without informing him of our debate, and that it should be determined by his opinion; a proposal to which she readily agreed. I immediately adverted to

other subjects, as if I had no interest in the issue of our debate ; but I could perceive that it sunk deep into her mind, and that she continued more thoughtful than usual.

I did not however fail to introduce a suitable topic of discourse the next time my cousin was present, and having stated the question in general terms, he gave it in my favour, without suspecting that he was judge in his own cause ; and the next time I was alone with his daughter, without mentioning his decision, I renewed my familiarity, I found her resistance less resolute, pursued my advantage, and compleated her ruin.

Within a few months she perceived that she was with child ; a circumstance that she communicated to me with expressions of the most piercing distress : but instead of consenting to marry her, to which she had often urged me with all the little arts of persuasion that she could practise, I made light of the affair, chid her for being so much alarmed at so trivial an accident, and proposed a medicine which I told her would effectually prevent a discovery of our intercourse, by destroying the effect of it before it could appear. At this proposition she fainted, and when she recovered, opposed it with terror and regret, with tears, trembling and intreaty : but I continued inflexible, and at length either removed or over-ruled her scruples, by the same arguments that had first seduced her to guilt.

The long vacation was now commenced, and my clerkship was just expired : I therefore proposed to my cousin that we should all make a visit to my father, hoping that the fatigue of the

journey would favour my purpose, by increasing the effect of the medicine, and accounting for an indisposition which it might be supposed to cause.

The plan being thus concerted, and my cousin's concurrence being obtained, it was immediately put in execution. I applied to my old friend the club surgeon, to whom I made no secret of such affairs, and he immediately furnished me with medicaments, which he assured me would answer my purpose; but either by a mistake in the preparation, or in the quantity, they produced a disorder, which, soon after the dear injured unhappy girl arrived at her journey's end, terminated in her death.

My confusion and remorse at this event are not to be expressed, but confusion and remorse were suddenly turned into astonishment and terror; for she was scarce dead before I was taken into custody, upon suspicion of murder. Her father had deposed, that just before she died, she desired to speak to him in private; and that then, taking his hand, and intreating his forgiveness, she told him that she was with child by me, and that I had poisoned her, under pretence of preserving her reputation.

Whether she made this declaration, or only confessed the truth, and her father to revenge the injury had forged the rest, cannot now be known; but the coroner having been summoned, and the body viewed, and found to have been pregnant, with many marks of a violent and uncommon disorder, a verdict of wilful murder was brought

in against me, and I was committed to the county gaol.

As the judges were then upon the circuit, I was within less then a fortnight convicted and condemned by the zeal of the jury, whose passions had been so greatly inflamed by the enormity of the crime with which I had been charged, that they were rather willing that I should suffer, being innocent; than that I should escape, being guilty; but it appearing to the judge in the course of the trial that murder was not intended, he reprieved me before he left the town.

I might now have redeemed the time, and, awakened to a sense of my folly and my guilt, might have made some reparation to mankind for the injury which I had done to society; and endeavoured to re-kindle some spark of hope in my own breast, by repentance and devotion. But, alas! in the first transports of my mind, upon so sudden and unexpected a calamity, the fear of death yielded to the fear of infamy, and I swallowed poison: the excess of my desperation hindered its immediate effect; for, as I took too much, great part of it was thrown up, and only such a quantity remained behind as was sufficient to insure my destruction, and yet leave me time to contemplate the horrors of the gulph into which I am sinking.

In this deplorable situation I have been visited by the surgeon who was the immediate instrument of my misfortune, and the philosopher who directed my studies: but these are friends who only rouse me to keener sensibility, and inflict

upon me more exquisite torment. They reproach me with folly, and upbraid me with cowardice; they tell me too, that the fear of death has made me regret the errors of superstition; but what would I now give for those erroneous hopes, and that credulous simplicity, which, though I have been taught to despise them, would sustain me in the tremendous hour that approaches, and avert from my last agony the horrors of despair!

I have indeed a visitor of another kind, the good old man who first taught me to frame a prayer, and first animated me with the hope of heaven; but he can only lament with me that this hope will not return, and that I can pray with confidence no more: he cannot by a sudden miracle re-establish the principles which I have subverted. My mind is all doubt, and terror, and confusion; I know nothing but that I have rendered ineffectual the clemency of my Judge, that the approach of death is swift and inevitable, and that either the shades of everlasting night, or the gleams of unquenchable fire are at hand. My soul in vain shrinks backward! I grow giddy with the thought: the next moment is distraction! Farewel.

OPSINOUS.

AGAMUS.

(FROM THE ADVENTURER.)

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

To indulge that restless impatience, which every man feels to relate incidents by which the passions have been greatly affected, and communicate ideas that have been forcibly impressed, I have given you some account of my life, which, without further apology or introduction, may, perhaps, be favourably received in an *Adventurer*.

My mother died when I was very young ; and my father, who was a naval commander, and had, therefore, no opportunity to superintend my conduct, placed me at a grammar-school, and afterwards removed me to the university. At school the number of boys was so great, that to regulate our morals was impossible ; and at the university even my learning contributed to the dissoluteness of my manners. As I was an only child, my father had always allowed me more money than I knew how to lay out, otherwise than in the gratification of my vices : I had sometimes indeed been restrained by a general sense of right and wrong ; but I now opposed the remonstrances of conscience by the cavils of sophistry ; and having learned of some celebrated philosophers, as well ancient as modern, to prove that nothing is good but pleasure, I became a rake upon principle.

My father died in the same year with Queen Anne, a few months before I came of age, and left me a very considerable fortune in the funds. I immediately quitted the university and came to London, which I considered as the great mart of pleasure; and as I could afford to deal largely, I wisely determined not to endanger my capital. I projected a scheme of life that was most agreeable to my temper, which was rather sedate than volatile, and regulated my expences with the economy of a philosopher. I found that my favourite appetites might be gratified with greater convenience and less scandal, in proportion as my life was more private: instead, therefore, of incumbering myself with a family, I took the first floor of a house which was let into lodgings, hired one servant, and kept a brace of geldings at a livery stable. I constantly frequented the theatres, and found my principles confirmed by almost every piece that was represented, particularly my resolution never to marry. In comedy, indeed, the action terminated in marriage; but it was generally the marriage of a rake, who gave up his liberty with reluctance, as the only expedient to recover a fortune; and the husband and wife of the drama were wretches whose example justified this reluctance, and appeared to be exhibited for no other purpose than to warn mankind, that whatever may be presumed by those whom indigence has made desperate, to marry is to forfeit the quiet, independence, and felicity of life.

In this course I had continued twenty years, without having impaired my constitution, lessened my fortune, or incumbered myself with an

illegitimate offspring; when a girl, about eighteen, just arrived from the country, was hired as a chambermaid by the person who kept the house in which I lodged: the native beauty of health and simplicity in this young creature had such an effect upon my imagination, that I practised every art to debauch her, and at length succeeded.

I found it convenient for her to continue in the house, and, therefore, made no proposal of removing her into lodgings; but after a few months she found herself with child, a discovery which interrupted the indolence of my sensuality, and made me repent my indiscretion: however, as I would not incur my own censure by ingratitude or inhumanity, I provided her a lodging and attendants, and she was at length delivered of a daughter. The child I regarded as a new incumbrance; for though I did not consider myself as under parental or conjugal obligations, yet I could not think myself at liberty wholly to abandon either the mother or the infant. To the mother, indeed, I had still some degree of inclination; though I should have been heartily content never to have seen her again, if I could at once have been freed from any farther trouble about her; but as something was to be done, I was willing to keep her within my reach, at least till she could be subservient to my pleasure no longer: the child, however, I would have sent away; but she intreated me to let her suckle it, with an importunity which I could not resist. After much thinking, I placed her in a little shop in the suburbs, which I furnished, at the expence of about twenty pounds, with chandlery ware, commodities of

which she had some knowledge, as her father was a petty shopkeeper in the country : she reported that her husband had been killed in an engagement at sea, and that his pay, which she had been impowered to receive by his will, had purchased her stock. I now thought I had discharged every obligation, as I had enabled her to subsist, at least as well as she could have done by her labour in the station in which I found her : and as often as I had an inclination to see her, I sent for her to a bagnio.

But these interviews did not produce the pleasure which I expected ; her affection for me was too tender and delicate ; she often wept in spite of all her efforts against it ; and could not forbear telling me stories of her little girl with the fond prolixity of a mother, when I wished to regard her only as a mistress. These incidents at once touched me with compunction, and quenched the appetite which I had intended to gratify ; my visits therefore became less frequent : but she never sent after me when I was absent, nor reproached me, otherwise than with tears of tenderness, when she saw me again.

After the first year I wholly neglected her ; and having heard nothing of her during the winter, I went to spend the summer in the country. When I returned, I was prompted rather by curiosity than desire to make some inquiry after her ; and soon learnt that she had died some months before of the small pox, that the goods had been seized for rent, and the child taken by the parish. At this account, so sudden and unexpected, I was sensibly touched ; and at first conceived a design

to rescue the child from the hands of a parish nurse, and make some little provision for it when it should be grown up: but this was delayed from day to day, such was the supineness of my disposition, till the event was remembered with less and less sensibility; and at length I congratulated myself upon my deliverance from an engagement which I had always considered as resembling in some degree the shackles of matrimony. I resolved to incur the same embarrassment no more, and contented myself with strolling from one prostitute to another, of whom I had seen many generations perish; and the new faces which I once sought among the masks in the pit, I found with less trouble at Cuper's, Vauxhall, Ranelagh, and innumerable other places of public entertainment, which have appeared during the last twenty years of my life.

A few weeks ago I celebrated my sixtieth birthday with some friends at a tavern; and as I was returning to my lodgings, I saw a hackney coach stop at the door of a house which I knew to be of ill repute, though it was private, and of the first class. Just as I came up, a girl stepped out of it, who appeared, by the imperfect glimpse I caught of her as she passed, to be very young, and extremely beautiful. As I was warm with wine, I followed her in without hesitation, and was delighted to find her equally charming upon a nearer view. I detained the coach, and proposed that we should go to Haddock's: she hesitated with some appearance of unwillingness and confusion, but at length consented: she soon became more free, and I was not less pleased with her conver-

sation than her person: I observed that she had a softness and modesty in her manner, which is quickly worn off by habitual prostitution.

We had drank a bottle of French wine, and were preparing to go to bed, when, to my unspeakable confusion and astonishment, I discovered a mark by which I knew her to be my child: for I remembered, that the poor girl, whom I so cruelly seduced and neglected, had once told me with tears in her eyes, that she had imprinted the two letters of my name under her little Nancy's left breast, which, perhaps, would be the only memorial she would ever have of a father. I was instantly struck with a sense of guilt with which I had not been familiar, and, therefore, felt all its force. The poor wretch, whom I was about to hire for the gratification of a brutal appetite, perceived my disorder with surprise and concern: she enquired with an officious solicitude what sudden illness had seized me; she took my hand, pressed it, and looked eagerly in my face, still inquisitive what could be done to relieve me. I remained some time torpid: but was soon roused by the reflection, that I was receiving the caresses of my child, whom I had abandoned to the lowest infamy, to be the slave of drunkenness and lust, and whom I had led to the brink of incest. I suddenly started up; first held her at a distance; then catching her in my arms, strove to speak, but burst into tears. I saw that she was confounded and terrified; and as soon as I could recover my speech, I put an end to her doubts by revealing the secret.

It is impossible to express the effect it had upon her: she stood motionless a few minutes,

then clasped her hands together, and looked up in an agony; which not to have seen is not to conceive. The tears at length started from her eyes; she recollected herself, called me father, threw herself upon her knees, embracing mine, and plunging a new dagger in my heart, by asking my blessing.

We sat up together the remainder of the night, which I spent in listening to a story that I may, perhaps, hereafter communicate; and the next day I took lodgings for her about six miles from town. I visit her every day, with emotions to which my heart has till now been a stranger, and which are every day more frequent and more strong. I propose to retire with her into some remote part of the country, and to atone for the past by the future: but, alas! of the future a few years only can remain, and of the past not a moment can return. What atonement can I make to those, upon whose daughters I have contributed to perpetuate that calamity, from which by miracle I have rescued my own! How can I bear the reflection, that though for my own child I had hitherto expressed less kindness than brutes for their young, yet, perhaps, every other whom I either hired or seduced to prostitution, had been gazed at in the ardour of parental affection till tears have started to the eye; had been caught to the bosom with transport, in the prattling simplicity of infancy; had been watched in sickness with anxiety that suspended sleep; had been fed by the toil of industrious poverty, and reared to maturity with hope and fear. What a monster is he, by whom these fears are verified, and this hope deceived! And yet, so dreadful is the force

of habitual guilt, I sometimes regret the restraint which is come upon me; I wish to sink again into the slumber from which I have been roused, and to repeat the crimes which I abhor. My heart is this moment bursting for utterance: but I want words. Farewel.

AGAMUS.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

As I was informed by your bookseller, upon whom I called a few days ago to make a small purchase for my daughter, that your whole work would be comprized in one hundred and forty papers, I can no longer delay to send you the account of her life, which I gave you some reason to expect when I related my own. This account she gave in that dreadful night, the remembrance of which still freezes me with horror; the night in which I had hired her as a prostitute, and could not have been deterred from incest, but by an event so extraordinary that it was almost miraculous. I have, indeed, frequently attempted to relate a story which I can never forget, but I was always dissatisfied with my own expressions; nor could I ever produce in writing a narrative which appeared equal to the effect that it wrought upon my mind when I heard it. I have, therefore, prevailed upon the dear injured girl to relate it in her own words, which I shall faithfully transcribe.

The first situation that I remember was in a cellar; where, I suppose, I had been placed by the parish officers with a woman who kept a little dairy. My nurse was obliged to be often abroad, and I was then left to the care of a girl, who was

just old enough to lug me about in her arms, and who, like other pretty creatures in office, knew not how to shew her authority but by the abuse of it. Such was my dread of her power and resentment, that I suffered almost whatever she inflicted, without complaint; and when I was scarcely four years old, had learnt so far to surmount the sense of pain, and suppress my passions, that I have been pinched black and blue without wincing, and patiently suffered her to impute to me many trivial mischiefs which her own perverseness, or carelessness had produced.

This situation, however, was not without its advantages; for instead of a crust and small beer, which would probably have been the principal part of my subsistence if I had been placed with a person of the same rank, but of a different employment, I had always plenty of milk; which, though it had been skimmed for cream, was not sour, and which indeed was wholesome food; upon which I throve very fast, and was taken notice of by every body, for the freshness of my looks, and the clearness of my skin.

Almost as soon as I could speak plain, I was sent to the parish school to learn to read; and thought myself as fine in my blue gown and badge, as a court beauty in a birth-night suit. The mistress of the school was the widow of a clergyman, whom I have often heard her mention with tears, though he had been long dead when I first came under her tuition, and left her in such circumstances as made her solicit an employment, of which before she would have dreaded the labour, and scorned the meanness. She had been very genteelly educated, and had acquired a general knowledge of

literature after her marriage; the communication of which enlivened their hours of retirement, and afforded such a subject of conversation, as added to every other enjoyment the pleasures of beneficence and gratitude.

There was something in her manner which won my affection and commanded my reverence. I found her a person very different from my nurse; and I watched her looks with such ardour and attention, that I was sometimes able, young as I was, to anticipate her commands. It was natural that she should love the virtue which she had produced, nor was it incongruous that she should reward it. I perceived with inexpressible delight, that she treated me with peculiar tenderness; and when I was about eight years old, she offered to take my education wholly upon herself, without putting the parish to any farther charge for my maintenance. Her offer was readily accepted, my nurse was discharged, and I was taken home to my mistress, who called me her little maid, a name which I was ambitious to deserve; because she did not, like a tyrant, exact my obedience as a slave, but like a parent invited me to the duty of a child. As our family consisted only of my mistress and myself, except sometimes a char-woman, we were always alone in the intervals of business; and the good matron amused herself by instructing me, not only in reading, writing, and the first rules of arithmetic, but in various kinds of needlework; and, what was yet of more moment, in the principles of virtue and religion, which in her life appeared to be so amiable, that I wanted neither example nor motive. She gave

me also some general notions of the decorum practised among persons of a higher class; and I was thus acquainted, while I was yet a child, and in an obscure station, with some rudiments of good breeding.

Before I was fifteen, I began to assist my benefactress in her employment, and by some plain-work which she had procured me I furnished myself with decent clothes. By an insensible and spontaneous imitation of her manner, I had acquired such a carriage, as gained me more respect in a yard-wide stuff than is often paid by strangers to an upper servant in a rich silk.

Such was now the simplicity and innocence of my life, that I had scarce a wish unsatisfied; and I often reflected upon my own happiness with a sense of gratitude that increased it. But, alas! this felicity was scarce sooner enjoyed than lost: the good matron, who was in the most endearing sense my parent and my friend, was seized with a fever, which in a few days put an end to her life; and left me alone in the world without alliance or protection, overwhelmed with grief and distracted with anxiety. The world, indeed, was before me; but I trembled to enter it alone, I knew no art by which I could subsist myself; and I was unwilling to be condemned to a state of servitude, in which no such art could be learned. I, therefore, applied again to the officers of the parish, who, as a testimony of respect to my patroness, condescended still to consider me as their charge, and with the usual sum bound me apprentice to a mantua-maker; whose business, of which indeed she had but little, was among persons

that were something below the middle class, and who, as I verily believe, had applied to the churchwardens for an apprentice, only that she might silence a number of petty duns, and obtain new credit with the money that is given as a consideration for necessary clothes.

The dwelling of my new mistress was two back rooms in a dirty street near the Seven Dials. She received me, however, with great appearance of kindness; we breakfasted, dined, and supped together; and though I could not but regret the alteration of my condition, yet I comforted myself with reflecting, that in a few years I should be mistress of a trade by which I might become independent, and live in a manner more agreeable to my inclinations. But my indentures were no sooner signed, than I suffered a new change of fortune. The first step my mistress took was to turn away her maid, a poor slave who was covered only with rags and dirt, and whose ill qualities I foolishly thought were the only cause of her ill treatment. I was now compelled to light fires, go of errands, wash linen, and dress victuals; and, in short, to do every kind of household drudgery, and to sit up half the night, that the task of hemming and running seams, which had been assigned me, might be performed.

Though I suffered all this without murmur or complaint, yet I became pensive and melancholy; the tears would often steal silently from my eyes, and my mind was sometimes so abstracted in the contemplation of my own misery, that I did not hear what was said to me. But my sensibility produced resentment instead of pity; my me-

lancholy drew upon me the reproach of sullenness; I was stormed at for spoiling my work with sniveling for I knew not why, and threatened that it should not long be without cause: a menace which was generally executed the moment it was uttered; my arms and neck continually bore the marks of the yard, and I was in every respect treated with the most brutal unkindness.

In the mean time, however, I applied myself to learn the business as my last resource, and the only foundation of my hope. My diligence and assiduity atoned for the want of instruction; and it might have been truly said, that I stole the knowledge which my mistress had engaged to communicate. As I had a taste for dress, I recommended myself to the best customers, and frequently corrected a fault of which they complained, and which my mistress was not able to discover. The countenance and courtesy which this gained, though it encouraged my hope of the future, yet it made the present less tolerable. My tyrant treated me with yet more inhumanity, and my sufferings were so great that I frequently meditated an escape, though I knew not whither to go, and though I foresaw that the moment I became a fugitive I should forfeit all my interest, justify every complaint, and incur a disgrace which I could never obliterate.

I had now groaned under the most cruel oppression something more than four years; the clothes which had been the purchase of my own money I had worn out, and my mistress thought it her interest not to furnish me with any better than would just serve me to go out on her errands,

and follow her with a bundle. But as so much of my time was past, I thought it highly reasonable, and indeed necessary, that I should make a more decent appearance, that I should attend the customers, take their orders and their measure, or at least fit on the work. After much premeditation, and many attempts, I at length surmounted my fears, and in such terms and manner as I thought least likely to give offence, I entreated that I might have such clothes as would answer the purpose, and proposed to work so many hours extraordinary as would produce the money they should cost. But this request, however modest, was answered only with reproaches and insult. "I wanted, forsooth, to be a gentlewoman: yes, I should be equipped to set up for myself. This she might have expected for taking a beggar from the parish; but I should see that she knew how to mortify my pride, and disappoint my cunning." I was at once grieved and angered at this treatment; and I believe, for the first time, expressed myself with some indignation and resentment. My resentment, however, she treated with derision and contempt, as an impotent attempt to throw off her authority; and declaring that she would soon shew me who was mistress, she struck me so violent a blow that I fell from my chair. Whether she was frightened at my fall, or whether she suspected I should alarm the house, she did not repeat her blow, but contented herself with reviling the poverty and wretchedness which she laboured to perpetuate.

I burst into tears of anguish and resentment, and made no reply; but from this moment my

hatred became irreconcilable, and I secretly determined at all events to escape from a slavery, which I accused myself for having already endured too long.

It happened that the next morning I was sent with some work as far as Chelsea: it was about the middle of May. Upon me, who had long toiled in the smoke and darkness of London, and had seen the sun shine only upon a chimney or a wall, the freshness of the air, the verdure of the fields, and the song of the birds, had the power of enchantment. I could not forbear lingering in my walk; and every moment of delay made me less willing to return, not indeed by increasing my enjoyment but my fear: I was tenacious of the present, because I dreaded the future; and increased the evil which I approached at every step, by a vain attempt to retain and possess that which at every step I was leaving behind. I found, that not to look forward with hope, was not to look round with pleasure; and yet I still loitered away the hours which I could not enjoy, and returned in a state of anxious irresolution, still taking the way home, because I knew not where else to go, but still neglecting the speed which alone could make home less dreadful. My torment increased as my walk became shorter; and when I had returned as far as the lower end of the Mall in St. James's Park, I was quite overwhelmed with regret and despair, and sitting down on one of the benches I burst into tears.

As my mind was wholly employed on my own distress, and my apron held up to my eyes, it was some time before I discovered an elderly lady who

had sat down by me. The moment I saw her, such is the force of habit, all thoughts of my own wretchedness gave way to a sense of indecorum; and as she appeared by her dress to be a person in whose company it was presumption in me to sit, I started up in great confusion, and would have left the seat. This, however, she would not suffer; but taking hold of my gown, and gently drawing me back, addressed me with an accent of tenderness, and soothed me with pity before she knew my distress. It was so long since I had heard the voice of kindness, that my heart melted as she spoke with gratitude and joy. I told her all my story; to which she listened with great attention, and often gazed stedfastly in my face. When my narrative was ended, she told me that the manner in which I had related it was alone sufficient to convince her that it was true; that there was an air of simplicity and sincerity about me, which had prejudiced her in my favour as soon as she saw me; and that, therefore, she was determined to take me home; that I should live with her till she had established me in my business, which she could easily do by recommending me to her acquaintance; and that in the mean time she would take care to prevent my mistress from being troublesome.

It is impossible to express the transport that I felt at this unexpected deliverance. I was utterly unacquainted with the artifices of those who are hackneyed in the ways of vice; and the remembrance of the disinterested kindness of my first friend, by whom I had been brought up, came fresh into my mind: I, therefore, indulged the hope of having found such another without scru-

ple; and uttering some incoherent expressions of gratitude, which was too great to be formed into compliment, I accepted the offer, and followed my conductress home. The house was such as I had never entered before; the rooms were spacious, and the furniture elegant. I looked round with wonder; and blushing with a sense of my own meanness, would have followed the servant who opened the door into the kitchen, but her mistress prevented me. She saw my confusion, and encouraging me with a smile, took me up stairs into a kind of dressing-room, where she immediately furnished me with clean shoes and stockings, a cap, handkerchief, ruffles and apron, and a night-gown of genteel Irish stuff, which had not been much worn, though it was spotted and stained in many places: they belonged, she said, to her cousin, a young lady for whom she had undertaken to provide; and insisted upon my putting them on, that I might sit down with her family at dinner; “for,” said she, “I have no acquaintance to whom I could recommend a mantua-maker that I kept in my kitchen.”

I perceived that she watched me with great attention while I was dressing, and seemed to be greatly delighted with the alteration in my appearance when I had done. “I see,” said she, “that you was made for a gentlewoman, and a gentlewoman you shall be, or it shall be your own fault.” I could only court’sy in answer to this compliment; but notwithstanding the appearance of diffidence and modesty in the blush which I felt burn upon my cheek, yet my heart secretly exulted in a proud confidence that it was true. When I came down stairs, I was introduced by my pa-

triness (who had told me that her name was Wellwood) to the young lady her cousin, and three others; to whom, soon after we were seated, she related my story, intermixing much invective against my mistress, and much flattery to me, with neither of which, if the truth be confessed, I was much displeased.

After dinner, as I understood that company was expected, I entreated leave to retire, and was shewed up stairs into a small chamber very neatly furnished, which I was desired to consider as my own. As the company staid till it was very late, I drank tea and supped alone, one of the servants being ordered to attend me.

The next morning, when I came down stairs to breakfast, Mrs. Wellwood presented me with a piece of printed cotton sufficient for a sack and coat, and about twelve yards of slight silk for a night-gown, which, she said, I should make up myself as a specimen of my skill. I attempted to excuse myself from accepting this benefaction, with much hesitation and confusion; but I was commanded with a kind frown, and in a peremptory tone, to be silent. I was told, that when business came in, I should pay all my debts; that in the mean time, I should be solicitous only to set up, and that a change of genteel apparel might be considered as my stock in trade; since without it my business could neither be procured nor transacted.

To work, therefore, I went; my clothes were made and worn; many encomiums were lavished upon my dexterity and my person; and thus I was entangled in the snare that had been laid for me, before I discovered my danger. I had con-

tracted debts which it was impossible I should pay; the power of the law could now be applied to effect the purposes of guilt; and my creditor could urge me to her purpose, both by hope and fear.

I had now been near a month in my new lodging; and great care had hitherto been taken to conceal whatever might shock my modesty, or acquaint me with the danger of my situation. Some incidents, however, notwithstanding this caution, had fallen under my notice, that might well have alarmed me; but as those who are waking from a pleasing dream, shut their eyes against the light, and endeavour to prolong the delusion by slumbering again, I checked my suspicions the moment they rose, as if danger that was not known would not exist; without considering that enquiry alone could confirm the good, and enable me to escape the evil.

The house was often filled with company, which divided into separate rooms; the visits were frequently continued till midnight, and sometimes till morning: I had, however, always desired leave to retire, which had hitherto been permitted, though not without reluctance; but at length I was pressed to make tea, with an importunity that I could not resist. The company was very gay, and some familiarities passed between the gentlemen and ladies, which threw me into confusion and covered me with blushes; yet I was still zealous to impose upon myself, and, therefore, was contented with the supposition that they were liberties allowed among persons of fashion, many of whose polite levities I had heard described and censured by the dear monitor of my

youth, to whom I owed all my virtue and all my knowledge. I could not, however, reflect without solicitude and anxiety, that since the first week of my arrival I had heard no more of my business. I had, indeed, frequently ventured to mention it; and still hoped, that when my patroness had procured me a little set of customers among her friends, I should be permitted to venture into a room of my own; for I could not think of carrying it on where it would degrade my benefactress, of whom it could not without an affront be said, that she let lodgings to a mantua-maker, nor could I without indecorum distribute directions where I was to be found, till I had removed to another house. But whenever I introduced this subject of conversation, I was either rallied for my gravity, or gently reproached with pride, as impatient of obligation. Sometimes I was told with an air of merriment, that my business should be pleasure; and sometimes I was entertained with amorous stories, and excited by licentious and flattered descriptions, to a relish of luxurious idleness and expensive amusements. In short, my suspicions gradually increased; and my fears grew stronger, till my dream was at an end, and I could slumber no more. The terror that seized me, when I could no longer doubt into what hands I had fallen, is not to be expressed, nor, indeed, could it be concealed: the effect which it produced in my aspect and behaviour, afforded the wretch who attempted to seduce me no prospect of success; and as she despaired of exciting me by the love of pleasure to voluntary guilt, she determined to effect her purpose by surprise, and drive me into her toils by desperation.

It was not less my misfortune than reproach, that I did not immediately quit a place in which I knew myself devoted to destruction. This, indeed, Mrs. Wellwood was very assiduous to prevent: the morning after I had discovered her purpose, the talk about my business was renewed; and as soon as we had breakfasted, she took me out with her in a hackney-coach, under pretence of procuring me a lodging; but she had still some plausible objection against all that we saw. Thus she contrived to busy my mind, and keep me with her the greatest part of the day; at three we returned to dinner, and passed the afternoon without company. I drank tea with the family, and in the evening, being uncommonly drowsy, I went to bed near two hours sooner than usual.

To the transactions of this night I was not conscious; but what they had been, the circumstances of the morning left me no room to doubt. I discovered with astonishment, indignation, and despair, which for a time suspended all my faculties, that I had suffered irreparable injury in a state of insensibility; not so much to gratify the wretch by whom I had been abused, as that I might with less scruple admit another, and by reflecting that it was impossible to recover what I had lost, became careless of all that remained. Many artifices were used to soothe me; and when these were found to be ineffectual, attempts were made to intimidate me with menaces. I knew not exactly what passed in the first fury of my distraction, but at length it quite exhausted me. In the evening, being calm through mere languor and debility, and no precaution having been taken to detain me, because I was not thought able to

escape, I found means to steal down stairs, and get into the street without being missed. Wretched as I was, I felt some emotions of joy when I first found myself at liberty ; though it was no better than the liberty of an exile in a desert, where, having escaped from the dungeon and the wheel, he must yet, without a miracle, be destroyed by savages or hunger. It was not long, indeed, before I reflected that I knew no house that would receive me, and that I had no money in my pocket. I had not, however, the least inclination to go back. I sometimes thought of returning to my old mistress, the mantua-maker ; but the moment I began to anticipate the malicious inference she would draw from my absence and appearance, and her triumph in the mournful necessity that urged me to return, I determined rather to suffer any other evil that could befall me.

Thus destitute and forlorn, feeble and dispirited, I continued to creep along till the shops were all shut, and the deserted streets became silent. The busy crowds, which had almost borne me before them, were now dissipated ; and every one was retired home, except a few wretched outcasts like myself, who were either huddled together in a corner, or strolling about not knowing whither they went. It is not easy to conceive the anguish with which I reflected upon my condition ; and, perhaps, it would scarcely have been thought possible that a person, who was not a fugitive from justice, nor an enemy to labour, could be thus destitute even of the little that is essential to life, and in danger of perishing for want in the midst of a populous city, abounding

with accommodations for every rank, from the peer to the beggar. Such, however, was my lot. I found myself compelled by necessity to pass the night in the streets, without hope of passing the next in any other place, or indeed of procuring food to support me till it arrived. I had now fasted the whole day, my languor increased every moment; I was weary and fainting; my face was covered with a cold sweat, and my legs trembled under me: but I did not dare to sit down, or to walk twice along the same street, lest I should have been seized by the watch, or insulted by some voluntary vagabond in the rage or wantonness of drunkenness or lust. I knew not, indeed, well how to vary my walk; but imagined that, upon the whole, I should be more safe in the city than among the brothels in the Strand, or in streets which being less frequented are less carefully watched: for though I scarce ventured to consider the law as my friend, yet I was more afraid of those who should attempt to break the peace, than those who were appointed to keep it. I went forward, therefore, as well as I was able, and passed through St. Paul's church-yard as the clock struck one; but such was my misfortune, that the calamity which I dreaded overtook me in the very place to which I had fled to avoid it. Just as I was crossing at the corner into Cheapside, I was laid hold on by a man not meanly dressed, who would have hurried me down towards the Old Change. I knew not what he said, but I strove to disengage myself from him without making any reply: my struggles, indeed, were weak; and the man still keeping his hold, and

perhaps mistaking the feebleness of my resistance for some inclination to comply, proceeded to indecencies, for which I struck him with the sudden force that was supplied by rage and indignation; but my whole strength was exhausted in the blow, which the brute instantly returned, and repeated till I fell. Instinct is still ready in the defence of life, however wretched, and though the moment before I had wished to die, yet in this distress I spontaneously cried out for help. My voice was heard by a watchman, who immediately ran towards me, and finding me upon the ground, lifted up his lantern, and examined me with an attention which made me reflect with great confusion upon the disorder of my dress, which before had not once occurred to my thoughts: my hair hung loosely about my shoulders, my stays were but half-laced, and the rest of my clothes were carelessly thrown on in the tumult and distraction of mind, which prevented my attending to trivial circumstances when I made my escape from Wellwood's. My general appearance, and the condition in which I was found, convinced the watchman that I was a strolling prostitute; and finding that I was not able to rise without assistance, he also concluded that I was drunk; he, therefore, set down his lantern, and calling his comrade to assist him, they lifted me up. As my voice was faltering, my looks wild, and my whole frame so feeble that I tottered as I stood, the man was confirmed in his first opinion; and seeing my face bloody, and my eyes swelled, he told me with a sneer, that to secure me from farther ill treatment he would provide a lodging for me till the morn-

ing; and accordingly they dragged me between them to the Compter, without any regard to my entreaties or distress.

I passed the night in agonies, upon which even now I shudder to look back; and in the morning I was carried before a magistrate. The watchman gave an account of his having found me very drunk, crying out murder, and breeding a riot in the street at one o'clock in the morning: "I was scarcely yet sober," he said, "as his worship might see, and had been pretty handsomely beaten; but he supposed it was for an unsuccessful attempt to pick a pocket, at which I must have been very dexterous indeed to have succeeded in that condition."

This account, however injurious, was greatly confirmed by my appearance: I was almost covered with kennel dirt, my face was discoloured, my speech was inarticulate, and I was so oppressed with faintness and terror that I could not stand without a support. The magistrate, however, with great kindness, called upon me to make my defence, which I attempted by relating the truth: but the story was told with so much hesitation, and was in itself so wild and improbable, so like the inartificial tales that are hastily formed as an apology for detected guilt, that it could not be believed; and I was told, that except I could support my character by some credible witness, I should be committed to Bridewell.

I was thunderstruck at this menace; and had formed ideas so dreadful of the place to which I was to be sent, that my dungeon at the mantua-maker's became a palace in the comparison; and

to return thither, with whatever disadvantages, was now the utmost object of my hope. I therefore desired that my mistress might be sent for, and flattered myself that she would at least take me out of a house of correction, if it were only for the pleasure of tormenting me herself.

In about two hours the messenger returned, and with him my tyrant, who eyed me with such malicious pleasure, that my hopes failed me the moment I saw her, and I almost repented that she was come. She was, I believe, glad of an opportunity effectually to prevent my obtaining any part of her business, which she had some reason to fear; and therefore told the justice who examined her, that "she had taken me a beggar from the parish four years ago, and taught me her trade; but that I had been always sullen, mischievous, and idle; that it was more than a month since that I had clandestinely left her service, in decent and modest apparel fitting my condition; and that she would leave his worship to judge whether I came honestly by the tawdry rags which I had on my back." This account, however correspondent with my own, served only to confirm those facts which condemned me: it appeared incontestibly that I had deserted my service, and been debauched in a brothel, where I had been furnished with clothes, and continued more than a month. That I had been ignorant of my situation, prostituted without my consent, and at last had escaped to avoid farther injury, appeared to be fictitious circumstances, invented to palliate my offence: the person whom I had accused lived in another county; and it was neces-

sary for the present to bring the matter to a short issue: my mistress, therefore, was asked, whether she would receive me again upon my promise of good behaviour; and upon her peremptory refusal my mittimus was made out, and I was committed to hard labour. The clerk, however, was ordered to take a memorandum of my charge against Wellwood, and I was told that enquiry should be made about her.

After I had been confined about a week, a note was brought me without date or name, in which I was told, "that my malice against those who would have been my benefactors, was disappointed; that if I would return to them my discharge should be procured, and I should still be kindly received; but that if I persisted in my ingratitude it should not be unrevenged." From this note I conjectured that Wellwood had found means to stop an enquiry into her conduct, which she had discovered to have been begun upon my information, and had thus learnt where I was to be found: I therefore returned no answer, but that I was contented with my situation, and prepared to suffer whatever Providence should appoint.

During my confinement I was not treated with great severity; and at the next court, as no particular crime was alledged against me, I was ordered to be discharged. As my character was now irretrievably lost, as I had no friend who would afford me shelter, nor any business to which I could apply, I had no prospect but again to wander about the streets, without lodging and without food. I therefore intreated that the officers of the parish to which I belonged, might be or-

dered to receive me into the workhouse, till they could get me a service, or find me some employment by which my labour would procure me a subsistence. This request, so reasonable, and so uncommon, was much commended, and immediately granted; but as I was going out at the gate with my pass in my hand, I was met by a bailiff, with an emissary of Wellwood's, and arrested for a debt of twenty pounds. As it was no more in my power to procure bail, than to pay the money, I was immediately dragged to Newgate. It was soon known that I had not a farthing in my pocket, and that no money either for fees or accommodations could be expected; I was therefore turned over to a place called the common side, among the most wretched and the most profligate of human beings. In Bridewell, indeed, my associates were wicked; but they were overawed by the presence of their taskmaster, and restrained from licentiousness by perpetual labour: but my ears were now violated every moment by oaths, execrations, and obscenity; the conversation of Mother Wellwood, her inmates, and her guests, was chaste and holy to that of the inhabitants of this place; and in comparison with their life, that to which I had been solicited was innocent. Thus I began insensibly to think of mere incontinence without horror; and, indeed, became less sensible of more complicated enormities, in proportion as they became familiar. My wretchedness, however, was not alleviated, though my virtue became less. I was without friends, and without money; and the misery of confinement in a noisome dungeon, was aggravated by hunger and thirst, and cold and nakedness. In this hour of trial I was

again assailed by the wretch, who had produced it only to facilitate her success. And let not those, before whom the path of virtue has been strewn with flowers, and every thorn removed by prosperity, too severely censure me, to whom it was a barren and a rugged road in which I had long toiled with labour and anguish, if at last, when I was benighted in a storm, I turned at the first light, and hastened to the nearest shelter: let me not be too severely censured, if I now accepted liberty, and ease and plenty, upon the only terms on which they could be obtained. I consented, with whatever reluctance and compunction, to return, and complete my ruin in the place where it was begun. The action of debt was immediately withdrawn, my fees were paid, and I was once more removed to my lodging near Covent Garden. In a short time I recovered my health and beauty; I was again dressed and adorned at the expence of my tyrant, whose power increased in proportion to my debt: the terms of prostitution were prescribed me; and out of the money which was the price not only of my body but my soul, I scarce received more than I could have earned by weeding in a field. The will of my creditor was my law, from which I knew not how to appeal. My slavery was most deplorable, and my employment most odious; for the principles of virtue and religion, which had been implanted in my youth, however they had been choaked by weeds, could never be plucked up by the root; nor did I ever admit a dishonourable visit, but my heart sunk, my lips quivered, and my knees smote each other.

From this dreadful situation I am at length de-

livered. But while I lift up my heart in gratitude to Him, who alone can bring good out of evil, I desire it may be remembered, that my deviation to ill was natural, my recovery almost miraculous. My first step to vice was the desertion of my service; and of this, all my guilt and misery were the consequence. Let none, therefore, quit the post that is assigned them by Providence, or venture out of the straight way; the bye-path, though it may invite them by its verdure, will inevitably lead them to a precipice; nor can it, without folly and presumption, be pronounced of any, that their first deviation from rectitude will produce less evil than mine.

Such, Mr. Adventurer, is the story of my child, and such are her reflections upon it; to which I can only add, that he who abandons his offspring, or corrupts them by his example, perpetrates greater evil than a murderer, in proportion as immortality is of more value than life.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

AGAMUS.

MR. FRIENDLY.

(FROM THE ADVENTURER.)

PERHAPS few undertakings require attention to a greater variety of circumstances, or include more complicated labour, than that of a writer who ad-

dresses the public in a periodical paper, and invites persons of every station, capacity, disposition, and employment, to spend, in reading his lucubrations, some of those golden moments which they set apart from toil and solicitude.

He who writes to assist the student, of whatever class, has a much easier task, and greater probability of success; for the attention of industry is surely more easily fixed than that of idleness: and he who teaches any science or art, by which wealth or honour may be acquired, is more likely to be heard, than he who only solicits a change of amusement, and proposes an experiment which cannot be made without danger of disappointment.

The author who hopes to please the public, or, to use a more fashionable phrase, the town, without gratifying its vices, should not only be able to exhibit familiar objects in a new light, to display truths that are not generally known, and break up new veins in the mines of literature; he must have skill to select such objects as the town is willing to regard, such truths as excite its curiosity, and such knowledge as it is solicitous to acquire.

But the speculative and recluse are apt to forget that the business and the entertainment of others are not the same with their own; and are often surprised and disappointed to perceive, that what they communicate with eagerness and expectation of applause, is heard with too much indifference to be understood, and wearies those whom it was expected to delight and instruct.

Mr. George Friendly, while he was a student at Oxford, became possessed of a large estate by the death of his elder brother: instead, therefore, of

going up to London for preferment, he retired to the family-seat in the country; and as he had acquired the habit of study and a strong relish for literature, he continued to live nearly in the same manner as at college; he kept little company, had no pleasure in the sports of the field, and, being disappointed in his first addresses, would never marry.

His sister, the wife of a gentleman who farmed his own estate, had one son whose name was John. Mr. Friendly directed that John should be put to a reputable school in the country, and promised to take care of his fortune. When the lad was about nineteen, his uncle declared his intention to send him to the university; but first desired to see him, that he might know what proficiency he had made in the languages. John, therefore, set out on a visit to his uncle, and was received with great affection: he was found to have acquired a reasonable knowledge of Latin and Greek; and Mr. Friendly formed a very favourable opinion of his abilities, and determined to reward his diligence, and encourage him to perseverance.

One evening, therefore, he took him up into his study, and after directing him to sit down, "Cousin John," said he, "I have some sentiments to communicate to you, with which I know you will be pleased; for truth, like virtue, is never perceived but with delight." John, whose heart did not give a full assent to the truth of this proposition, found himself in circumstances which, by the mere force of habit, caused him to draw in a long breath through his nose, and at the same time with a grin of exquisite sensibility to scratch his head. "But my observations, cousin," said his uncle,

“ have a necessary connexion with a purpose that I have formed, and with which you shall also be acquainted. Draw your chair a little nearer. The passions, cousin John, as they are naturally productive of all pleasure, should by reasonable beings be also rendered subservient to a higher purpose. The love of variety which is found in every breast, as it produces much pleasure, may also produce much knowledge. One of the principal advantages that are to be derived from wealth, is a power to gratify and improve this passion. The rich are not confined by labour to a particular spot, where the same ideas perpetually recur; they can fill the mind, either by travel or by study, with innumerable images, of which others have no conception. But it must be considered, that the pleasure of travelling does not arise from the sight of a dirty town, or from lodging at an inn; nor from any hedge or cottage that is passed on the road; nor from the confused objects that are half-discovered in the distant prospect; nor from the series of well-built houses in a city, or the busy multitudes that swarm in the streets: but from the rapid succession of these objects to each other, and the number of ideas that are thrown in upon the mind.” Mr. Friendly here paused for John’s reply; and John suddenly recollecting himself, said, “ Very true.” — “ But how,” said Mr. Friendly, “ can this love of variety be directed to the acquisition of knowledge?” Here John wriggled in his seat, and again scratched his head: he was indeed something embarrassed by the question: but the old gentleman quickly put him out of his pain by answering it himself. “ Why, by a judicious choice of the variety that

is to produce our entertainment. If the various doublings of a hare only, or the changes of a game at whist, have afforded the variety of the day, whatever has been the pleasure, improvement has been wanting. But if the different customs, the policy, the trade of nations, the variety of soils, the manner of culture, the disposition of individuals, or the rise or fall of a state, have been impressed upon the mind; besides the pleasure of the review, a power of creating new images is acquired. Fancy can combine the ideas which memory has treasured: and when they have been reviewed and regulated by judgment, some scheme will result, by which commerce may be extended, agriculture improved, immorality restrained, and the prosperity of the state secured: of this, cousin John, you was not wholly ignorant before." John acquiesced with a bow; for though he had been a little bewildered, yet he understood by the tone of voice with which his uncle concluded the last sentence, that such acquiescence was expected.—“Upon this occasion,” continued Mr. Friendly, “I must remark, though it is something foreign to my purpose, that variety has by some philosophers been considered as affording not only the pleasure and improvement, but even the measure of life; for of time in the abstract we have no idea, and can conceive it only by the succession of ideas to each other: thus, if we sleep without dreams, the moment in which we awake appears immediately to succeed that in which we began to slumber.”

A thicker gloom now fell upon John, and his countenance lengthened in proportion to his uncle's lecture, the end of which he perceived was

now become more remote; for these remarks, with respect to John, were not impressed with the signature of truth, nor did they reflect any idea of his own; they were not

“Something whose truth convinc’d at sight we find,
That gives us back the image of our mind.”

POPE’S Essay on Crit.

With respect to John, therefore, they had no characteristic of wit; and if they contained knowledge, it was knowledge which John had no wish to acquire: the old gentleman, however, proceeded thus with great deliberation:

“But though curiosity should be principally directed to useful purposes, yet it should not always be repressed or diverted, when the use is not immediate or apparent: for he who first perceived the magnetic attraction, and applied it to various experiments, probably intended nothing more than amusement; and when the polarity of the needle was discovered, it was not in the pursuit of any project to facilitate navigation. I am, therefore, now about to gratify your curiosity, cousin, with a view of London, and all the variety that it contains.” Here John’s countenance brightened, he roused himself on his seat, and looked eager with attention.

“As you have,” continued his uncle, “applied with great diligence to your grammar learning, I doubt not but you have also read many of our best English authors, especially our immortal Shakspeare; and I am willing that, before you enter upon a course of academic study, you should

see the theatre.” John was going to express his joy, when his uncle increased it by putting into his hand a bank note of fifty pounds. “This,” said he, “under the direction of a gentleman to whom I shall recommend you, will furnish you with proper apparel, bear your expences for a couple of months, and gratify you with all the entertainments of the town.”

John could now bear some part in the conversation: he was much obliged to his uncle, and hoped he should live to make him amends; “for,” says he, “one of our ushers, who was just returned from London before I left school, has made me long to see it: he says there is a man there who dances upon a wire no bigger than a pack-thread; and that there is a collection of all the strange creatures in the world.”

John, who had uttered this with a broad grin, and expressed his delight from head to foot, was somewhat disconcerted when his uncle told him coolly, that though he would not have him leave London without seeing every thing in it that might justly raise curiosity, yet he hoped his notice was not principally attracted by objects which could convey no instruction, inspire no noble sentiment, nor move one tender passion. “I mentioned,” says he, “Shakspeare, that mighty genius, whose sentiments can never be exhausted, and in whom new beauties are discovered at every view. That you may derive yet greater delight and advantage from the representation of his pieces, I will read you some historical and critical notes that I have been making during twenty years, after having read the first edition of his works, and every com-

mentator that has either illustrated or obscured his meaning." The old gentleman then taking out and wiping his spectacles, opened his bureau and produced the manuscripts. "I am now," said he, "about to confer a favour upon you, which I do not yet intend for any other; for as I shall continually enlarge this work, it will not be printed till I am dead." He then began to read, and John sat very silent, regaling himself with the anticipation of his own finery, the dexterity of the wire-dancer; and the variety of the savages that he was to visit in London. The old gentleman, who imagined that he was held motionless with attention, wonder, and delight, proceeded long in his lecture without once adverting to John for his explicit eulogium: but at the end of a favourite passage, which closed with a distich of his own poetry, he ventured to steal his eyes from the paper, and glancing them upon John, perceived that he was fast asleep, with his mouth open and the bank note in his hand.

Friendly, after having gazed upon him a few moments with the utmost astonishment and indignation, snatched away the note: and having roused him with a denunciation of resentment that touched those passions which Shakspeare could not touch, he thrust him out of the room and shut the door upon him: he then locked up his manuscript; and, after having walked many times backward and forward with great haste, he looked at his watch, and perceiving it to be near one in the morning, retired to bed with as little propensity to sleep as he had now left to his nephew.

—

HASSAN.

(FROM THE ADVENTURER.)

OMAR, the hermit of the mountain Aukabab, which rises on the east of Mecca, and overlooks the city, found one evening a man sitting pensive and alone, within a few paces of his cell. Omar regarded him with attention, and perceived that his looks were wild and haggard, and that his body was feeble and emaciated: the man also seemed to gaze stedfastly on Omar; but such was the abstraction of his mind, that his eye did not immediately take cognizance of its object. In the moment of recollection he started as from a dream, he covered his face in confusion, and bowed himself to the ground. “Son of affliction,” said Omar, “who art thou, and what is thy distress?” “My name,” replied the stranger, “is Hassan, and I am a native of this city: the Angel of Adversity has laid his hand upon me; and the wretch whom thine eye compassionates, thou canst not deliver.”—“To deliver thee,” said Omar, “belongs to Him only, from whom we should receive, with humility both good and evil; yet hide not thy life from me; for the burthen which I cannot remove, I may at least enable thee to sustain.” Hassan fixed his eyes upon the ground, and remained some time silent; then fetching a deep sigh, he looked up at the hermit, and thus complied with his request.

It is now six years, since our mighty lord the caliph Almalic, whose memory be blessed, first came privately to worship in the temple of the holy city. The blessings which he petitioned of the prophet, as the prophet's vicegerent, he was diligent to dispense; in the intervals of his devotion, therefore, he went about the city, relieving distress and restraining oppression: the widow smiled under his protection, and the weakness of age and infancy was sustained by his bounty. I, who dreaded no evil but sickness, and expected no good beyond the reward of my labour, was singing at my work, when Almalic entered my dwelling. He looked round with a smile of complacency, perceiving that though it was mean it was neat, and that though I was poor I appeared to be content. As his habit was that of a pilgrim, I hastened to receive him with such hospitality as was in my power; and my cheerfulness was rather increased than restrained by his presence. After he had accepted some coffee, he asked me many questions; and though by my answers I always endeavoured to excite him to mirth, yet I perceived that he grew thoughtful, and eyed me with a placid but fixed attention. I suspected that he had some knowledge of me, and therefore required his country and his name. "Hassan," said he, "I have raised thy curiosity, and it shall be satisfied; he who now talks with thee is Almalic, the sovereign of the faithful, whose seat is the throne of Medina, and whose commission is from above." These words struck me dumb with astonishment, though I had some doubt of their truth: but Almalic, throwing back his garment,

discovered the peculiarity of his vest, and put the royal signet upon his finger. I then started up, and was about to prostrate myself before him; but he prevented me: "Hassan," said he, "forbear; thou art greater than I, and from thee I have at once derived humility and wisdom." I answered, "Mock not thy servant, who is but as a worm before thee: life and death are in thy hand, and happiness and misery are the daughters of thy will."—"Hassan," he replied, "I can no other-wise give life or happiness than by not taking them away: thou art thyself beyond the reach of my bounty, and possessed of felicity which I can neither communicate nor obtain. My influence over others fills my bosom with perpetual solicitude and anxiety; and yet my influence over others extends only to their vices, whether I would reward or punish. By the bow-string I can repress violence and fraud; and by the delegation of power I can transfer the insatiable wishes of avarice and ambition from one object to another; but with respect to virtue I am impotent: if I could reward it, I would reward it in thee. Thou art content, and hast therefore neither avarice nor ambition: to exalt thee, would destroy the simplicity of thy life, and diminish that happiness which I have no power either to increase or to continue." He then rose up, and commanding me not to disclose his secret, departed.

As soon as I recovered from the confusion and astonishment in which the caliph left me, I began to regret that my behaviour had intercepted his bounty; and accused that cheerfulness of folly which was the concomitant of poverty and labour. I now repined at the obscurity of my sta-

tion, which my former insensibility had perpetuated: I neglected my labour, because I despised the reward; I spent the day in idleness, forming romantic projects to recover the advantages which I had lost; and at night, instead of losing myself in that sweet and refreshing sleep, from which I used to rise with new health, cheerfulness, and vigour, I dreamt of splendid habits and a numerous retinue, of gardens, palaces, eunuchs, and women, and waked only to regret the illusions that had vanished. My health was at length impaired by the inquietude of my mind; I sold all my moveables for subsistence: and reserved only a mattress, upon which I sometimes lay from one night to another.

In the first moon of the following year, the caliph came again to Mecca, with the same secrecy, and for the same purposes. He was willing once more to see the man whom he considered as deriving felicity from himself. But he found me, not singing at my work, ruddy with health, and vivid with cheerfulness; but pale and dejected, sitting on the ground, and chewing opium, which contributed to substitute the phantoms of imagination for the realities of greatness. He entered with a kind of joyful impatience in his countenance, which, the moment he beheld me, was changed to a mixture of wonder and pity. I had often wished for another opportunity to address the caliph; yet I was confounded at his presence, and throwing myself at his feet, I laid my hand upon my head, and was speechless. "Hassan," said he, "what canst thou have lost, whose wealth was the labour of thy own hand? and what can have made thee sad, the spring of whose joy was

in thy own bosom? What evil hath befallen thee? speak, and if I can remove it, thou art happy.” I was now encouraged to look up, and I replied, “let my lord forgive the presumption of his servant, who rather than utter a falsehood would be dumb for ever. I am become wretched by the loss of that which I never possessed: thou hast raised wishes which indeed I am not worthy thou shouldst satisfy; but why should it be thought that he who was happy in obscurity and indigence, would not have been rendered more happy by eminence and wealth?”

When I had finished this speech, Almalic stood some moments in suspense, and I continued prostrate before him. “Hassan,” said he, “I perceive, not with indignation but regret, that I mistook thy character; I now discover avarice and ambition in thy heart, which lay torpid only because their objects were too remote to rouse them. I cannot, therefore, invest thee with authority, because I would not subject my people to oppression; and because I would not be compelled to punish thee for crimes which I first enabled thee to commit. But as I have taken from thee that which I cannot restore, I will at least gratify the wishes that I excited, lest thy heart accuse me of injustice, and thou continue still a stranger to thyself. Arise, therefore, and follow me.” I sprung from the ground as it were with the wings of an eagle; I kissed the hem of his garment in an ecstasy of gratitude and joy; and when I went out of my house, my heart leaped as if I had escaped from the den of a lion. I followed Almalic to the Caravansera in which he lodged; and after he

had fulfilled his vows, he took me with him to Medina. He gave me an apartment in the seraglio; I was attended by his own servants, my provisions were sent from his own table, and I received every week a sum from his treasury, which exceeded the most romantic of my expectations. But I soon discovered that no dainty was so tasteful as the food to which labour procured an appetite; no slumbers so sweet, as those which weariness invited; and no time so well enjoyed, as that in which diligence is expecting its reward. I remembered these enjoyments with regret; and while I was sighing in the midst of superfluities, which though they encumbered life, yet I could not give up, they were suddenly taken away.

Almalic, in the midst of the glory of his kingdom, and in the full vigour of his life, expired suddenly in the bath; such, thou knowest, was the destiny which the Almighty had written upon his head.

His son Aububeker, who succeeded to the throne, was incensed against me, by some who regarded me at once with contempt and envy; he suddenly withdrew my pension, and commanded that I should be expelled the palace; a command which my enemies executed with so much rigour, that within twelve hours I found myself in the streets of Medina, indigent and friendless, exposed to hunger and derision, with all the habits of luxury, and all the sensibility of pride. O! let not thy heart despise me, thou whom experience has not taught, that it is misery to lose that which it is not happiness to possess. O! that for me, this lesson had not been written on the tablets of Providence! I have travelled from Medina

to Mecca; but I cannot fly from myself. How different are the states in which I have been placed! The remembrance of both is bitter; for the pleasure of neither can return. Hassan, having thus ended his story, smote his hands together, and looking upward, burst into tears.

Omar, having waited till this agony was past, went to him, and taking him by the hand, "My son," said he, "more is yet in thy power than Almalic could give, or Aububeker take away. The lesson of thy life the Prophet has in mercy appointed me to explain.

"Thou wast once content with poverty and labour, only because they were become habitual, and ease and affluence were placed beyond thy hope; for when ease and affluence approached thee, thou wast content with poverty and labour no more. That which then became the object was also the bound of thy hope; and he, whose utmost hope is disappointed, must inevitably be wretched. If thy supreme desire had been the delights of Paradise, and thou hadst believed that by the tenor of thy life these delights had been secured, as more could not have been given thee, thou wouldst not have regretted that less was not offered. The content which was once enjoyed was but the lethargy of the soul; and the distress which is now suffered, will but quicken it to action. Depart, therefore, and be thankful for all things: put thy trust in Him, who alone can gratify the wish of reason, and satisfy the soul with good: fix thy hope upon that portion, in comparison of which the world is as the drop of the bucket, and the dust of the balance. Return, my son, to thy labour; thy food shall be again

tasteful, and thy rest shall be sweet: to thy content also will be added stability, when it depends not upon that which is possessed upon earth, but upon that which is expected in heaven."

Hassan, upon whose mind the Angel of Instruction impressed the counsel of Omâr, hastened to prostrate himself in the temple of the Prophet. Peace dawned upon his mind like the radiance of the morning: he returned to his labour with cheerfulness; his devotion became fervent and habitual; and the latter days of Hassan were happier than the first.

CARAZAN.

(FROM THE ADVENTURER.)

CARAZAN, the merchant of Bagdat, was eminent throughout all the East for his avarice and his wealth: his origin was obscure, as that of the spark which by the collision of steel and adamant is struck out of darkness; and the patient labour of persevering diligence alone had made him rich. It was remembered, that when he was indigent he was thought to be generous; and he was still acknowledged to be inexorably just. But whether in his dealings with men he discovered a perfidy which tempted him to put his trust in gold, or whether in proportion as he accumulated wealth he discovered his own importance to increase,

Carazan prized it more as he used it less ; he gradually lost the inclination to do good, as he acquired the power ; and as the hand of time scattered snow upon his head, the freezing influence extended to his bosom.

But though the door of Carazan was never opened by hospitality, nor his hand by compassion, yet fear led him constantly to the mosque at the stated hours of prayer ; he performed all the rites of devotion with the most scrupulous punctuality, and had thrice paid his vows at the temple of the Prophet. That devotion which arises from the love of God, and necessarily includes the love of man, as it connects gratitude with beneficence, and exalts that which was moral to divine, confers new dignity upon goodness, and is the object not only of affection but reverence. On the contrary, the devotion of the selfish, whether it be thought to avert the punishment which every one wishes to be inflicted, or to insure it by the complication of hypocrisy with guilt, never fails to excite indignation and abhorrence. Carazan, therefore, when he had locked his door, and turning round with a look of circumspective suspicion proceeded to the mosque, was followed by every eye with silent malignity ; the poor suspended their supplication when he passed by ; and though he was known by every man, no man saluted him.

Such had long been the life of Carazan, and such was the character which he had acquired, when notice was given by proclamation, that he was removed to a magnificent building in the centre of the city, that his table should be spread for

the public, and that the stranger should be welcome to his bed: the multitude soon rushed like a torrent to his door, where they beheld him distributing bread to the hungry and apparel to the naked, his eye softened with compassion, and his cheek glowing with delight. Every one gazed with astonishment at the prodigy; and the murmur of innumerable voices increasing like the sound of approaching thunder, Carazan beckoned with his hand; attention suspended the tumult in a moment, and he thus gratified the curiosity which had procured him audience.

To Him who touches the mountains and they smoke, the Almighty and the Most Merciful, be everlasting honour! he has ordained sleep to be the minister of instruction, and his visions have reproved me in the night. As I was sitting alone in my haram, with my lamp burning before me, computing the product of my merchandize, and exulting in the increase of my wealth, I fell into a deep sleep, and the hand of Him who dwells in the third heaven was upon me. I beheld the Angel of Death coming forward like a whirlwind, and he smote me before I could deprecate the blow. At the same moment I felt myself lifted from the ground, and transported with astonishing rapidity through the regions of the air. The earth was contracted to an atom beneath, and the stars glowed round me with a lustre that obscured the sun. The gate of Paradise was now in sight, and I was intercepted by a sudden brightness which no human eye could behold: the irrevocable sentence was now to be pronounced; my day of probation was past, and from the evil of my

life nothing could be taken away, nor could any thing be added to the good. When I reflected that my lot for eternity was cast, which not all the powers of nature could reverse, my confidence totally forsook me; and while I stood trembling and silent, covered with confusion and chilled with horror, I was thus addressed by the radiance that flamed before me.

Carazan, thy worship has not been accepted, because it was not prompted by love of God; neither can thy righteousness be rewarded, because it was not produced by love of man: for thy own sake only hast thou rendered to every man his due; and thou hast approached the Almighty only for thyself. Thou hast not looked up with gratitude, nor round thee with kindness. Around thee thou hast, indeed, beheld vice and folly; but if vice and folly could justify thy parsimony, would they not condemn the bounty of Heaven? If not upon the foolish and the vicious, where shall the sun diffuse his light, or the clouds distil their dew? Where shall the lips of the spring breathe fragrance, or the hand of autumn diffuse plenty? Remember, Carazan, that thou hast shut compassion from thine heart, and grasped thy treasures with a hand of iron; thou hast lived for thyself, and therefore henceforth for ever thou shalt subsist alone. From the light of heaven, and from the society of all beings, shalt thou be driven; solitude shall protract the lingering hours of eternity, and darkness aggravate the horrors of despair." At this moment I was driven by some secret and irresistible power through the glowing system of creation, and passed innumerable worlds.

in a moment. As I approached the verge of nature, I perceived the shadows of total and boundless vacuity deepen before me; a dreadful region of eternal silence, solitude, and darkness! Unutterable horror seized me at the prospect, and this exclamation burst from me with all the vehemence of desire: "O! that I had been doomed for ever to the common receptacle of impenitence and guilt! there society would have alleviated the torment of despair, and the rage of fire could not have excluded the comfort of light. Or if I had been condemned to reside in a comet, that would return but once in a thousand years to the regions of light and life; the hope of these periods, however distant, would cheer men in the dread interval of cold and darkness, and the vicissitude would divide eternity into time." While this thought passed over my mind, I lost sight of the remotest star, and the last glimmering of light was quenched in utter darkness. The agonies of despair every moment increased, as every moment augmented my distance from the last habitable world. I reflected with intolerable anguish, that when ten thousand thousand years had carried me beyond the reach of all but that Power who fills infinitude, I should still look forward into an immense abyss of darkness, through which I should still drive without succour and without society, farther and farther still, for ever and for ever. I then stretched out my hand towards the regions of existence, with an emotion that awaked me. Thus have I been taught to estimate society, like every other blessing, by its loss. My heart is warmed to liberality; and I am zealous to communicate

the happiness which I feel, to those from whom it is derived; for the society of one wretch, whom in the pride of prosperity I would have spurned from my door, would, in the dreadful solitude to which I was condemned, have been more highly prized than the gold of Afric, or the gems of Golconda.

At this reflection upon his dream, Carazan became suddenly silent, and looked upward in ecstacy of gratitude and devotion. The multitude were struck at once with the precept and example; and the caliph, to whom the event was related, that he might be liberal beyond the power of gold, commanded it to be recorded to the benefit of posterity.

SOME ACCOUNT OF

THE ADMIRABLE CRIGHTON.

(FROM THE ADVENTURER.)

I HAVE sometimes heard it disputed in conversation, whether it be more laudable or desirable that a man should think too highly or too meanly of himself: it is on all hands agreed to be best, that he should think rightly: but since a fallible being will always make some deviations from exact

rectitude, it is not wholly useless to enquire towards which side it is safer to decline.

The prejudices of mankind seem to favour him who errs by under-rating his own powers ; he is considered as a modest and harmless member of society, not likely to break the peace by competition, to endeavour after such splendour of reputation as may dim the lustre of others, or to interrupt any in the enjoyment of themselves ; he is no man's rival, and therefore may be every man's friend.

The opinion which a man entertains of himself ought to be distinguished, in order to an accurate discussion of this question, as it relates to persons or to things. To think highly of ourselves in comparison with others, to assume by our own authority that precedence which none is willing to grant, must be always invidious and offensive ; but to rate our powers high in proportion to things, and imagine ourselves equal to great undertakings, while we leave others in possession of the same abilities, cannot with equal justice provoke censure.

It must be confessed, that self-love may dispose us to decide too hastily in our own favour : but who is hurt by the mistake ? If we are incited by this vain opinion to attempt more than we can perform, ours is the labour, and ours is the disgrace.

But he that dares to think well of himself, will not always prove to be mistaken ; and the good effects of his confidence will then appear in great attempts and great performances : if he should not fully complete his design, he will at least ad-

ditioned upon the success of his efforts.

vance it so far as to leave an easier task for him that succeeds him; and even though he should wholly fail, he will fail with honour.

But from the opposite error, from torpid despondency can come no advantage; it is the frost of the soul, which binds up all its powers, and congeals life in perpetual sterility. He that has no hopes of success, will make no attempts; and where nothing is attempted, nothing can be done.

Every man should, therefore, endeavour to maintain in himself a favourable opinion of the powers of the human mind; which are, perhaps, in every man greater than they appear, and might, by diligent cultivation, be exalted to a degree beyond what their possessor presumes to believe. There is scarce any man but has found himself able, at the instigation of necessity, to do what in a state of leisure and deliberation he would have concluded impossible; and some of our species have signalized themselves by such achievements, as prove that there are few things above human hope.

It has been the policy of all nations to preserve, by some public monuments, the memory of those who have served their country by great exploits; there is the same reason for continuing or reviving the names of those whose extensive abilities have dignified humanity. An honest emulation may be alike excited; and the philosopher's curiosity may be inflamed by a catalogue of the works of Boyle or Bacon, as Themistocles was kept awake by the trophies of Miltiades.

Among the favourites of nature that have from time to time appeared in the world, enriched with

various endowments and contrarieties of excellence, none seems to have been more exalted above the common rate of humanity, than the man known about two centuries ago by the appellation of the Admirable Crichton: of whose history, whatever we may suppress as surpassing credibility, yet we shall, upon incontestible authority, relate enough to rank him among prodigies.

“Virtue,” says Virgil, “is better accepted, when it comes in a pleasing form:” the person of Crichton was eminently beautiful; but his beauty was consistent with such activity and strength, that in fencing he would spring at one bound the length of twenty feet upon his antagonist; and he used the sword in either hand with such force and dexterity, that scarce any one had courage to engage him.

Having studied at St. Andrew’s in Scotland, he went to Paris in his twenty-first year, and affixed on the gate of the college of Navarre a kind of challenge to the learned of that university to dispute with him on a certain day; offering to his opponents, whoever they should be, the choice of ten languages, and of all the faculties and sciences. On the day appointed, three thousand auditors assembled, when four doctors of the church and fifty masters appeared against him; and one of his antagonists confesses that the doctors were defeated, that he gave proofs of knowledge above the reach of man, and that a hundred years passed without food or sleep would not be sufficient for the attainment of his learning. After a disputation of nine hours he was presented by the president and professors with a diamond

and a purse of gold, and dismissed with repeated acclamations.

From Paris he went away to Rome, where he made the same challenge, and had in the presence of the pope and cardinals the same success. Afterwards he contracted at Venice an acquaintance with Aldus Manutius, by whom he was introduced to the learned of that city; then visited Padua, where he engaged in another public disputation, beginning his performance with an extemporal poem in praise of the city and the assembly then present, and concluding with an oration equally unpremeditated in commendation of ignorance.

He afterwards published another challenge, in which he declared himself ready to detect the errors of Aristotle and all his commentators, either in the common forms of logic, or in any which his antagonists should propose of a hundred different kinds of verse.

These acquisitions of learning, however stupendous, were not gained at the expence of any pleasure which youth generally indulges, or by the omission of any accomplishment in which it becomes a gentleman to excel: he practised in great perfection the arts of drawing and painting; he was an eminent performer in both vocal and instrumental music; he danced with uncommon gracefulness; and on the day after his disputation at Paris exhibited his skill in horsemanship before the court of France, where, at a public match of tilting, he bore away the ring upon his lance fifteen times together.

He excelled likewise in domestic games of less dignity and reputation; and in the interval

between his challenge and disputation at Paris, he spent so much of his time at cards, dice, and tennis, that a lampoon was fixed upon the gate of the Sorbonne, directing those that would see this monster of erudition, to look for him at the tavern.

So extensive was his acquaintance with life and manners, that in an Italian comedy, composed by himself, and exhibited before the court of Mantua, he is said to have personated fifteen different characters; in all which he might succeed without great difficulty, since he had such power of retention, that once hearing an oration of an hour, he would repeat it exactly, and in the recital follow the speaker through all his variety of tone and gesticulation.

Nor was his skill in arms less than in learning, or his courage inferior to his skill: there was a prize-fighter at Mantua, who, travelling about the world, according to the barbarous custom of that age, as a general challenger, had defeated the most celebrated masters in many parts of Europe; and in Mantua, where he then resided, had killed three that appeared against him. The duke repented that he had granted him his protection; when Crighton, looking on his sanguinary success with indignation, offered to stake fifteen hundred pistoles, and mount the stage against him. The duke, with some reluctance, consented, and on the day fixed the combatants appeared: their weapon seems to have been single rapier, which was then newly introduced in Italy. The prize-fighter advanced with great violence and fierceness, and Crighton contented himself calmly to ward his passes, and suffered him to ex-

haust his vigour by his own fury. Crighton then became the assailant, and pressed upon him with such force and agility, that he thrust him thrice through the body, and saw him expire: he then divided the prize he had won among the widows whose husbands had been killed.

The death of this wonderful man I should be willing to conceal, did I not know that every reader will enquire curiously after that fatal hour, which is common to all human beings, however distinguished from each other by nature or by fortune.

The Duke of Mantua having received so many proofs of his various merit, made him tutor to his son Vincentio di Gonzaga, a prince of loose manners and turbulent disposition. On this occasion it was that he composed the comedy in which he exhibited so many different characters with exact propriety. But his honour was of short continuance; for as he was one night, in the time of the carnival, rambling about the streets with his guitar in his hand, he was attacked by six men masked. Neither his courage nor his skill in this exigence deserted him; he opposed them with such activity and spirit, that he soon dispersed them and disarmed their leader, who, throwing off his mask, discovered himself to be the prince his pupil. Crighton falling on his knees, took his own sword by the point, and presented it to the prince; who immediately seized it, and instigated, as some say, by jealousy, according to others, only by drunken fury and brutal resentment, thrust him through the heart.

Thus was the Admirable Crighton brought into

that state, in which he could excel the meanest of mankind only by a few empty honours paid to his memory. The court of Mantua testified their esteem by a public mourning, the contemporary wits were profuse of their encomiums, and the palaces of Italy were adorned with pictures, representing him on horseback, with a lance in one hand and a book in the other.

STERNE.

CRITICAL ESSAY ON HIS WRITINGS AND GENIUS.

It has fallen to the lot of few writers to attract the applause and censure of the world so largely as STERNE. With the most unequivocal evidences of genius, he mingled in his works so much wit and vulgarity, so much piety and profaneness, so much sentiment and licentiousness, that while the gay and frivolous were inevitably much delighted, the graver classes of society regarded his productions at once with disgust and apprehension. The grand object, however, of his writings, in a moral point of view, appears to have been to put men in good humour with one another, and dispose them not only to those important services which the distresses of life frequently call for in the case of considerable numbers, but to those minute attentions which may be imparted by all in any circumstances, and go far even with the most fortunate individuals, towards supplying that mass of pleasing sensation and reflection for which alone life is desirable. The frank, undisguised, unsuspecting character, is every where in the

productions of STERNE exhibited with the charms which naturally attach to it, as conciliating affection, and procuring and bestowing happiness. Its accessibility to imposture is regarded as an inconvenience well compensated by its freedom from the irritation of perpetual distrust; and the smiles occasioned by its simplicity are also an attestation to its inoffensiveness. Yet impulse or sentiment may perhaps be too highly and exclusively extolled. How far it may be permitted to supersede calculation, is still to be determined. Even were there no other feelings among mankind than those of humanity and kindness, the uncontrouled yielding to sentiment amidst all the varieties of intercommunication, may easily be conceived capable of introducing great inconvenience, as well as eccentricity; and if the best feelings be not regulated by discretion; if advertence to tendencies and consequences be not mixed with the effusions of nature, a thousand cases may be imagined of embarrassing mistakes and injurious, though most benevolent sincerity. As these would occur, even were all mankind to possess the artlessness of innocence, how much more requisite will appear a certain degree of restraint and caution in social intercourse, when it is considered that this age of infantine purity has never existed but in the dreams of enthusiasts, and that hitherto there has always

existed a certain proportion of mankind, whose object it has been to impose upon the credulous, and defraud the unwary. For the successful conduct of life in such circumstances, some degree of circumspection and reserve is indispensably necessary. Without this, a man would find himself committed in friendship with the practised hypocrite of plausible and insinuating address, and after anticipating from this union all the soothing of consolation under distress, and all the rapture of joy doubled by diffusion, would awake with the most bitter surprise, and find, to his most acute mortification, that he had taken a viper to his bosom. In the deposit of fortune, as well as the affections, it would be equally absurd to give way to the first favourable feelings. The language of high honour and fastidious probity is current with all classes of society, and can be assumed in all its fascination by those, to whose hearts rectitude and dignity are perfect strangers. But with what facility would the untutored child of feeling listen to the high swelling sentiments uttered by the designing projector? How little would he conceive that expressions, so fitted to excite confidence, could proceed from any whose conduct was such as most effectually to blast it? And how readily would he rush into the snare in which artifice would be ever ready to involve him? It would seem a

forlorn hope; therefore, that grown children, or in other words the mere creatures of sentiment, could, in a world like the present, be either happy or secure. Their peace, their property, their dearest hopes and most amiable affections, would be constantly exposed to depredation: their bloom of innocence would only tempt to fasten on them the canker worm of guilt.

Far be it, however, that while stating the necessity of just and comprehensive views, of adverting to characters and consequences, we should encourage that spirit of eternal jealousy and dark distrust which some appear to have thought the only effectual passports through life. Those who are perpetually on the watch, necessarily and incessantly experiencing some degree of apprehension, must of course possess a state of mind perfectly remote from rapture or tranquillity. He who boasts that he never was imposed upon, may be compared to those warriors who, to guard against the weapons of their enemies, have perpetually lacerated and galled themselves under the weight of armour: or, like the envenomed insect secluded in its corner, if they have preserved their web of life uninjured by intrusion, it has been by solitary and distressing vigilance, and by converting their own minds into the constant laboratory and receptacle of that poison, which has

sometimes fatally overflowed upon an enemy. Not to have been occasionally the victim of deceit, is perhaps little better, if not for the character at least for the happiness of the individual, than to have been always a knave. His mind must have been a storehouse for all the forms and means of villany; he must have familiarised himself with all the instruments and combinations of duplicity and violence; with all the atrocities of desperation; with all the subtleties of intrigue; with all the modes of art and force which are practised on the strong and the defenceless. In these chambers of imagery he must have held his court: in this armoury of guilt he must have appropriated the means of crime to its various objects. Here he must have chosen and rejected the instruments of his supposed adversaries, as they might appear applicable or unfit for their respective purposes; advancing at length by unceasing examination and comparison to an accuracy of estimate, which might almost put to the blush the veteran practitioner, for his ignorance in the tools of his regular occupation. Even if it be admitted, that by thus habituating itself to contemplate and discriminate the modes and implements of vice, the mind should contract no temptation to employ them, as it certainly acquires skill for the direction of them, at least that state of feeling

may be expected to be incurred which is unfavourable both to cheerfulness and benevolence, by which affection is chilled and misanthropy cherished; and in which dexterity in the detection of guilt is experienced to be a wretched compensation for all the hauntings of suspicion and all the restlessness of apprehension.

The wisdom of the serpent has, from high authority, been recommended to be combined, in intercourse with the world, with the inoffensiveness of the dove. It is the character of a Roman Emperor, as given by an elegant and profound historian, that his excellent understanding was frequently deceived by the unsuspecting goodness of his heart. A better description of the balance desirable between the mind and the affections, of the weight which feeling and calculation should possess respectively over the man, is not to be found in the whole compass of history or eloquence. The vagaries of impulse, and the anxieties of perpetual suspicions, are equally precluded. The general habit of discrimination prevents the misapplication of feeling, and the predisposition to kindness cuts off minute doubts and sordid apprehensions. After all, however, there is something so amiable in the character of thoughtless unapprehensive kindness, of that straight-forward benevolence, which thinks, speaks,

and besides the means already mentioned he

and acts, as it were, simultaneously, and there is so little danger of its being cherished to excess, that an author, whose representations on this topic are somewhat overwrought, may well be considered as chargeable, in this instance, with no gross and unpardonable error. It is inexpressibly more difficult to bring men back from artifice and design to the due point of liberal and enlightened character, than to advance them to it from uninformed simplicity. It is easy to convert credulity into caution; but a mind sunk in suspicion can with extreme difficulty, if ever, be recovered to breathe the free atmosphere of general kindness.

Thus much will be thought abundantly sufficient with regard to those beings of sentiment, into which, from various passages and representations, it might appear the wish, if not the object of STERNE to convert all mankind; an object both undesirable and impracticable; but in the pursuit of which the value of honest and ardent feeling is made completely apparent, and the superiority of the ingenuous over the designing, both in respectability and happiness, fully displayed. With respect to the general end, he appears to have had in view, by his writings, that of exciting good humour among the various individuals of our species, and putting to flight misanthropy, spleen, and the whole tribe of selfish and corroding passions; besides the means already mentioned, he

has also had recourse to that principle which was bestowed by nature for the same precise purpose, and is admirably calculated for its attainment. This principle is no other than that sexual sympathy by which, at a certain period of existence, all individuals find themselves peculiarly incompetent for their own happiness, and, endeavouring to strengthen their solitary weakness by mutual association, throw out the tendrils of affection and confidence. By these the foliage of human society is compacted and interwoven: on this grand principle all who have explored the beauty and order of the moral world to their foundation, have rested, as the chief basis of human civilization; and the poetical descriptions of a golden age, of pastoral loves, and Arcadian harmony, are only embellishments of those facts which are supplied by the actual history of man. In adverting to this principle, however, the moralist will employ the utmost circumspection to prevent feelings, which constitute a perpetual fountain of domestic sweets and general charity, from becoming the source of pollution and licentiousness. So easily and frequently does this perversion occur, that too much caution cannot be exercised for preventing what was intended to refine and elevate mankind from sinking into brutal indulgence and excess. Love will, therefore, by the judicious writer, be treated more as a sentiment than an appetite; and

instead of coarsely drawing aside the veil of the sanctuary, and exposing its mysteries to profanation, he will employ that delicate yet animating reserve, and that shadowy yet impressive imagery which promote at once the ardour and purity of the worshipper. To drive away spleen it is by no means necessary to introduce licentiousness, and with a view to produce the cordiality and kindness of social intercourse, it is surely a most paradoxical and anomalous mode to cherish that spirit of gross voluptuousness, by which modesty is either offended or impaired, and by which selfish gratification, at whatever expence, becomes as much and as grossly the object of pursuit, as before the invitations of nature to sexual association.

STERNE, however, was little aware of the necessity of this caution, or little disposed to observe it. Capable as he was, as in various passages he has sufficiently evinced, of describing the passion of love in all its elegance and tenderness, he prefers, frequently, the grossest allusions. His pages are stained with references and descriptions which modesty must ever blush to meet with, and language scarcely to be heard within the walls of a bordello, is occasionally found to flow from his pen without reluctance. In some instances terms evidently occurred to his mind, which being never written in works of taste, nor tolerated by a decorous public, were for that reason only rejected by

him ; and asterisks, in due literal or syllabic number, are substituted, which, with more explicitness than the celebrated eastern star of antiquity, guide the simple as well as wise to the specific and popular phraseology. It was disgusting and humiliating to persons fond of connecting in their imaginations considerable talents, with moral as well as critical taste, to perceive a man capable, by his excursive fancy, of levying contributions on all the departments of art and nature, of transferring all sorts of illustration and imagery to every species of lively adventure, curious incident, or useful lesson, prefer what good taste would ever reject for its coarseness, and virtue for its impurity. To this general circumstance, however, creative of disgust in the present instance, another was added : not only was the perversion of taste and talents in the author of these works to be deplored, but the degradation of professional character. STERNE was a clergyman, and a dignitary in the church. A woman of pleasure, a comedian, or buffoon, might have indulged in these licentious exhibitions, not certainly with the sanction of propriety, but without inconsistency of character. The voluptuary could have derived no weight to the seductions of the work, from the professional or personal situation of the writer : no inconsistency would have been obvious, and no surprize would have been excited.

But an ecclesiastical dignitary, who after delivering from his pulpit the most admirable lessons of purity and circumspection, stepped forth almost immediately with lectures from the press on sexual voluptuousness; one day exhibiting himself as the purifier, the next as the polluter of the affections; in one instance the canonical panegyrist of refined and celestial transports, in another with all the explicitness of mountebank phrase and gesticulation, pandering to appetite and soliciting lust, was certainly a novel, irreverend, and contemptible spectacle. This alternation of exhibition and combination of characters, hitherto supposed incapable of being united by all the power of impudence, attracted very considerable attention. Multitudes indeed only looked with delight to the author's sprightly whim and curious eccentricity, and without any exercise of criticism drank his debilitating infusions with transport. Others saw his inconsistency and degradation, but pardoned both for the sake of the mirth and pleasantry with which they were accompanied. A third class, however, and certainly not the least respectable, could see no apology for the wanton dereliction of decency in one whose peculiar and sacred profession bound him to inculcate virtue. The animadversions upon this clerical promoter of libertinism were neither few nor lenient; and the diffused circulation of the intended antidotes is a suf-

ficient evidence of the insinuation of the poison. Critics protested in behalf of public decency, and with but half-suppressed indignation appealed to the author whether his ambition to please the more amiable and meritorious part of the species did not require him to avoid and expunge passages by which delicacy must be hurt. Even bishops did not hesitate to denounce from the pulpit and the press so flagrant a violation of the religious character as the author had displayed in his works; and zeal against the blemishes of these productions, by a very natural tendency, urged on a depreciation of their merits. The lash of criticism, however, the ardour of zeal, and even the blush of modesty, were incapable of preventing the continued ebullitions of vulgar sportiveness, for which the author had so strong a predilection. The intervals between the publication of the several parts of his productions, sufficiently disclosed the feelings they had excited among those who are regarded as the general advocates of literature and decorum. But, as if from an inbred and incorrigible pruriency of imagination, a libidinous allusion still continued the dearest, the most favourite deposit of his wit; and in almost immediate connection with sentiments which, from their excellence and purity, might be supposed worthy of the pen of a seraph, is to be found some grovelling and disgusting ribaldry.

The sermons of this celebrated writer are certainly of too light and undignified a dress for public delivery. Not merely the broad jest, but the humorous allusion, is with great propriety exploded from the pulpit. The knowledge of the human heart, however, displayed in these compositions, is of a very superior kind: characters are accurately discriminated: the delusions of guilt are developed with energy and truth. They hold up not only a mirror but a light to the conscience; and painting is often, with admirable ingenuity and effect, substituted for precept. The stile may be wished less quaint and artificial; and it would have been better certainly if the author had occasionally appeared less desirous to excite the ludicrous feelings of his audience, and had less appeared but half to repress his own. But many have taken up these volumes to be amused by their singularity, who have been animated to virtue by their eloquence; and while with a view to gratify taste or beguile existence, they have perused his masterly delineations of character have been led to recognize and reform their own.

The life and opinions of *Tristram Shandy* displays shrewd observation, ready and genuine wit, and well-drawn character. The pedantries and absurdities of the learned, which are a fair subject for ridicule, are exposed by it without re-

serve, and pleasantry is ever usefully applied in detaching from philosophy whatever would disgrace it; in separating mere pretension from merit, and discriminating cumbrous learning and supercilious dogmatism, from that well disposed and well stored mind, which, with much knowledge applicable to the real purposes of life, possesses also judgment to controul its excursions into the realms of conjecture; which perceives that it has much to acquire and is never disinclined to learn. It has been remarked, however, that the learned follies ridiculed by STERNE were not the growth of his own age; and the observations of Doctor FERRIAR, of Manchester, have abundantly proved, that both for the topics of his wit, and his wit itself, STERNE was sometimes too diffident to trust entirely to his own judgment and resources. The coincidence between several lively and beautiful passages of his writings and some of BURTON, in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, is sufficiently illustrative of this point. It is somewhat extraordinary that the consciousness of great powers which ever attends on genius should have permitted him to stoop to this obligation; and it is mortifying to perceive that his liberality or justice was not sufficient to induce his acknowledgment of it.

Amidst a number of exquisite sentiments and descriptions, this work must be acknowledged

often to fail in interest. The candour, forbearance, and humanity of uncle Toby possess frequently almost a power of fascination. The story of Le Fevre, to borrow a phrase of JOHNSON, finds a mirror in every breast. The death of Yorick, and the prudential exhortations of Eugenius, with various other passages, are truly admirable. But digressions appear to have been as studiously sought for by STERNE, as by other writers they are sedulously avoided, are perpetually occurring to impede curiosity, and often substitute nothing but cold or coarse conceits, for the continuance of well compacted narrative. The reader also becomes at length tired of the changes perpetually rung in his ear by uncle Toby of the technical terms of war and fortification. Glacis and ravelins, salient points and counterscarps, cease at length to divert; and the moodiness and incoherence of uncle Toby and his faithful attendant, frequently resemble too strongly the prattling and waywardness of childhood, or the wanderings and tearfulness of dotage. The recourse of the author to blank chapters and to black or marble pages, is certainly, in the language of SHAKSPEARE, "wondrous pitiful," and in separate connection with the frequent substitution of lines for sentences, is just such as might be expected from a mere mummery or pantomime of literature. The author

has thus evaded the display of wit, which he takes the credit of possessing, but which his readers, after long wearying themselves on these mysterious hieroglyphics, are at last apt to consider as having no more existed than appeared, unless indeed it were wit to induce the reader to search for what was not to be found, and to laugh at the presumed conjectures and endless wanderings of such as might be thus bewildered by their credulity.

In the *Sentimental Journey*, bagatelle, obscenity, and sentiment, as in the life of Tristram, are the order of the day. The hints afforded to the traveller by the author are creditable to his temper and feelings, if indeed the conduct of a writer be inferable from his precepts. The spirit of accommodation recommended should ever be displayed, instead of that captious judgment and exasperating dogmatism which render the travels of many one scene of irritation to themselves, and disgust or ridicule to others, tending not to liberalize the mind but to confirm and increase all the prejudices of education. The beauties of this work are great and various. The facility with which the author describes the vivacity and badinage of the French character, is highly interesting. The adventure of the Monk is an admirable lecture on the delicacies of humanity. *Le Fleur* is an exquisitely painted child of nature. The

sorrows of Maria are touched with a pencil as soft and captivating as her own melodious pipe; and in the reflections on the bastille, the starling, and the captive, the charms of liberty are described by one of her own children. A banquet is supplied for the pensive and the gay. Sallies of wit and ejaculations of piety, tragedy and trifles, pun and pathos, are served up with an unsparing hand, and a spirit of humanity and benevolence will find itself cherished by a variety of scenes supplied by the sprightly or the sombre pencil. Amidst so much to excite admiration and delight, it must nevertheless be admitted that the grossest allusions occasionally, although not with so much frequency as in the former work occur, passages in which the author assumes his cap and bells, and appears even solicitous to stimulate passion and defy decorum. To the pure it has been said all things are pure. Yet notwithstanding the high authority for this maxim, there are, perhaps, few parents who would wish their daughters deeply versed in the writings of STERNE, nor are there many husbands who would be delighted to find him the favourite author with their wives, as his works, though well calculated to excite mirth, too often effect it at the expence of decency, and if they can divert spleen can also unfortunately impair modesty. While it is to be

regretted, however, that such extraordinary excellence should be mingled with such gross delinquency, it will be remembered with pleasure that the separation of the pure metal from the dross is no affair of extreme difficulty. In the extracts which will be given from STERNE in the *Classic Tales*, care will be taken that nothing shall be introduced but what may be perused without injury by the giddy, and without embarrassment by the modest. The passages applicable for this purpose are abundantly sufficient, and their admirable tendency to cherish the benevolent affections, and to keep alive that good humour and flow of cheerfulness without which lengthened life is only protracted misery, is not now to be proved, but has been long pronounced by critical justice, and decided by substantial fact.

LE FEVRE.

(FROM *TRISTRAM SHANDY*.)

—He was one evening sitting at his supper, when the landlord of a little inn in the village came into the parlour, with an empty phial in his hand, to beg a glass or two of sack: 'Tis for a poor gentleman—I think of the army, said the landlord, who has been taken ill at my house four days ago, and has never held up his head since, or had a desire to taste any thing till just now, that he has a fancy for a glass of sack and a thin toast; —*I think*, said he, taking his hand from his forehead, *it would comfort me.*—

If I could neither beg, borrow, or buy such a thing, added the landlord, I would almost steal it for the poor gentleman, he is so ill.—I hope in God he will still mend, continued he,—we are all of us concerned for him.

Thou art a good-natured soul, I will answer for thee, cried my uncle Toby, and thou shalt drink the poor gentleman's health in a glass of sack thyself,—and take a couple of bottles, with my service, and tell him he is heartily welcome to them, and to a dozen more if they will do him good.

Though I am persuaded, said my uncle Toby, as the landlord shut the door, he is a very compassionate fellow, Trim, yet I cannot help entertaining a high opinion of his guest too; there must be something more than common in him, that in

so short a time should win so much on the affections of his host:—And of his whole family, added the corporal, for they are all concerned for him.—Step after him, said my uncle Toby, do Trim, and ask if he knows his name.

I have quite forgot it, truly, said the landlord, coming back into the parlour with the corporal; but I can ask his son again. Has he a son with him then? said my uncle Toby.—A boy, replied the landlord, of about eleven or twelve years of age; but the poor creature has tasted almost as little as his father; he does nothing but mourn and lament for him night and day: he has not stirred from the bed-side these two days.

My uncle Toby laid down his knife and fork, and thrust his plate from before him as the landlord gave him the account; and Trim, without being ordered, took it away without saying one word, and in a few minutes after brought him his pipe and tobacco.

Stay in the room a little, said my uncle Toby. Trim! said my uncle Toby, after he had lighted his pipe and smoked about a dozen whiffs.—Trim came in front of his master, and made his bow;—my uncle Toby smoked on and said no more.—Corporal! said my uncle Toby; the corporal made his bow.—My uncle Toby proceeded no farther, but finished his pipe.

Trim! said my uncle Toby, I have a project in my head, as it is a bad night, of wrapping myself up warm in my roquelaure, and paying a visit to this poor gentleman.—Your honour's roquelaure, replied the corporal, has not once been had on, since the night before your honour received your wound, when we mounted guard in the

trenches before the gate at St. Nicholas; and besides it is so cold and rainy a night, that what with the roquelaure, and what with the weather, 'twill be enough to give your honour your death, and bring on your honour's torment in your groin. I fear so, replied my uncle Toby; but I am not at rest in my mind, Trim, since the account the landlord has given me.—I wish I had not known so much of this affair, added my uncle Toby, or that I had known more of it:—how shall we manage it?—Leave it, an' please your honour, to me, quoth the corporal; I'll take my hat and stick and go to the house and reconnoitre, and act accordingly; and I will bring your honour a full account in an hour.—Thou shalt go, Trim, said my uncle Toby, and here's a shilling for thee to drink with his servant;—I shall get it all out of him, said the corporal, shutting the door.

My uncle Toby filled his second pipe; and had it not been that he now and then wandered from the point, with considering whether it was not full as well to have the curtain of the tenaile a straight line, as a crooked one, he might be said to have thought of nothing else but poor Le Fevre and his boy the whole time he smoked it.

It was not till my uncle Toby had knocked the ashes out of his third pipe that corporal Trim returned from the inn, and gave him the following account:

I despaired at first, said the corporal, of being able to bring back to your honour any kind of intelligence concerning the poor sick lieutenant.—Is he in the army then? said my uncle Toby.—He is, said the corporal. And in what regiment? said my uncle Toby.—I'll tell your honour, replied

the corporal, every thing straight forwards as I learnt it.—Then, Trim, I'll fill another pipe, said my uncle Toby, and not interrupt thee till thou hast done; so sit down at thy ease, Trim, in the window seat, and begin thy story again. The corporal made his old bow, which generally spoke as plain as a bow could speak it—*your honour is good*—and having done that, he sat down as he was ordered, and began the story to my uncle Toby over again, in pretty nearly the same words. I despaired at first, said the corporal, of being able to bring back any intelligence to your honour about the lieutenant and his son: for when I asked where his servant was, from whom I made myself sure of knowing every thing which was proper to be asked,—that's a right distinction, Trim, said my uncle Toby,—I was answered, an' please your honour, that he had no servant with him;—that he had come to the inn with hired horses, which, on finding himself unable to proceed, (to join, I suppose, the regiment) he had dismissed the morning after he came.—If I get better, my dear, said he, as he gave his purse to his son to pay the man, we can hire horses from hence.—But, alas! the poor gentleman will never get from hence, said the landlady to me, for I heard the death-watch all night long;—and when he dies, the youth, his son, will certainly die with him; for he is broken-hearted already.

I was hearing this account, continued the corporal, when the youth came into the kitchen, to order the thin toast the landlord spoke of;—but I will do it for my father myself, said the youth. Pray let me save you the trouble, young gentleman, said I, taking up a fork for that pur-

pose, and offering him my chair to sit down by the fire, whilst I did it.—I believe, Sir, said he, very modestly, I can please him best myself.—I am sure, said I, his honour will not like the toast the worse for being toasted by an old soldier.—The youth took hold of my hand, and instantly burst into tears.—Poor youth! said my uncle Toby, he has been bred up from an infant in the army, and the name of a soldier, Trim, sounded in his ears like the name of a friend;—I wish I had him here.

I never in the longest march, said the corporal, had so great a mind to my dinner, as I had to cry with him for company:—what could be the matter with me, an' please your honour?—Nothing in the world, Trim, said my uncle Toby, blowing his nose, but that thou art a good-natured fellow.

When I gave him the toast, continued the corporal, I thought it was proper to tell him I was captain Shandy's servant, and that your honour (though a stranger) was extremely concerned for his father: and that if there was any thing in your house or cellar—(and thou mightest have added my purse too, said my uncle Toby)—he was heartily welcome to it:—he made a very low bow (which was meant to your honour), but no answer, for his heart was so full—so he went up stairs with the toast:—I warrant you, my dear, said I, as I opened the kitchen door, your father will be well again.—Mr. Yorick's curate was smoking a pipe by the kitchen fire; but said not a word, good or bad, to comfort the youth.—I thought it wrong, added the corporal.—I think so too, said my uncle Toby.

When the lieutenant had taken his glass of sack

and toast, he felt himself a little revived, and sent down into the kitchen to let me know that in about ten minutes he should be glad if I would step up stairs.—I believe, said the landlord, he is going to say his prayers, for there was a book laid upon the chair by his bed-side, and as I shut the door I saw his son take up a cushion.

I thought, said the curate, that you gentlemen of the army, Mr. Trim, never said your prayers at all.—I heard the poor gentleman say his prayers last night, said the landlady, very devoutly, and with my own ears, or I could not have believed it.—Are you sure of it, replied the curate.—A soldier, an' please your reverence, said I, prays as often (of his own accord) as a parson ;—and when he is fighting for his king, and for his own life, and for his honour too, he has the most reason to pray to God of any one in the whole world.—'Twas well said of thee, Trim, said my uncle Toby.—But when a soldier, said I, an' please your reverence, has been standing for twelve hours together in the trenches, up to his knees in cold water, or engaged, said I, for months together in long and dangerous marches—harrassed, perhaps, in his rear to-day—harrassing others to-morrow—detached here—counter-manded there—resting this night out upon his arms—beat up in his shirt the next—benumbed in his joints—perhaps without straw in his tent to kneel upon—may say his prayers *how* and *when* he can. I believe, said I,—for I was piqued, quoth the corporal, for the reputation of the army,—I believe, an' please your reverence, said I, that when a soldier gets time to pray, he prays as heartily as a parson, though not with all his fuss and hypocrisy.—Thou should'st not have said that, Trim, said

my uncle Toby,—for God only knows who is a hypocrite, and who is not,—at the great and general review of us all, corporal, at the day of judgment (and not till then), it will be seen who have done their duties in this world, and who have not; and we shall be advanced, Trim, accordingly.—I hope we shall, said Trim.—It is in the scripture, said my uncle Toby; and I will shew it thee to-morrow;—in the mean time we may depend upon it, Trim, for our comfort, said my uncle Toby, that God Almighty is so good and just a governor of the world, that if we have but done our duties in it, it will never be inquired into whether we have done them in a red coat or a black one.—I hope not, said the corporal:—but go on, Trim, said my uncle Toby, with thy story.

When I went up, continued the corporal, into the lieutenant's room, which I did not do till the expiration of the ten minutes, he was lying in his bed, with his head raised upon his hand, with his elbow upon the pillow, and a clean white cambric handkerchief beside it. The youth was just stooping down to take up the cushion, upon which I supposed he had been kneeling. The book was laid upon the bed; and as he rose, in taking up the cushion with one hand, he reached out his other to take it away at the same time.—Let it remain there, my dear, said the lieutenant.

He did not offer to speak to me till I had walked up close to his bed-side.—If you be captain Shandy's servant, said he, you must present my thanks to your master, with my little boy's thanks along with them, for his courtesy to me: if he was of

Leven's, said the lieutenant—I told him your honour was—then, said he, I served three campaigns with him in Flanders, and remember him,—but 'tis most likely, as I had not the honour of any acquaintance with him, that he knows nothing of me. You will tell him, however, that the person his good-nature has laid under obligations to him, is one Le Fevre, a lieutenant in Angus's—but he knows me not, said he a second time, musing:—possibly he may my story, added he—pray tell the captain I was the ensign at Breda, whose wife was most unfortunately killed with a musket shot, as she lay in my arms in my tent.—I remember the story, an' please your honour, said I, very well. Do you so? said he, wiping his eyes with his handkerchief, then well may I.—In saying this, he drew a little ring out of his bosom, which seemed tied with a black ribband about his neck, and kissed it twice. Here, Billy, said he—the boy flew across the room to the bed-side, and falling down upon his knee, took the ring in his hand, and kissed it too; then kissed his father, and sat down upon the bed and wept.

I wish, said my uncle Toby, with a deep sigh, I wish, Trim, I was asleep.

Your honour, replied the corporal, is too much concerned; shall I pour your honour out a glass of sack to your pipe?—Do, Trim, said my uncle Toby.

I remember, said my uncle Toby, sighing again, the story of the ensign and his wife, with a circumstance his modesty omitted;—and particularly well, that he, as well as she, on some account or other (I have forgot what), was uui-

versally pitied by the whole regiment;—but finish the story, thou art on:—'Tis finished already, said the corporal, for I could stay no longer, so wished his honour a good night: young Le Fevre rose from off the bed, and saw me to the bottom of the stairs; and as we went down together, told me they had come from Ireland, and were on their route to join the regiment in Flanders. But, alas! said the corporal, the lieutenant's last day's march is over. Then what is to become of his poor boy? cried my uncle Toby.

It was to my uncle Toby's eternal honour,—though I tell it only for the sake of those who, when cooped in betwixt a natural and a positive law, know not for their souls which way in the world to turn themselves—that notwithstanding my uncle Toby was warmly engaged at that time in carrying on the siege of Dendermond, parallel with the allies, who pressed their's on so vigorously, that they scarcely allowed him time to get his dinner, that nevertheless he gave up Dendermond, though he had already made a lodgment upon the counterscarp; and bent his whole thoughts towards the distresses at the inn; and, except that he ordered the garden gate to be bolted up, by which he might be said to have turned the siege of Dendermond into a blockade—he left Dendermond to itself, to be relieved or not by the French king, as the French king thought good; and only considered how he himself should relieve the poor lieutenant and his son.

That kind Being, who is a friend to the friendless, shall recompence thee for this.

Thou has left this matter short, said my uncle

Toby to the corporal as he was putting him to bed, and I will tell thee in what, Trim.—In the first place, when thou madest an offer of my services to Le Fevre, as sickness and travelling are both expensive, and thou knewest he was but a poor lieutenant, with a son to subsist as well as himself out of his pay, that thou didst not make an offer to him of my purse; because, had he stood in need, thou knowest, Trim, he had been as welcome to it as myself.—Your honour knows, said the corporal, I had no orders:—True, quoth my uncle Toby, thou didst very right, Trim, as a soldier, but certainly very wrong as a man.

In the second place, for which indeed thou hast the same excuse, continued my uncle Toby, when thou offeredest him whatever was in my house, thou shouldst have offered him my house too: a sick brother officer should have the best quarters, Trim, and if we had him with us, we could tend and look to him:—thou art an excellent nurse thyself, Trim, and what with thy care of him, and the old woman's, and his boy's, and mine together, we might recruit him again at once, and set him upon his legs.

In a fortnight or three weeks, added my uncle Toby, smiling, he might march.—He will never march, an' please your honour, in this world, said the corporal:—He *will* march, said my uncle Toby, rising up from the side of the bed, with one shoe off.—An' please your honour, said the corporal, he will never march but to his grave:—He *shall* march, cried my uncle Toby, marching the foot which had a shoe on, though without advancing an inch, he shall march to his regiment.

—He cannot stand it, said the corporal.—He shall be *supported*, said my uncle Toby.—He'll drop at last, said the corporal, and what will become of his boy?—*He shall not drop*, said my uncle Toby, firmly.—A-well-a-day, do what we can for him, said Trim, maintaining his point, the poor soul will die.—*He shall not die, by God!* cried my uncle Toby.

The accusing Spirit, which flew up to heaven's chancery with the oath, blushed as he gave it in; and the Recording Angel, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word, and blotted it out for ever.

My uncle Toby went to his bureau, put his purse into his breeches pocket, and having ordered the corporal to go early in the morning for a physician, he went to bed, and fell asleep.

The sun looked bright the morning after, to every eye in the village but Le Fevre's and his afflicted son's; the hand of death pressed heavy upon his eye-lids, and hardly could the wheel at the cistern turn round its circle, when my uncle Toby, who had risen an hour before his wonted time, entered the lieutenant's room, and without preface, or apology, sat himself down upon the chair by the bedside, and independently of all modes and customs, opened the curtain in the manner an old friend and brother officer would have done it, and asked him how he did—how he had rested in the night—what was his complaint—were was his pain—and what he could do to help him—and without giving him time to answer any one of the enquiries, went on and told him of the

little plan which he had been concerting with the corporal the night before for him.

You shall go home directly, Le Fevre, said my uncle Toby, to my house—and we'll send for a doctor to see what's the matter—and we'll have an apothecary—and the corporal shall be your nurse—and I'll be your servant, Le Fevre.

There was a frankness in my uncle Toby, not the *effect* of familiarity, but the cause of it, which let you at once into his soul, and shewed you the goodness of his nature; to this there was something in his looks, and voice, and manner, super-added, which eternally beckoned to the unfortunate to come and take shelter under him; so that before my uncle Toby had half finished the kind offers he was making to the father, had the son insensibly pressed up close to his knees, and had taken hold of the breast of his coat, and was pulling it towards him. The blood and spirits of Le Fevre, which were waxing cold and slow within him, and were retreating to the last citadel, the heart, rallied back—the film forsook his eyes for a moment—he looked up wistfully in my uncle Toby's face—then cast a look upon his boy—and that *ligament*, fine as it was, was never broken.

Nature instantly ebbed again—the film returned to its place—the pulse fluttered—stopped—went on—throbbled—stopped again—moved—stopped—shall I go on? No.



Drawn by W. Woodall & Co.

Engraved by J. H. & Co. A.R.

ed has 'dth, and be
M A T
the 1
the 1
the 1

MARIA.

THE FIRST PART.

(FROM THE SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY.)

—THEY were the sweetest notes I ever heard ; and I instantly let down the foreglass to hear them more distinctly.—'Tis Maria, said the postillion, observing I was listening : poor Maria, continued he (leaning his body on one side to let me see her, for he was in a line betwixt us) is sitting upon a bank playing her vespers upon her pipe, with her little goat beside her.

The young fellow uttered this with an accent and a look so perfectly in tune to a feeling heart, that I instantly made a vow I would give him a four-and-twenty sous piece, when I arrived at Moulins.

And who is poor Maria ? said I.

The love and pity of all the villagers around us ; said the postillion. It is but three years ago that the sun did not shine upon so fair, so quick-witted and amiable a maid ; and better fate did Maria deserve than to have her banns forbidden by the intrigues of the curate of the parish who published them.

He was going on, when Maria, who had made a short pause, put the pipe to her mouth and began the air again—they were the same notes ; yet were ten times sweeter. It is the evening service

to the Virgin, said the young man; but who has taught her to play it, or how she came by her pipe, no one knows; we think that heaven has assisted her in both; for, ever since she has been unsettled in her mind, it seems her only consolation: she has never once had the pipe out of her hand, but plays that service upon it almost night and day.

The postillion delivered this with so much discretion and natural eloquence, that I could not help decyphering something in his face above his condition, and should have sifted out his history, had not poor Maria's taken such full possession of me.

We had arrived by this time almost to the bank where Maria was sitting: she was in a thin white jacket, with her hair, all but two tresses, drawn up into a silken net, with a few olive leaves twisted a little fantastically on one side—she was beautiful; and if ever I felt the full force of an honest heart-ache, it was the moment I saw her.

God help her, poor damsel! above a hundred masses, said the postillion, have been said in the several parish churches and convents around, for her, but without effect. We have still hopes, as she is sensible for short intervals, that the Virgin at last will restore her to herself; but her parents, who know her best, are hopeless on that score, and think her senses are lost for ever.

As the postillion spoke this, Maria made a cadence so melancholy, so tender and querulous, that I sprung out of the chaise to help her, and found myself sitting betwixt her and her goat before I relapsed from my enthusiasm.

Maria looked wistfully for some time at me, and

then at her goat, and then at me, and then at her goat again, and so on alternately.

Well, Maria, said I, softly, what resemblance do you find?

I do entreat the candid reader to believe me, that it was from the humblest conviction of what a *beast* man is, that I asked the question; and that I would not have let fall an unseasonable pleasantry in the venerable presence of misery, to be entitled to all the wit that ever Rabelais scattered.

Adieu, Maria! adieu, poor hapless damsel! some time, but not now, I may hear thy sorrows from thy own lips—but I was deceived; for that moment she took her pipe, and told me such a tale of woe with it, that I rose up, and with broken and irregular steps walked softly to the chaise.

THE SECOND PART.

The state of that disordered maid affected me not a little; and when I came again within the neighbourhood where she lived, it returned so strong into my mind, that I could not resist an impulse which prompted me to go half a league out of the road, to the village where her parents dwelt, to enquire after her. The old mother came to the door; her looks told me the story before she opened her mouth. She had lost her husband; he had died, she said, of anguish for the loss of Maria's senses, about a month before. She had feared at first, she added, that it would have plundered her poor girl of what little understanding was left; but, on the contrary, it had brought her more to herself—still she could not rest—her poor

daughter, she said, crying, was wandering some, where about the road.

Why does my pulse beat languid as I write this? and what made Le Fleur, whose heart seemed only to be tuned to joy, to pass the back of his hand twice across his eyes, as the woman stood and told it?

When we had reached within half a league of Moulines, at a little opening in the road leading to a thicket, I discovered poor Maria sitting under a poplar. She was sitting with her elbow in her lap, and her head leaning on one side within her hand: a small brook ran at the foot of the tree.

She was dressed in white, and much as I have described her, except that her hair hung loose, which before was twisted within a silken net. She had superadded likewise to her jacket, a pale green ribband, which fell across her shoulder to the waist, at the end of which hung her pipe. Her goat had been as faithless as her lover; and she had obtained a little dog in lieu of him, which she had kept tied by a string to her girdle; as I looked at her dog, she drew him towards her with the string. Thou shalt not leave me, Sylvio, said she. I looked in Maria's eyes, and saw she was thinking more of her father than of her lover or her little goat; for as she uttered them the tears trickled down her cheeks.

I sat down close by her, and Maria let me wipe them away as they fell with my handkerchief. I then steeped it in my own—and then in her's—and then in mine—and then I wiped her's again—and, as I did it, I felt such undescribable emotions within me, as I am sure could not be accounted for from any combinations of matter and motion.

I am positive I have a soul; nor can all the books with which materialists have pestered the world ever convince me of the contrary.

When Maria had come a little to herself, I asked her if she remembered a pale thin person of a man, who had sat down betwixt her and her goat about two years before? She said she was unsettled much at that time, but remembered it on two accounts; that ill as she was, she saw the person pitied her; and next, that her goat had stolen his handkerchief, and she had beaten him for the theft. She had washed it, she said, in the brook, and kept it ever since in her pocket to restore it to him in case she should ever see him again, which, she added, he had half promised her. As she told me this, she took the handkerchief out of her pocket to let me see it: she had folded it up neatly in a couple of vine leaves, tied round with a tendril—on opening it, I saw an S marked on one of the corners.

She had since that, she told me, strayed as far as Rome, and walked round St. Peter's once, and returned back; that she found her way alone across the Appenines, had travelled over all Lombardy without money, and through the flinty roads of Savoy without shoes: how she had borne it, and how she had been supported, she could not tell; but God *tempers the wind*, said Maria, to the shorn lamb.

Shorn, indeed! and to the quick, said I; and wast thou in my own land, where I have a cottage, I would take thee to it and shelter thee: thou shouldst eat of my own bread, and drink of my own cup. I would be kind to thy Sylvio—in all thy weakness and wanderings I would seek after thee

and bring thee back—when the sun went down I would say my prayers—and when I had done, thou shouldst play thy evening song upon thy pipe; nor would the incense of my sacrifice be worse accepted for entering heaven along with that of a broken heart.

Nature melted within me as I uttered this; and Maria observing as I took out my handkerchief, that it was steeped too much already to be of use, would needs go wash it in the stream. And where will you dry it, Maria? said I. I'll dry it in my bosom, said she—'twill do me good.

And is your heart still so warm, Maria? said I. I touched upon the string on which hung all her sorrows: she looked with wistful disorder for some time in my face, and then, without saying any thing, took her pipe, and played her service to the Virgin; the string I had touched ceased to vibrate—in a moment or two Maria returned to herself—let her pipe fall—and rose up.

And where are you going, Maria? said I. She said, to Moulines. Let us go, said I, together. Maria put her arm within mine, and lengthening the string to let her dog follow—in that order we entered Moulines.

Though I hate salutations and greetings in the market place, yet when we were in the middle of this, I stopped to take my last look and last farewell of Maria.

Maria, though not tall, was nevertheless of the first order of fine forms—affliction had touched her looks with something that was scarce earthly—still she was feminine—and so much was there about her of all that the heart wishes, or the eye looks for in woman, that could the traces be ever

worn out of her brain, and those of Eliza's out of mine, she should *not only eat of my bread and drink of my own cup*, but Maria should lie in my bosom, and be unto me as a daughter.

Adieu, poor luckless maiden!—Imbibe the oil and wine which the compassion of a stranger, as he journeyeth on his way, now pours into thy wounds—the Being who has twice bruised thee, can only bind them up for ever.

THE THIRD PART.

On my next arrival at Moulines, I enquired after this disconsolate maid, and was informed she had breathed her last ten days after I had seen her. I informed myself of the place of her burial, whither I repaired; but there was

Not a stone to tell where she lay.

However, by the freshness of the surface of the earth which had been removed, I soon traced out her grave, where I paid the last tribute due to virtue; nor did I grudge a tear.

Alas, sweet maid, thou art gone!—but it is to be numbered with angels, whose fair representative thou wast upon earth. Thy cup of bitterness was full, too full to hold, and it hath run over into eternity. There wilt thou find the gall of life converted into the sweets, the purest sweets of immortal felicity.

YORICK.

In the estimation of here and there a man of weak judgment, it was really in the parson's

—THE parson had made himself a country talk, by a breach of all decorum, which he had committed against himself, his station, and his office; and that was in never appearing better, or otherwise mounted, than upon a lean, sorry, jack-ass of a horse, value about one pound fifteen shillings; who, to shorten all description of him, was full brother to Rosinante, as far as similitude congenial could make him; for he answered his description to a hair's breadth in every thing—except that I do not remember 'tis any where said, that Rosinante was broken-winded, and that, moreover, Rosinante, as is the happiness of most Spanish horses, fat or lean, was undoubtedly a horse at all points.

I know very well that the hero's horse was a horse of chaste deportment, which may have given grounds for a contrary opinion: but it is certain at the same time, that Rosinante's continency (as may be demonstrated from the adventure of the Yanguesian carriers) proceeded from no bodily defect or cause whatsoever, but from the temperance and orderly current of his blood;—and let me tell you there is a great deal of very good chastity in the world, in behalf of which you could not say more for your life.

I could not stifle this distinction in favour of Don Quixote's horse; in all other points the par-

son's horse, I say, was just such another, for he was as lean and as lank, and as sorry a jade, as Humility herself could have bestrided.

In the estimation of here and there a man of weak judgment, it was greatly in the parson's power to have helped the figure of this horse of his, for he was master of a very handsome demi-peaked saddle, quilted upon the seat with green plush, garnished with a double row of silver headed studs, and a noble pair of shining brass stirrups, with a housing altogether suitable, of grey superfine cloth, with an edging of black lace, terminating in a deep black silk fringe, *poudre d'or*; all which he had purchased in the pride and prime of his life, together with a grand embossed bridle, ornamented at all points as it should be. But not caring to banter his beast, he had hung all these up behind his study door; and, in lieu of them, had seriously befitted him with just such a bridle and such a saddle as the figure and value of such a steed might well and truly deserve.

In the several sallies about his parish, and in the neighbouring visits to the gentry who lived around him, you will easily comprehend that the parson so appointed, would both hear and see enough to keep his philosophy from rusting. To speak the truth, he never could enter a village, but he caught the attention of both old and young—labour stood still as he passed—the bucket hung suspended in the middle of the well—the spinning wheel forgot its round—even chuck-farthing and shuffle-cap themselves stood gaping till he was out of sight: and as his movement was not of the quickest, he had generally time enough on his hands to

make his observations—to hear the groans of the serious, and the laughter of the light hearted; all which he bore with excellent tranquillity. His character was, he loved a jest in his heart, and as he saw himself in the true point of ridicule, he would say, he could not be angry with others for seeing him in a light in which he so strongly saw himself; so that to his friends, who knew his foible was not the love of money, and who therefore made the less scruple in bantering the extravagance of his humour, instead of giving the true cause, he chose rather to join in the laugh against himself; and as he never carried one single ounce of flesh upon his own bones, being altogether as spare a figure as his beast, he would sometimes insist upon it, that the horse was as good as the rider deserved—that they were centaurlike—both of a piece. At other times, and in other moods, when his spirits were above the temptation of false wit, he would say, he found himself going off fast in a consumption: and with great gravity would pretend, he could not bear the sight of a fat horse without a dejection of heart, and a sensible alteration in his pulse; and that he had made choice of the lean one he rode upon, not only to keep himself in countenance, but in spirits.

At different times he would give fifty humorous and apposite reasons for riding a meek-spirited jade of a broken-winded horse, preferable to one of mettle; for on such a one he could sit mechanically, and meditate as delightfully *de vanitate mundi et fuga sæculi*, as with the advantage of a death's head before him; that, in all other exertations, he could spend his time, as he rode slow-

ly along, to as much account as in his study; that he could draw up an argument in his sermon, or a hole in his breeches, as steadily upon the one as in the other; that brisk trotting and slow argumentation, like wit and judgment, were two incompatible movements. But that, upon his steed, he could unite and reconcile every thing—he could compose his sermon—he could compose his cough—and, in case nature gave a call that way, he could likewise compose himself to sleep. In short, the parson on such encounters would assign any cause but the true cause; and he withheld the true one, only out of a nicety of temper, because he thought it did honour to him.

But the truth of the story was as follows: In the first years of this gentleman's life, and about the time when the superb saddle and bridle were purchased by him, it had been his manner, or vanity, or call it what you will, to run into the opposite extreme. In the language of the country where he dwelt, he was said to have loved a good horse, and generally had one of the best in the whole parish standing in his stable always ready for saddling; and as the nearest midwife did not live nearer to the village than seven miles, and in a vile country, it so fell out that the poor gentleman was scarcely a whole week together without some piteous application for his beast; and as he was not an unkind hearted man, and every case was more pressing and more distressful than the last—as much as he loved his beast, he had never a heart to refuse him; the upshot of which was generally this, that his horse was either clapped, or spavined, or greazed, or he was twitter-boned, or

broken-winded, or something, in short, or other had befallen him, which would let him carry no flesh; so that he had every nine or ten months a bad horse to get rid of, and a good horse to purchase in his stead.

What the loss in such a balance might amount to *communibus annis*, I would leave to a special jury of sufferers in the same traffic to determine; but let it be what it would, the honest gentleman bore it for many years without a murmur, till, at length, by repeated ill accidents of the kind, he found it necessary to take the thing under consideration; and on weighing the whole, and summing it up in his mind, he found it not only disproportioned to his other expences, but withal so heavy an article in itself, as to disable him from any other act of generosity in his parish: besides this, he considered that with half the sum thus galloped away he could do ten times as much good; and what still weighed more with him than all other considerations put together, was this, that it confined all his charity into one particular channel, and where, as he fancied, it was the least wanted, namely, to the child-bearing and child-getting part of his parish; reserving nothing for the impotent—nothing for the aged—nothing for the many comfortless scenes he was hourly called forth to visit, where poverty, and sickness, and affliction dwelt together.

For these reasons he resolved to discontinue the expence; and there appeared but two possible ways to extricate him clearly out of it; and these were either to make it an irrevocable law never more to lend his steed on any application whatever, or

else to be content to ride the last poor devil, such as they had made him, with all his aches and infirmities, to the very end of the chapter.

As he dreaded his own constancy in the first, he very cheerfully betook himself to the second; and though he could very well have explained it, as I said, to his honour, yet for that very reason he had a spirit above it; chusing rather to bear the contempt of his enemies, and the laughter of his friends, than undergo the pain of telling a story, which might seem a panegyric on himself.

I have the highest idea of the spiritual and refined sentiments of this reverend gentleman, from this single stroke in his character, which I think comes up to any of the honest refinements of the peerless knight of La Mancha, whom, by the bye, with all his follies, I love more, and would actually have gone farther to have paid a visit to, than the greatest hero of antiquity.

But this is not the moral of my story: the thing I had in view was to shew the temper of the world in the whole of this affair. For you must know, that so long as this explanation would have done the parson credit, the devil a soul could find it out; I suppose his enemies would not, and that his friends could not. But no sooner did he bestir himself in behalf of a midwife, to dwell in the village, and pay the expences of the ordinary's licence to set her up, but the whole secret came out; every horse he had lost, and two horses more than ever he had lost, with all the circumstances of their destruction, were known and distinctly remembered.—The story ran like wild-fire—The parson had a returning fit of pride which had just seized him, and he was going to be well mounted

once again in his life; and if it were so, 'twas plain as the sun at noon-day, he would pocket the expence of the licence ten times told the very first year: so that every body was left to judge what were his views in this act of charity.

What were his views in this, and in every other action of his life, or rather what were the opinions which floated in the brains of other people concerning it, was a thought which too much floated in his own, and too often broke in on his rest, when he should have been sound asleep.

About ten years ago this gentleman had the good fortune to be made entirely easy on that score,—it being just so long since he left his parish,—and the whole world at the same time behind him—and stands accountable to a judge of whom he will have no cause to complain.

But there is a fatality attends the actions of some men: order them as they will, they pass through a certain medium, which so twists and refracts them from their true directions, that, with all the titles to praise which a rectitude of heart can give, the doers of them are nevertheless forced to live and die without it.

He was as mercurial and sublimated a composition, as heteroclite a creature in all his declensions, with as much life and whim, and *gaieté de cœur* about him, as the kindest climate could have engendered and put together. With all this sail, poor Yorick carried not one ounce of ballast; he was utterly unpractised in the world; and at the age of twenty-six knew just about as well how to steer his course in it as a romping unsuspecting girl of thirteen: so that on his first setting out, the brisk gale of his spirits, as you will imagine,

ran him foul ten times in a day of somebody's tackling; and as the grave and more slow-paced were oftenest in his way,—you may likewise imagine, 'twas with such he had generally the ill luck to become the most entangled. For aught I know, there might be some mixture of unlucky wit at the bottom of such *fracas*.—For, to speak the truth, Yorick had an invincible dislike and opposition in his nature to gravity;—not to gravity as such—for where gravity was wanted, he would be the most grave and serious of mortal men for days and weeks together; but he was an enemy to the affectation of it, and declared open war against it, only as it appeared a cloak for ignorance, or for folly: and then, whenever it fell in his way, however sheltered and protected, he seldom gave it much quarter.

Sometimes, in his wild way of talking, he would say, that gravity was an arrant scoundrel! and he would add—of the most dangerous kind too,—because a sly one; and that he verily believed more honest well-meaning people were bubbled out of their goods and money by it in one twelvemonth, than by pocket picking and shoplifting in seven. In the naked temper which a merry heart discovered, he would say, there was no danger—but to itself:—whereas the very essence of gravity was design, and consequently deceit:—'twas a taught trick, to gain credit of the world for more sense and knowledge than a man was worth; and that with all its pretensions, it was no better, but often worse, than what a French wit had long ago defined it, viz. *A mysterious carriage of the body to cover the defects of the mind*;—which definition of

gravity, Yorick, with great imprudence, would say, deserved to be written in letters of gold.

But, in plain truth, he was a man unbackbied and unpractised in the world, and was altogether as indiscreet and foolish on every other subject of discourse, where policy is wont to repress restraint. Yorick had no impression but one, and that was what arose from the nature of the deed spoken of; which impression he would usually translate into plain English without any periphrasis, and too oft without much distinction of either personage, time, or place:—so that when mention was made of a pitiful or ungenerous proceeding, he never gave himself a moment's time to reflect who was the hero of the piece, what his station, or how far he had power to hurt him hereafter; but if it were a dirty action—without more ado—the man was a dirty fellow, and so on. And as his comments had usually the ill fate to be terminated either in a *bon mot*, or to be enlivened throughout with some drollery or humour of expression, it gave wings to Yorick's indiscretion. In a word, though he never sought, yet at the same time, as he seldom shunned occasions of saying what came uppermost, and without much ceremony, he had but too many temptations in life, of scattering his wit and his humour, his gibes and his jests about him.—They were not lost for want of gathering.

What were the consequences, and what was Yorick's catastrophe thereupon, you will read as follows:

The mortgager and the mortgagee differ the one from the other, not more in length of purse,

than the jester and jestee do in that of memory. But in this the comparison between them runs, as the scholiasts call it, upon all four; which, by the by, is upon one or two legs more than some of the best of Homer's can pretend to: namely, that the one raises a sum and the other a laugh at your expence, and think no more about it. Interest, however, still runs on in both cases;—the periodical or accidental payments of it just serving to keep the memory of the affair alive; till at length, in some evil hour, pop comes the creditor on each, and by demanding principal on the spot, together with full interest to the very day, makes them both feel the full extent of their obligations.

As the reader (for I hate your *ifs*) has a thorough knowledge of human nature, I need not say more to satisfy him, than my hero could not go on at this rate, without some slight experience of these incidental mementos. To speak the truth, he had wantonly involved himself in a multitude of small book debts of this stamp, which, notwithstanding Eugenio's frequent advice, he too much disregarded: thinking, that as not one of them was contracted through any malignancy, but, on the contrary, from an honesty of mind, and a mere jocundity of humour, they would all of them be crossed out in course.

Eugenius would never admit this, and would often tell him that one day or other he would certainly be reckoned with; and he would often add in an accent of sorrowful apprehension—to the uttermost mite. To which Yorick, with his usual carelessness of heart, would as often answer with

a pshaw!—and if the subject were started in the fields, with a hop, skip, and a jump, at the end of it; but if close pent up in the social chimney corner, where the culprit was barricadoed in with a table, a couple of arm-chairs, and could not so readily fly off in a tangent,—Eugenius would then go on with his lecture on discretion, in words to this purpose, though somewhat better put together. Trust me, dear Yorick, this, unwary pleasantry of thine will, sooner or later, bring thee into scrapes and difficulties, which no after-wit can extricate thee out of.—In these sallies, too oft, I see it happens, that a person laughed at, considers himself in the light of a person injured, with all the rights of such a situation belonging to him; and when thou viewest him in that light too, and reckonest up his friends, his family, his kindred, his allies,—and musterest up with them the many recruits which will list under him from a sense of common danger,—’tis no extravagant arithmetic to say, that for every ten jokes thou hast made an hundred enemies; and till thou hast gone on, and raised a swarm of wasps about thy ears, and art half stung to death by them, thou wilt never be convinced it is so.

I cannot suspect it in the man whom I esteem, that there is the least spur from spleen or malevolence of intent in these sallies,—I believe and know them to be truly honest and sportive:—but consider, my dear lad, that fools cannot distinguish this, and that knaves will not; and thou knowest not what it is, either to provoke the one or to make merry with the other:—whenever they associate for mutual defence, depend upon

it, they will carry on the war in such a manner against thee, my dear friend, as to make thee heartily sick of it, and of thy life too.

Revenge from some baneful corner shall level a tale of dishonour at thee, which no innocence of heart or integrity of conduct shall set right. The fortunes of thy house shall totter; thy character, which led the way to them, shall bleed on every side of it;—thy faith questioned, thy works belied, thy wit forgotten, thy learning trampled on. To wind up the last scene of thy tragedy, Cruelty and Cowardice, twin ruffians, hired and set on by Malice in the dark, shall strike together at all thy infirmities and mistakes:—the best of us, my dear lad, lie open there;—and trust me, trust me, Yorick, *when to gratify a private appetite it is once resolved on, that an innocent and an helpless creature shall be sacrificed, 'tis an easy matter to pick up sticks enow from any thicket where it has strayed, to make a fire to offer it up with.*

Yorick scarcely ever heard this sad vaticination of his destiny read over to him, but with a tear stealing from his eye, and a promissory look attending it, that he was resolved for the time to come, to ride his tit with more sobriety. But, alas! too late:—a grand confederacy, with ***** and ***** at the head of it, was formed before the first prediction of it. The whole plan of the attack, just as Eugenius had foreboded, was put in execution all at once,—with so little mercy on the side of the allies, and so little suspicion in Yorick of what was carrying on against him, that when he thought, good easy man! full surely preferment was o'ripening, they had smote his

root, and then he fell, as many a worthy man had fallen before him.

Yorick, however, fought it out with all imaginable gallantry for some time; till, overpowered by numbers, and worn out at length by the calamities of the war,—but more so by the ungenerous manner in which it was carried on,—he threw down the sword; and though he kept up his spirits in appearance to the last, he died, nevertheless, as was generally thought, quite broken hearted.

What inclined Eugenius to the same opinion was as follows:

A few hours before Yorick breathed his last, Eugenius stept in, with an intent to take his last sight and last farewell of him. On his drawing Yorick's curtain, and asking how he felt himself, Yorick, looking up in his face, took hold of his hand,—and after thanking him for the many tokens of his friendship to him, for which, he said, if it were their fate to meet hereafter, he would thank him again and again; he told him, he was within a few hours of giving his enemies the slip for ever.—I hope not, answered Eugenius, with tears trickling down his cheeks, and with the tenderest tone that ever man spoke: I hope not, Yorick, said he.—Yorick replied with a look up, and a gentle squeeze of Eugenius's hand, and that was all,—but it cut Eugenius to his heart.

—Come, come, Yorick, quoth Eugenius, wiping his eyes, and summoning up the man within him; my dear lad, be comforted; let not all thy spirits and fortitude forsake thee at this crisis when thou most wantest them;—who knows what resources

are in store, and what the power of God may yet do for thee!—Yorick laid his hand upon his heart, and gently shook his head. For my part, continued Eugenius, crying bitterly as he uttered the words, I declare, I know not, Yorick, how to part with thee; and would gladly flatter my hopes, added Eugenius, cheering up his voice, that there is still enough left of thee to make a bishop,—and that I may live to see it.—I beseech thee, Eugenius, quoth Yorick, taking off his night-cap as well as he could with his left hand, his right being still grasped close in that of Eugenius—I beseech thee to take a view of my head.—I see nothing that ails it, replied Eugenius. Then, alas! my friend, said Yorick, let me tell you, that it is so bruised and misshapened with the blows which have been so unhandsomely given me in the dark, that I might say with Sancho Pança, that should I recover, and “mites thereupon be suffered to rain down from heaven as thick as hail, not one of them would fit it.” Yorick’s last breath was hanging upon his trembling lips, ready to depart as he uttered this; yet still it was uttered with something of a Cervantic tone; and as he spoke it, Eugenius could perceive a stream of lambent fire lighted up for a moment in his eyes; faint picture of those flashes of his spirit, which (as Shakespeare said of his ancestor) were wont to set the table in a roar!

Eugenius was convinced from this, that the heart of his friend was broken; he squeezed his hand, and then walked softly out of the room, weeping as he walked.

Yorick followed Eugenius with his eyes to the door—he then closed them—and never opened

them more. He lies buried in a corner of his church-yard, under a plain marble slab, which his friend Eugenius, by leave of his executors, laid upon his grave, with no more than these three words of inscription, serving both for his epitaph and elegy—

ALAS!

POOR

YORICK!

Ten times a day has Yorick's ghost the consolation of hearing his monumental inscription read over with such a variety of plaintive tones, as denote a general pity and esteem for him;—a foot-way crossing the church-yard close by the side of his grave,—not a passenger goes by without stopping to cast a look on it, and sighing as he walks on,

Alas, poor Yorick!

them more. He lies buried in a corner of his church-yard, where a plain tombstone marks his friend Eugenius, by leave of his executors, laid upon his grave, with no more than these three words of inscription, sterne, both for his epitaph and elegy—

HAWKESWORTH.	Page
Flavilla - - - - -	1
Almerine and Shelimah - - - - -	25
Amurath - - - - -	38
Almorán and Hamet - - - - -	60
Opsinous - - - - -	185
Agamus - - - - -	208
Mr. Friendly - - - - -	237
Hassan - - - - -	245
Carazan - - - - -	252
Some Account of the Admirable Crichton - - - - -	257
STERNE.	
Critical Essay on his Writings and Genius - - - - -	265
Le Fevre - - - - -	283
Maria - - - - -	295
Yorick - - - - -	302

THE EXAMINER.

A NEW SUNDAY PAPER, PRICE 3½d

Party is the madness of man for the gain of a few
Swift

The Examiner would attain its object & repute
tion for honest endeavour. It attempts to be
IMPARTIAL in 1841, and this attempt
has been flattered and encouraged. But it gives
misses nothing. The Examiner is written by
the Gentleman who has long been the Examiner
Department of the News. The Examiner has
known his reputation in the Examiner
and it is not only a good thing
Politics

The Examiner is printed with a new type
presses constructed on the Stonehenge plan—
print is therefore perfectly legible, the paper is
a good texture, of the largest size, and the form
perfectly convenient both for reading and for
ing.—ADVERTISEMENT ARE WHOLLY
EXCLUDED, whether direct or in the form of
Paragaphs, so that ample room is obtained for
ALL THE NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Printed and published by JOHN HUNT, No. 15, Bedford
Buildings, Strand, London.

THE EXAMINER,

A NEW SUNDAY PAPER, PRICE 7½d.

“ Party is the madness of many for the gain of a few.”

SWIFT.

THE *Examiner* would attain, if possible, a reputation for honest endeavour. It attempts to be IMPARTIAL in POLITICS, and this attempt has been flattered and encouraged. But it promises nothing. The Theatricals are written by the Gentleman who lately conducted the Dramatic Department in the *News*. The Public have acknowledged his impartiality in Theatrical criticism, and it is hoped they may discover it in Politics.

The *Examiner* is printed with a new type, at presses constructed on the Stanhope plan,—the print is therefore peculiarly legible : the paper is of a good texture, of the largest size ; and the form perfectly convenient both for reading and binding.—ADVERTISEMENTS ARE WHOLLY EXCLUDED, whether direct or in the form of Paragraphs, so that ample room is obtained for ALL THE NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Printed and published by JOHN HUNT, No. 15, Beaufort Buildings, Strand, London.

THIS DAY IS PUBLISHED

CRITICAL ESSAYS

ON THE

PERFORMERS of the LONDON THEATRES

INCLUDING GENERAL REMARKS

ON THE PRACTICE AND GENIUS

THE STAGE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE LONDON THEATRE, &c.
IN THE WEEKLY LITERARY GAZETTE, &c.

Respectfully dedicated to the
Doctum Institute, of the University of London.

This Work is printed on the same paper
a size similar to that of the London Theatre, &c.
will contain, among other, Sentences on the
Siddons, Miss Pope, Miss Anne, Mr. Kemble,
Mrs. H. Siddons, Mrs. H. Johnston, Miss Dora
can, Miss Malton, Mrs. C. Kemble, and Mrs.
Jordan, Messrs. Ellison, Raymond, Pope, Keen,
ble, C. Kemble, Johnstone, H. Johnston, H. Siv-
dons, Munden, Fawcett, Emery, Simmons, Law-
Mathews, and Bannister.

LONDON.

PRINTED BY AND FOR JOHN HUNT,

At the Examiner Office, 15, Beaufort-buildings,
Grand

THIS DAY IS PUBLISHED,
CRITICAL ESSAYS
ON THE
PERFORMERS of the **LONDON THEATRES**,
INCLUDING GENERAL REMARKS
ON THE PRACTICE AND GENIUS
OF
THE STAGE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE THEATRICAL CRITICISMS
IN THE WEEKLY PAPER CALLED THE EXAMINER.

Respicere exemplar vitæ mōrumque jubebo
Doctum imitatore, et veras hinc ducere voces.

HORACE.

THIS Work is printed on hot-pressed paper of a size similar to that of the Classic Tales, and will contain, among others, Strictures on Mrs. Siddons, Miss Pope, Miss Smith, Mrs. Mattocks, Mrs. H. Siddons, Mrs. H. Johnston, Miss Duncan, Miss Mellon, Mrs. C. Kemble, and Mrs. Jordan; Messrs. Elliston, Raymond, Pope, Kemble, C. Kemble, Johnstone, H. Johnston, H. Siddons, Munden, Fawcett, Emery, Simmons, Lewis, Mathews, and Bannister.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY AND FOR JOHN HUNT,
At the Examiner Office, 15, Beaufort-buildings,
Strand.

Dedicated by permission to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.—This Day is published in two vols. large 12mo. embellished with 17 well executed Engravings, price One Guinea, in extra boards.

THE DRAMATIC MIRROR;

Containing the progress of the English Stage from the days of Julius Cæsar to the present time; with a Biographical Account of the principal Performers before and during the life of Shakspeare, which will include every thing that is interesting relative to the Stage and Actors of that day. The Work contains the lives of all the Dramatic Writers and an account of their Works from the Restoration of 1660 to 1807. It also gives an accurate account of the present state of Drury Lane, Covent Garden, the Hay-market, and the Opera House, both as to their internal conveniences, and every circumstance connected with the management and laws of the stage; accompanied with well-executed Views of the interior of each Edifice. Together with a Biographical Account of all the principal Performers attached to each Theatre, accompanied with Portraits, including some of the most celebrated Actors and Actresses; as also the life and a finely engraved Portrait of Madame Catalani, of the King's Theatre. In order to render the Work as perfect as possible, it contains an Historical Account of all the principal Country Theatres in England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales. This Work embraces every subject

Dedicated by permission to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.—This Day is published, in two vols. large 12mo. embellished with 17 well executed Engravings, price One Guinea, in extra. boards,

THE DRAMATIC MIRROR;

Containing the progress of the English Stage from the days of Julius Cæsar to the present time; with a Biographical Account of the principal Performers before and during the life of Shakespear, which will include every thing that is interesting relative to the Stage and Actors of that day. The Work contains the Lives of all the Dramatic Writers and an account of their Works, from the Restoration of 1660 to 1807. It also gives an accurate account of the present state of Drury Lane, Covent Garden, the Hay-market, and the Opera House, both as to their internal conveniencies, and every circumstance connected with the management and laws of the Stage; accompanied with well-executed Views of the interior of each Edifice. Together with a Biographical Account of all the principal Performers attached to each Theatre, accompanied with Portraits, including some of the most celebrated Actors and Actresses; as also the Life and a finely engraved Portrait of Madame Catalani, of the King's Theatre. In order to render the Work as perfect as possible, it contains an Historical Account of all the principal Country Theatres in England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales. This Work embraces every subject

relative to Dramatic and Theatrical Affairs, and will supersede the necessity of reference to the various Books on this favourite National Amusement, which have hitherto only given detached pieces of Stage History, or have been unnecessarily voluminous.

Printed for C. CHAPPLE, 66, Pall Mall.

